

Incidents in the Life
of a
Mining Engineer


By

E. T. McCARTHY





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E. T. McCARTHY

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LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LTD.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

114
140
.M2
A3
1919

FIRST EDITION : July, 1918.

SECOND IMPRESSION (*with numerous alterations*) : January, 1919.

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PREFACE

MY aim in this book is as modest as my method is informal. I have often been asked to publish my "Reminiscences," but have refrained from attempting the task, rather from diffidence as to my literary powers than from lack of interesting incident or useful experience. My present decision to put together in consecutive order a certain number of those incidents and experiences, is not to be mistaken as an endeavour to compile a conventional volume of reminiscences. I am fully aware that my book will rely for its value on its matter, not on its manner.

There is plenty of daily matter in the life of a mining engineer, and I have had my full share of adventure in many lands. But I doubt if I should have been induced to make a book out of my own life, except in the hope of helping the noble work of the St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, to whose funds it will be my privilege to contribute all the sale-proceeds of the first edition of this volume. My object is to assist our blinded heroes, and if some invalid soldiers derive an hour's relaxation from these pages, I shall be amply rewarded for the many hours which I have given to the writing of them.

The informal character of the book, which has been written from diaries and letters, seems to render it inappropriate to refer otherwise than casually to many friends and companions of former days; and for the same reason I have avoided set descriptions of the countries which I have visited, or of the mines and the many technical problems connected therewith that make the profession of a mining engineer so interesting.

E. T. M.

TO THE MEMORY
OF MY WIFE.

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INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES

IN THE

LIFE OF A MINING ENGINEER

CHAPTER I.

SOUTHERN STATES.

It was in 1872, in the Isle of Wight, looking out of a window towards the Solent, that I suddenly heard an old friend of my father's say to him, "What are you going to do with that boy? Has he any special bent?" to which my father replied, "Something in the engineering line I think is his bent." "Then send him to me, and if he is any good I will turn him into a Coal Mining Engineer." And so it was decided I was to go to a leading Colliery in the North. In due course it was arranged I was also after some practical experience, to enter for the R.S.M. Course.

I remember so well my first three weeks underground, they are to this day deeply ingrained in my mind, as they proved to be three weeks of what led me to think that coal mining was not only a very risky life, but one that would soon end it, for in that short period I was within an ace of four times losing it; and thus it happened. Going with the "overman" along the main road one morning, with the coal tubs continuously being hauled along it on the endless chain system of haulage, we came to a low set of timbers, and in turning round to tell me to look out for my head, he knocked his own, and in falling back must, I think, have again struck it against the rails, as he did not rise. As the "coal tubs" were fast coming along I stooped down and rolled him over clear of them, but was myself nearly run over and sent flying with my lamp knocked out of my hand. Feeling for my companion I sat down by his side and waited in the dark, oh! it seemed ages, since I did not know if my "boss" was dead or alive. At last help came, and he was carried away still unconscious, but after a few days he was back again at work.

Going along with him another morning, he suddenly put his hand upon my shoulder and stopped me; almost immediately I

heard an explosion, and we were both buried up to our thighs in coal, and stuck fast with both our lights out. Thinking it was a gas explosion I kept on saying to him, "Keep your head up, man," for the resultant-gas of an explosion of the "fire damp" of the miner is heavy and sinks to the floor, so that one's best chance is to keep one's mouth close to the roof, as if there is any air left it will be found there. What had really happened was that what was called an "end-shot" had been fired, and the coal forced out by gunpowder. A man had been sent to the top of the "bank" to give warning, but had gone off instead to get his "snack" (lunch) left in the pocket of his coat. I was known afterwards as "keep your head up," and had to stand any amount of chaff.

Shortly afterwards I was going with my boss up a steep incline, up which six coal tubs were being hauled ahead of us, when giving me a cuff on the head, I heard him say, in a loud voice "Jump, boy, for your life." I did so, following him into a "man-hole," not knowing what was happening. Not a second too soon, for the end coal tub had broken away from the others and whizzed past us like a streak of lightning, and at the bottom of the incline we heard it strike the side of the drive, where it was dashed to pieces. Man-holes are little chambers cut in the side of a tunnel or incline at regular distances apart, into which one can get when the tubs are passing if the tunnel is not of sufficient width to allow of a by-track.

Another adventure this time was wandering away into some old workings, where I lost myself. Fortunately finding this out, I sat down and waited, for I knew a search party would be sent out as soon as I was missed. It is a very dangerous thing to get into old workings, which are extensive, and as there are so many tunnels and cross tunnels, one can easily get lost in them. At all events, my rescuers plied me with all sorts of stories of men having been lost, and no doubt pulled my leg considerably.

After these adventures all went on very quietly, and I came to the conclusion that after all a coal mining life was a very monotonous one. Our one excitement used to be on quarter-days, when we went out in parties to survey the mine. In those days we used the "dial" only, and so had always a party of men to pull up the rails and relay them that the dial or compass might not be affected by them. When on these quarterly surveys at mid-day we used to knock off for one hour, and the owners sent us down new bread, cheese and a big jar of ale. This was the hour that we all looked forward to. Only one mug was used and each took his turn to drink out of it according to the seniority of time each had spent

in the pit. Being the youngest, by the time my turn came I verily believe my share must have been a concoction of coal dust from the dirty lips of the earlier drinkers; in any case I would gladly have foregone my share, but had not the pluck to do so, and accordingly took my dose as a dose of physic. My "Boss," or the overman, was a fine old fellow, well set up, but deeply pitted with small-pox marks. He had been over forty years in that pit, and was a well-known local preacher. On Mondays we used to chaff him, as we knew he preferred certain villages he preached in better than others, and we put it down to the fact that he knew where to go for a good dinner, for "Old Moses" loved a good meal, and nothing he liked better than a good, rich piece of cake, so when he was inclined to be cross, a bit of cake soon put him in good humour again. I loved old "Moses," but I fear I chaffed him rather too much. Then we used to have to plot out the "bearings," and reduce everything to Northing and Southing, Eastern and Western, and I often puzzled my brain what it all meant, for we learnt surveying only by rule of thumb, and not till later when I went to the R.S.M. did I understand intelligently what I had already learnt practically.

During this time I recall an amusing incident. It often happens to a new comer to get a crick in his back. At Divine Service one day this suddenly struck me when kneeling down, and so severely that I could not get on my feet again without attracting everyone's attention. As the situation appealed to my sense of the "ridiculous," notwithstanding keen pain, the congregation evidently thought I was playing the fool, but fortunately I was able to explain what had happened and the interrupted service went on again quietly.

It used to be the custom to send a survey party up to the North to check the survey of a certain colliery in which the owner of ours had an interest. This colliery was partly under the sea and some 1,700 feet below it, yet one could hear every ripple of the sea as it broke on the beach, and it was, too, the driest colliery I was ever in; water tubs were kept constantly going to lay the dust. Another time I remember seeing a number of colliers who had been badly burnt, and when their clothes had been removed the sight was terrible. What, however, struck me as most extraordinary was that some of them, more badly burned than others, talked and even chatted in a most cheerful mood, and yet we knew their days were numbered, as we used to reckon a man with more than half his body burnt was done for, and rightly so, for they generally died about the fourth day. The colliers used to say the shock came on about the fourth day, and if men survived that day they would live.

Entering the Royal School of Mines in 1874 I remained there until 1877. Here I came into contact with what to me was a new world, Huxley, Tyndall, Percy, Smith, Guthrie, Goodeve, Frankland, Ramsay, Judd, were all closely connected with it as Professors, and not infrequently Darwin used to pay us visits, and many of the well-known scientists of that day. All of them have passed away, but have nevertheless left their mark upon the School. Of all these Percy made the greatest impression upon me as a man of remarkable memory and at home in almost every known subject, while in his own immediate one, namely, Metallurgy, he had no equal. Old Haggard, the door-keeper at Jermyn Street, where most of the School then was, used to tell us interesting stories regarding the peculiarities of these men, and of Murchison and Forbes in particular. Percy, who was often absent-minded, would come down on a lovely bright summer day, and as he entered say, "Damn bad day, Haggard." Mrs. Percy, accompanied by an old manservant who had been in their service forty years, would often come in and wait for her husband, and when he kept her an unusually long time and she began to get fidgety, the old man used to say to her, "No use to put yourself out, Ma'am, damn it, you know what Master is." Like Master, like Man!

My first introduction to Percy was at the end of a lecture when he asked if anyone had any questions to ask. In fear and trembling I ventured to ask one. In a loud stentorian voice he came out with, "Why the devil should you ask such a question, come out, Sir, and state your reasons." This I had to do and face the whole class, when it led to his keeping us for over an hour while he expatiated on something I had said. I was myself anxious to get home and little dreamt what I had let myself in for, and every student blessed me when we were dismissed.

Percy was a very powerfully built man, very tall, and at our first lecture we all thought he was standing on a platform behind his desk, when suddenly he picked it up bodily and moved away on account of a draught, explaining as he did so, "Your heads, gentlemen, are thatched, and mine is not." On another occasion he put off his lecture to the following day, as he had been invited to a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to scientific notables. Preluding his lecture, he began, "Gentlemen, I have to apologise to you for putting off my lecture for a damn bad dinner, one of the worst I ever ate in my life."

Of Frankland I have not very pleasant recollections for he took me down badly. I had hardly begun our Chemistry Course when he set me a chemical question involving the application of

simultaneous equations, and as I was unable to do this, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "any school boy could do that." To my own satisfaction I found that neither of his two assistants could solve the problem, but the class evidently thought I was a duffer. Later on we had our revenge, for a fellow student watching for Frankland as he came into the building, tipped a fire bucket of water from an upper corridor over him as he passed under it, and managed to get away without being found out.

Huxley was a good teacher, respected, but I should not say loved, as some of our other Professors were. Darwin I first saw in the Library where I was sitting with a chum. "Who is the man like a monkey?" I asked. I had no idea who he was, but my chum took offence, thinking I had been intentionally sarcastic. That he had some such resemblance is remarkable, as the popular fancy was to take his view of evolution only as far back as the ape, but his expression when he was speaking was very far removed from any such facial likeness or association.

Reeks, the Registrar, was another celebrity, and many an interesting reminiscence of some of these great men had he to give. He was always, too, most sympathetic to the students and ready at any time to give them his personal advice and assistance.

In those days the removal of the School to South Kensington had commenced, and it was in the Physical Lecture Room there that we first clashed into the Science teachers, and for many a year there was bad feeling between the School of Science and our own, though happily I believe it has died down now. It came about in this way: the Science Scholarship men, of whom there were many, were permitted to attend our lectures free of all charge, and coming in for the first lecture on Physics we found they had taken the first two rows of benches. We claimed first right, and as it was not given, we proceeded to turn them out; a free fight ensued, benches were torn up and a desperate *mêlée* ended by our turning them all out. The police were called in, when we barricaded the doors and escaped through a trap door into the vaults leading under the South Kensington Museum, and eventually got up through another trap door, and so escaped.

It was subsequently arranged seats were to be balloted for, and so ended an unpleasant episode that left us all very bitter against the Science scholars.

The days passed happily, and at the end of the course, my future prospects lay in coal, for though my bent was more in the metallurgical line, I knew no one to help me to get a footing in it.

Bidding goodby to London, I returned once more to the North,

when shortly afterwards I received one morning a characteristic note from Percy: "Sir, if you would like to go to America gold mining, see me within the next forty-eight hours after receiving this letter.

"Yours truly,"

I wondered what sort of berth it could be as I knew nothing practically about gold mining. Taking French leave, I went back to town, and never returned to my old occupation of coal mining.

On my arrival I went straight to Percy, whom I found in his laboratory. There was a pause so I spoke first, and told him I had come up in response to his letter, and added, "but, Sir, I know nothing about gold mining." "Damn you, Sir," he replied in great voice, "I never asked you if you did." He pulled out his card case, took out a card and wrote on the back of it my name, and added, "this is the young gentleman I recommend to you." He then further added, "You are not the first student I have recommended to this American friend of mine, whom I have known many years."

With his friend's name and address and an injunction to call on him again, I sallied forth wondering what I should say, or how in this world I could pose as a Gold Mining Engineer. Arriving at his hotel my new friend soon put me at my ease, chatting about everything but what I had come for. Finally coming to the subject, he told me he owned some mines privately in the States and was handing one over to a friend to whom he would introduce me. Later on I called again and met his friend and it was decided I should go out for him.

My new friend was an American, a man well known in Europe, and in the United States. I felt much relieved, as I had not taken to Dr. Percy's friend.

It was arranged between us that he was to pay my passage out first, class, that I was to go into the mine, mill and office in turn for about three months each, that I was to be under the manager, an old "Forty-niner," whatever that meant, and if at the end of the nine months he said I was no good I was to pack up, and my passage home would be paid for me. If, however, he gave a good report of me, I was to take over from him, and take charge, as he wished to retire. A "Forty-niner," I subsequently learnt, was one of those men who were in the first rush to California in the discovery of gold of that year. At the time I did not like to ask what a "Forty-niner" meant. Further, it was agreed I was to stay in London and be ready to sail at any moment. Going back to Percy, I explained to him I had agreed to go as a probationer to some mines in North

Carolina. Before parting he gave me a sound piece of advice, the gist of which was that experience had to be gained, that it meant capital gained, to move on after I felt I had learnt all I could gain, and not to be influenced by salary in my earlier years, and above all, not to settle down and get into a rut. Experience, he repeated, will be money banked, capital in later life, and I think I may say that I acted for many years on that advice to my own advantage.

A week passed, a second and a third, and I had received no instructions from my new Boss, not even a line ; I only knew he was somewhere in Paris. I went to see Percy about it, as I was getting agitated, and after expressing some doubt, he came out with a word he so often prefixed to his sentences, "Damn it, didn't I tell you my friend was all right ; just wait and do what you are told." Wishing me "good morning," in a more pleasant tone I left him, still very dubious. A day or two afterwards I was dining with some friends near Chislehurst, when I received a telegram from my diggings telling me to be at Liverpool next morning. I just had time to catch the night express and no more. Arriving there, and going to the Hotel, my new Boss, whom we will call N—, had not arrived, and not until 2 p.m. did he turn up. There and then we drove to the shipping office where he took a berth for me on the "England," National Line, telling me he was going by another line. That same afternoon we sailed, and being a very bad sailor I had a disagreeable voyage. I shall never forget my first impression of Sandy Hook as we steamed in ; all looked so different. It was indeed a new world with its white canvassed boats sailing about, and the curious steamers with their rocking beams see-sawing to and fro ; and still stranger the tall houses on shore, since that day far surpassed by its sky-scrapers. The Captain of our steamer had been very kind to me, and on wishing him good-bye I happened to tell him I was going to North Carolina ; the Southern States had then such a bad name that he warned me to be careful of my skin. "In for a penny, in for a pound," I thought. A telegram came for me from N—, dated Washington, where he had already arrived, telling me to leave that night for that place ; but as I was keenly interested in New York, I determined to stay over the night and go on in the morning. Getting into a one-horse car—just think of it, what would the present generation in New York say to a one-horse car—I set out to see something of the city. It was the custom on entering the tram to walk to the top of it and drop a "Dime" *i.e.*, a ten cent piece, into the driver's box, but this I did not know and did not do. Twice the driver

opened the door and shouted down the car at me, but I was entirely oblivious that he was referring to me. Pulling up the car he walked down to where I sat, and with a good many expletives, so unusual with an American before ladies, shouted out to me I had not dropped my "Dime." Turning to the old lady sitting next to me, I asked her what a "Dime" meant. Looking at the lady he tapped his head with his finger, indicating thereby that I was evidently mentally deficient, walked back, slammed the door, and continued our journey.

The lady took in the situation that I was a stranger from across the water, and explained what a "Dime" meant, and what dropping the "Dime" meant. The humorous side struck me so forcibly that I laughed heartily and really think my fellow passenger thought the driver's diagnosis of me was not far wrong. I spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening, for all seemed so like a new world to me, as indeed it was; the people, the buildings, the streets, in fact everything had the appearance of just having, like a new hat, been turned out of a band box. The state of the roads and rough telegraph poles standing in the streets alone seemed incongruous with every other surrounding. Broadway was then up town and fashionable, and I stayed at what was then one of the best-known hotels, the "St. Nicholas," but long since pulled down and forgotten. A fellow passenger introduced me to some American friends that night, and they confirmed the Captain's idea that to go down to North Carolina was very risky, such at that time was still the feeling of the North about the South. Later I found out that no northern man was welcomed down there. All Northerners were dubbed "Carpet Baggers," a contemptuous term. Being young, the idea of risk rather appealed to me than otherwise and fortunately had no damping effect on my spirits. Next morning, at breakfast, the waiter, an Irishman, brought me a long menu. I chose one or two dishes and he waited, then exclaimed, "Ah! sure you're from the other side of the water, you had better leave it to me." Presently he returned with a number of small oval dishes, well balanced on his left arm, and slithered them all down most skilfully around my plate. In each was a small helping of something, prominently the inevitable bit of turkey and cranberry sauce. At the same time, he broke up two eggs for me in a glass and began to mix them up with a little butter, pepper and salt. I asked him if that was the American way of serving eggs, "yes, and a very good way, too," he replied; but I quite upset his attention by innocently telling him he might have just put some hot water into the glass and warmed it up for I thought the eggs would be

cold. This upset the old man, and he gave me a friendly piece of advice, that sure I would find it better if I took to American ways and left the Old Country's ideas behind me.

Leaving by the Washington Express soon afterwards, I noticed that when we passed through a town of any size there was the clang of monotonous sounding bells, and I thought it was some kind of holiday, but before I had reached Baltimore it dawned on me that the sound came from the locomotives, each of which carries a large bell of the same tone, which the engineers clang as a train runs through or comes into a station. What struck me most was that after leaving New York, we were soon in what I took to be the backwoods of America, such was the half uncultivated appearance of the country, with the farm-houses standing in woods, and where one saw the inhabitants felling down trees and clearing the land. Arriving in Washington I went to the hotel I had been directed to, and asked if N—— was in. No! and they had not seen him for some months. Strange, I thought, and no letter, note nor message for me. It was satisfactory, however, to hear they knew him. On further enquiry, they could not give me any address save to a firm somewhere up in Rhode Island. About eleven o'clock that evening, on going into the smoking room there was my friend standing smoking a cigar. He made no allusion to this episode, but long afterwards I heard the "St Nicholas" Hotel had telegraphed him when I was leaving. As he expected me the day I arrived in New York, and not on the second day, he intentionally thought to give me a little of my own back, and all the time had been in the hotel. A couple of days spent in Washington gave me the opportunity of visiting the Capitol, a handsome white building, as I recollect it, built on a low hill, dominating the country round and the city itself, and from the front of which the main avenues of the town radiated. The Treasury, which I visited, was a building of immense proportions, and all Government buildings seemed massive, like some of the bulky negroes I saw about the city, not pretty, but massive, having an interest peculiar to themselves. Leaving Washington, we travelled on together into North Carolina, on the way passing through Virginia. At Richmond, the cemetery so well kept, with its multitudinous graves of those who had fallen in the War of the North and South, impressed me immensely, and for the first time I realised what that Civil War had meant. I recalled the gangs of Lancashire men walking about the streets of London, singing, "We've got no work to do, we are all poor men from Lancashire," and here I was in the country of the South whose supplies of cotton to us had been cut off. The names of Lee,

and Stonewall-Jackson, I heard for ever quoted during the two years I spent in the South.

At last we arrived at T——, North Carolina, a wayside station, and a typical little Southern town, or village as we should call it. Going to the hotel, I was introduced to "Uncle Jack" and "Aunt Emma," the proprietor and proprietress, both celebrities in the town. Anyone having any social standing usually had Uncle or Aunt as a prefix to their names. As I was the first Englishman known to have come straight from the "Old Country" I too was somewhat of a celebrity, much to my annoyance, for I was of a shy nature, and preferred to look on, rather than be dragged into the limelight. I heard my own country well abused for not having come to the rescue of the South, and I heard the whole story of the war, and of all its battles during the fortnight I stayed there; for here I stayed while my boss had gone on to the mine to make arrangements for my arrival there. I wondered if they had always been discussing the war during the thirteen to fourteen years that had since elapsed, and though I several times visited this town during my sojourn in the South, the one conversation was always the war. I could hardly believe it possible, and could only conclude that my presence in some way or other took them back to it. No matter to whose house I went, or who came to our hotel, it was always and unceasingly the war. They were shocked at first at my great ignorance about it, but I got hold of a history of it and surreptitiously read it up, and afterwards I was then able to enter into their discussions, and began to rise in their favour. Indeed, it interested me greatly, for I soon became a keen listener, though the first few days had wearied me of it. We had a few Northern men who had fought in the war staying at the hotel, and in consequence the discussions were often very heated.

N—— returning, we went to Lexington, the next town beyond, and more of a town than a village. From here we drove out to the old Silver Hill mine. This was the mine that supplied the Confederates mainly with lead during the war. The lead was rich in silver, but as there was no time to extract the latter, the Confederate bullets fired in the war might well have been called "silver" ones.

Since the war it had been shut down, but later on we undertook to open up the main shaft down to a depth of 750 feet. In the office there were files of voucher receipts from slave owners of those days living in the neighbourhood, for the letting of their slaves to work in these mines, a very interesting correspondence that had passed between the mine officials and the slave owners relative to

their slaves, matter that many a novelist would have loved to have got hold of. Boxes, too, of old Confederate money were still stored there, but in those days we were too utilitarian, they only took up room, and being of no further use were cleared out and destroyed.

After a short visit here I at last proceeded to what was then known as the "Old Jones Mine" or Keystone Mine, and was handed over to the manager, as a young Englishman whom he had to lick into shape. I found all, naturally, were Americans, with only one man who had been born in England, but who had left it as a boy, and at first my presence was resented, indeed was not wanted, but as all was so new to me, especially the black faces around, and the "white trash," I was in no way depressed by it. The manager was very typically American, of the Western type, with a good heart, and seeing I meant business, and was not afraid of hard work, he began to treat me as if I was his child, and we were soon on good understandable terms. Not so the others, they ran down England as antiquated, behind the times, worn out, and being somewhat green I have little doubt my arguments in her favour did not appeal to them.

About a month after being there I wanted to go into town, and asked for the loan of a horse. I was told I could take "Charlie." "Charlie" was a horse standing very high and a beauty to look at, only used in harness. Going to the stable as it was getting dark I took "Charlie" out, saddled and bridled him and rode him into town that same night through the pine forest a distance of about twenty-five miles. It was along a part of the same road that Lord Cornwallis made in the War of Independence—cut through a heavy pine forest, and still standing as a monument of the hard work our old army put into it.

Next day at supper when they asked me how I got on, I replied "all right." Later on I again rode "Charlie" into town and came back all right. Then it was I found out they had palmed "Charlie" off on me, knowing he was a savage brute when ridden, and would only go in harness. No one in camp could or would ride him. For two years I rode "Charlie," and only once did I ever have any tussle with him, and that was of very short duration. I cannot explain why he always went quietly with me, but let the others try to mount him, and "Charlie" was too much for them; it certainly had nothing to do with any special skill of mine as a rider. I established my footing from that day with my companions, and thenceforward had a very pleasant, and indeed happy time, though a very hard one. Three of us "batched" together, some-

times five, and we cooked our own meals, a darkie boy acting as scullery maid only. Our fare for some unearthly reason never varied; for breakfast, dinner and supper, it was always the same—boiled leg of pork, eggs, milk and dried blackberries, peaches or apples stewed, potatoes, sweet potatoes, biscuits, or little soda cakes such as we see on afternoon tea tables, "Johnny cakes," a maize or Indian corn kind of bread. Of these latter we ate prodigious quantities. Each took a turn at the cooking, which was of a very simple nature, as the pork and fruit were always kept simmering, the main work being the baking of the cakes. No one knew how to cook bread in camp, or as they called our bread "cold bread." Occasionally I attempted a loaf but my efforts were, until practice had made perfect, more often a failure than a success. The main trouble was to make the yeast, which I succeeded eventually in doing from potatoes. With yeast I learned that the more the dough was kneaded the better was the bread. With baking powder the exact opposite was the case, to mix the flour and the powder with a very light hand was the key to success.

Our hours used to be from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., with an hour off for dinner, or on night shifts vice versa, Sundays and week-days alike. Only at Christmas did the mine shut down for four days. The first Christmas I spent at the mine I volunteered to stay as caretaker, when every soul, whether white or black, went off to their homes or to town.

The mine was situated in a pine forest; with the sudden cessation of the endless beat of the stamps, and no human voice around, the natural silence of the pine woods was intensified. I have since been in dense tropical forests, on the silent plains of South America, on the equally silent steppes of Siberia, and in the deserts of Asia and Africa, but I know of no silence so awe-inspiring, even terrible as that of a great pine forest. After my first six months there, the owner, N—, used to come down and pay me a visit to see how I was getting on, accompanied with a friend sometimes. He was a man that had seen much fighting in Europe in the Franco-Prussian War, the French Commune, and in the Russo-Turkish war, and from an account by one of his friends of certain episodes he had himself witnessed, N— was one of the bravest of men. But there were certain idiosyncrasies in his otherwise brave nature, for he could not face the loneliness of a pine forest by himself, and secondly, he feared to go underground. I remember once on a cold winter's day riding "Charlie" into T— to meet him, and we started that afternoon for the mine, he driving himself in a "buggy." But soon after starting, "Charlie"

for the first time began to get ugly, as he did not like the buggy, perhaps he thought he ought to have been in harness. At all events, I went ahead and left N—— to come on down by himself, arriving myself about 5 p.m. When 6 p.m. came and no buggy I began to get nervous lest something in the nature of an accident had happened to N——, and as by 10 p.m. he had not turned up, I saddled another horse and set out to look for him. It was a dark night and the roads were very slippery, and not till about 3 a.m. did I get back to town with no sign of him. Rousing Pete, the house-boy, I learnt from him that N—— had returned and was in the hotel. As I had covered over fifty miles that day I was soon asleep myself. On going down to breakfast I was greeted by N——, with some warmth as to why I had left him. After explanations and a good breakfast, he told me for no money in the world would he drive those twenty-three to twenty-five miles alone through that silent forest. In fact, when he realised I had gone on, he turned back, and he told me his hair almost stood on end, and that the drive had been a veritable terror to him. No one who has not been for miles alone in a pine forest can have any idea of the intense sense of loneliness. For some reason I have not experienced the same feeling when in an oak forest, and although I laughed at him I secretly had a sense he was not quite so mad as might appear. On this visit, he had promised to go underground, a thing, strange to say, he had never done in his life, though owning small mines as a hobby, but nothing would induce him to do so, "that dreadful drive back" had unnerved him. On a subsequent visit, when I myself was in charge, he told me one morning he wanted much to summon up enough courage to go below, and added, "You are to make me!" "All right, Sir," I replied. In the morning I went over to our main shaft and got him down the ladders as far as the first sollarway, but beyond this nothing would induce him to go. Slipping off to where we were sinking a small shaft I laid a plot with the Mine Captain to get him down below. N—— had a habit always when going round with me of sitting down, if there was anything like a decent seat about, such as a fallen tree, and then taking out a cigar he would begin talking to any of the men about. So it was arranged a small empty packing case was to be placed near the brace of the shaft, and if he sat down on it the Captain was to take him from behind under his shoulders, and two men at the same time would take him by the legs and slip them into the mine bucket, while the Captain would then go down with him in it. After dinner we walked over to the smaller shaft, and as I expected, N—— sat down on the case and pulled out a cigar;

while in the act of lighting it he was bodily seized, and before he could realise what had happened down went the bucket with him and the Captain in it. I followed on down, but I was shocked to find N—— in the Level standing leaning with his back to the wall breathing heavily, and looking deathly. There and then we carried him back to the bucket and sent him up again. On coming to the surface myself I don't think I ever saw anyone so shaken from a fright, for fright he had had. We walked slowly back to our quarters, and I left him stretched on his bed. Never a word could I get from him. At supper time his appetite had gone and, unlike him, he went off to bed immediately afterwards. Well! I thought to myself, I shall get the sack in the morning, but quite the unexpected happened. I was astonished to find N——, in the jolliest of spirits, praising me up for having carried out his orders to make him go underground. He was as pleased as a small boy that he had gone down. He told me during the day that no words could describe the horror of it all, it was to him like being shunted off the side of a volcano into he knew not what. All the same he was pleased, as he could face his friends who knew his weakness, and chaffed him over his hobby for mining and yet that he would never go underground.

The only similar case I have come across was a mine-owner in Yorkshire, who for over forty years went almost every day to his colliery, but by no power on earth could he face going down underground, and to the day of his death never did, and yet otherwise he was a very plucky man. I recall his being caught by a train on the line, knocked down, injured internally and with several ribs broken, when he walked to the station near by, called the station-master to hail a cab, waited and got into it, and drove straight to the hospital without ever having said a word of what had happened to him, or what he was suffering, an accident from which he never wholly recovered. I have seen again as plucky an individual as ever walked the earth afraid to sleep in a house with no one in it. Lord Roberts was said to have been afraid of a cat.

That night was to mark an epoch in my life. N—— showed me some correspondence he had had with some Paris people, whom I was afterwards to know, and who had a big gold mining venture in view on the West Coast of Africa. I devoured the descriptions of the nature of these mines and of the enterprise, and I was fired with the spirit of adventure, but I determined to get more experience first, and sooner or later to go to West Africa if possible. Livingstone's travels had made a great impression on me as a boy, and the descriptions of a cousin of mine who had been in the Ashanti War

(Sir G. Wolseley's campaign) made me long to see the tropics. N—— promised to send me any further correspondence and keep me informed of how things were going on as he intended to take an interest in the Company being formed. I was gaining valuable experience, although the mine was comparatively a small one. We worked stamps, pans, settlers, and Chili mills, and in those days to have a good practical experience of this kind of plant was an exceptional one, besides which our costs were extraordinarily low, so that we could work a very low grade ore to a profit. Then again, we had a small alluvial working we used to sluice, not far off, and altogether I was gaining experience which, as Percy said, meant capital, and though my pay was small I was quite content and stuck to my job. So the two years I spent there sped away. Many interesting incidents crossed my path during this time, and some I will attempt to relate. One day I was coming up the main road which ran through the great pine forest, the one that Lord Cornwallis had made with his army, still one of the best roads in the State, when I suddenly came upon seven mounted men looking like brigands, with pistols and daggers stuck in their belts. I made sure I was about to be held up, but instead they rode rapidly past, taking no notice of me. On gaining our camp I learnt they must have been "Excise officers." A few days later we heard that there had been a raid on a "Moonshiners'" camp, and there had been a desperate fight. The "Moonshiners" were all killed, some five or six men, while the Excise men had lost, I think it was, four men and one wounded. Now what are "Moonshiners" and what is their history it will be asked? "Moonshiners" are locally known by this name and are illicit whiskey distillers. They were well organised and war to the knife was carried on by them against any Excise or Government officer. I never heard of a case of robbery or murder of a civilian unless he interfered or gave away information of their whereabouts. On the other hand, the Excise officers were a fine body of brave men who carried their lives in their hands, for they were shot on sight whenever opportunity offered itself by the "Moonshiners." In my own camp I knew they had a still somewhere hidden away, but never found out where. If I wanted whiskey I would send a certain darkie out with a "quarter," about a shilling, with a jug, no matter what the size, it always came back full within twenty minutes. Once a jug so sent out came in with quite hot whiskey, a positive proof the illicit still was not far off. I remember the foreman asked me one day if I would not order a still for our laboratory and pass it on to him, but as I told him if found out it would mean fifteen years penal servitude, I didn't think I

would take on the job. This same man was a very trusted foreman, and to this day I have a Federal officer's sword which he, as a Confederate soldier, had captured in a hand to hand fight at the battle of Gettysburg. I had often seen this one ornament hung up over the fire place in his shanty, and was very loth to accept it, but he insisted that I should keep it as a parting remembrance of him.

The history of the "Moonshiners," as it was given to me, is an interesting one. After the war between the North and South there was a great deal of brigandage and murder going on in the South, and many of the old plantation holders formed a Society to protect themselves. The Federal authorities somehow got into their heads that it was a recrudescence of the celebrated Klu Klux Society, and ruthlessly went to work to put it down. A certain one of these plantation holders found his house suddenly surrounded by fifteen Federal Cavalry, and without further enquiry he was taken out and shot before his wife's eyes, and she died the same night from the shock. The son, a young lad of seventeen or eighteen, who had been educated in Paris, coming in later, was informed by the darkies of what had happened. He hid himself within hearing of these men and learnt that at day-break they were going on to his late father's friend's property. Remaining hidden until they had gone, he secured a horse and got there first by a shorter way. This man, with his four sons and this lad, quickly formed an ambuscade for the fifteen cavalry men. As they rode quietly by all but two were shot down, of the two one escaped, but the other lost his way and his body was found in the woods some months afterwards. From that day the lad became an outlaw, and both the Federal and State Government had a price on him, dead or alive. He it was who organised and became the head of the "Moonshiners," an extensive organisation throughout the South. The lad, grown up at the time of my sojourn in North Carolina, was a formidable foe, and he openly boasted of having shot thirty-four men with his own hands. At Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, one of his men was being tried in the Court, when he rode into town, sprang off his horse at the foot of the steps leading up to the Court House, and running up, boldly entered the Court, shot the presiding Judge, and got clear away. At another time he rode into the same town at night with a few men, posted them along the main streets, while he went to the minister's house, claimed his daughter and made the father come out with her and go to the Church and marry them. On her part it was by mutual agreement, not so on that of her father; how they previously used to meet is quite a story

in itself. As an outlaw, his marriage was not valid, but nevertheless he carried her off.

At another time he came into town and stabled his horse just outside it, when a darkie recognised him, went home, got a revolver, and laid in wait for him as he returned for his horse, and when he fairly caught him unawares, marched him with hands up, in front of him, back into town. The outlaw escaped, and thus described afterwards in a letter how he got away. Knowing the natural vanity of the darkie, he watched for the first white man he would meet, well knowing that the darkie would have his eye on the latter to see what he thought of a darkie with a white man as prisoner, and at that moment he wheeled round, struck the darkie down and cleared. He said in his letter it was the first time he ever remembered losing his presence of mind, for he might have taken the revolver from the darkie and saved himself much trouble later. What happened afterwards was this: the darkie, knowing his life was not safe, went away up into Virginia, and lived there in a small village. Months afterwards the outlaw rode one afternoon into the village and asked for the whereabouts of the darkie, and finding he was in a store (shop) he entered it, and strode through a crowd in it up to the top where the poor darkie happened to be, shot him dead and again got clear away. Not so lucky was he another time when, nursing a baby just outside a small shanty, he found himself gradually being surrounded by a troop of cavalry. Running inside he threw the child on the bed, waited there until the cavalry had formed a ring round the house, knowing they could not well fire on him within the ring for fear of hitting one another, he ran out, shot two of them as he ran, and escaped into the woods. Just as he gained cover, he was shot in the hip and lay there, but either from fear or believing he had escaped, they made no search for him. For some months he was hidden away until he again got about. The only case of robbery I heard of by this man, was, I believe, when the temptation of a sporting gun was too great for him. A friend of mine who had a small placer mine was washing out some gold one morning after a very lucky find when a stranger came along and asked him what luck he was having. He pointed to a small gourd in which he had his gold lying by the side of his gun, the latter had more attractions for the stranger than the gold. Lifting it up, he examined it closely, then picking up two cartridges loaded it and prepared to walk off with it, when my friend remonstrated with him, but he answered it was too good a prize to leave on the rock where it had lain, and would be more useful to him than to my friend. The latter was preparing to take it from him, when he

coolly pointed it at him, and told him in his case "he thought discretion would be the better part of valour." So he got off with it and left my friend a sadder but wiser man. The description of this man answered very closely to this outlaw.

There was a very sad case in a village not very far off us, where a young Excise man came down one day and was married to a girl he had met there some time or other, but no one in the village knew who he was. He was driving off in a buggy with his bride to the railway, when he was shot dead by someone, his bride being left untouched. The miscreant was evidently a "Moonshiner." The South used to be full of such stories, and I should not be at all surprised if the "Moonshiners" were not still in existence there.

In all the tropical and sub-tropical countries I have been in I have never seen so many snakes as around here. We used to keep pigs as scavengers to keep them down. They say pigs have so much adipose that the bite of a snake is not poisonous to them. Down South the pigs and buzzards, a species of vulture and not unlike a combination of a turkey and vulture, are used as scavengers. To shoot a buzzard was a \$20 or £4 fine. These birds may be seen sitting on the ridges of the houses after a wet night with their wings open and drooping, out to dry, and in this aspect they look extremely funny, woebegone objects. On a bright sunny day they are to be seen as specks high up in the heavens, so high often as to go up out of sight. I have repeatedly tried the experiment of lying down keeping stone still, with not a bird in sight, when it would not be long before they would be encircling one, very low down. Where they suddenly came from was the mystery, but a clear proof they find their food by sight and negatively not by scent.

As my house was over-run with rats I used to keep a large black snake under it, for it was raised on piles; this snake is an enemy to rats. Every morning we used to give him one or two eggs, a tit-bit he relished very much, and if ever we forgot it he used to go off.

I seldom saw him, but often heard him at night after the rats, and such a scampering noise one could hardly believe it possible for them to make. After a time the rats all cleared off, when our friend also cleared, but it would not be long before they were back again.

Then we used to get the darkies to get another snake, and with an egg every morning it would stay round. One morning one of the darkies had gone up to the chicken house to steal eggs, and came running into the house saying he had been bitten by a snake, and confessing his sins in the same breath, saying he was going to die, and then rolling on the floor in an agony of fear. Going up to the chicken house we found our friend the black snake had eluded the

pigs about there, and had forestalled the darkie, having eaten our eggs. There was no doubt this was the culprit who had struck him, but being harmless no injury could ensue. After much persuasion we convinced the darkie this was the case, and from the darkness of despair he went off into peals of laughter, for a darkie is always quick to see the funny side of life, and though against himself I am sure he could not help repeating his escapade widely.

The humour of a darkie will, in my opinion, overcome in this respect his natural vanity, for I have often heard them tell stories against themselves if a good laugh could be got out of it.

Speaking of being almost scared to death by a snake, one of our white men getting off his horse to kill a rattle-snake in the road cut it in halves, when one of the halves sprang up and hit him in the face. I never saw so scared a man, he went deadly white and remained so for hours afterwards, notwithstanding we were able to prove to him that the head half was stuck in the road, and so it must have been the tail part that had hit his face.

Many years after, I met him in South Africa, and reminded him of the episode, when he told me he had never forgotten the horror of it, and yet as that man had gone through a good many thrilling events in his life, it seemed strange that a passing snake adventure had stuck to him perhaps more than anything else. How can one account for our inborn instinct of hatred towards a snake? Towards a leopard or tiger that tries to steal stealthily upon us, there may be fear but not the intense desire to kill for killing's sake; yet some snakes are really very beautiful in design and colour, and when seen swimming a river, fascinating in the rhythm of their movement.

Of our amusements outside the inevitable Euchre game of cards, in a mining camp of those days, we had on very fine moonlight nights, some very good sport, viz., opossum and wild cat hunting. A number of the men each kept a sporting dog, and when the moon was bright the whistle was blown, the dogs were let loose, and forming themselves into a pack, off they went, we following on foot. The places we went through, no one, I think, would have attempted in broad day light, but both dogs and men were so excited, nothing deterred them. At last the opossum would be treed, then each man had to get hold of a dog, while two or three good axe men would fell the tree with the opossum up it. As the tree struck the ground we let the dogs loose, and the opossum seldom had a second run. When, however, the dogs struck a wild cat trail, we used to hear first one dog and then another cease to yelp, and we knew at once they were on a cat trail, and that some were sneaking off home.

A wild cat once treed is dangerous, for he turns and fights if given a chance. Some of the dogs used to suffer badly and get dreadfully mauled, while the axe men are in no slight danger, but all eyes are kept on the branch the cat may be on, and any movement towards the trunk or downwards is conveyed to these men. If he jumps to the ground the dogs are let go immediately; as a rule, when once properly treed he sticks to the tree until it is felled.

I went into town occasionally to take in the gold which was strapped to one's saddle, and in the summer always at night. I shall always remember those long silent pine forest rides. A very picturesque sight I came on during one of these rides on a winter's night, was a large party of Americans and darkies, with their mules tethered behind and around them, while they slept round a huge fire burning in the centre: the white people with their feet towards the fire, and the darkies with their woolly heads towards it. I was somewhat taken aback as I was alone and carrying gold, but in the shade I could just discern the object of the camp, some big boilers mounted on trollies, which they were transporting to some mines in South Carolina. After a "How de," and greetings from a few who had struggled to their feet, I passed on into the night, but with the remembrance left ever in my mind. In how many similar camps have I since been, and under all sorts of conditions, and yet none I remember so vividly as this one. It was my first experience, perhaps, or the suddenness or unexpectedness of coming upon it.

In town I had a very unpleasant and very disagreeable experience, for I never got such a fearful thrashing in my life. I was sitting on the stoup of our little hotel talking to Aunt Emma on one side with my chair tilted back, and my hands behind it, acting as a kind of buffer between it and a kind of ledge in the wall. On the other side was a "Carpet Bagger" (a Northern man) and two others, in whose conversation I was taking no part, when one turned to me and asked if he had not told me a certain thing. I answered, "Certainly not," which was true, and turned to talk to Aunt Emma. Suddenly I felt a knee on my chest, and with my hands tightly jammed behind me I was just bound down. First I felt a fist in one eye, and then in the other, and all over my face and eyes again, and I heard, "You call me a liar, do you?" By the time I cleared myself my eyes were closed up, and the Carpet Bagger gone.

The following day the local paper at the next town up the railway came out with a description of an Englishman having been soundly

drubbed by a Carpet Bagger for insulting him, etc. It was some time before I could see properly out of my eyes.

I went back to the mine, but left instructions to let me know if the Carpet Bagger should return. Two or three months afterwards I heard he was at the next town up the line just referred to. So I started off with my Irish blood up, to prove that a Britisher was not the coward he was made out to be. Luckily I arrived when the hotel was full, and all were upstairs at their mid-day meal. It was a hot day and as I walked into the dining room I saw the windows were open, and my friend sitting at the end of a long table near one of them. Walking slowly up to him I began much in these words, "It is well known probably by all here that you gave me, as was reported in the paper, a regular hiding. Now it may not be known that you caught me unawares with my chair tilted up, and my arms wedged behind it, but I am here to demand a public apology, or the choice of pitching you out through this window, and this I warn you is no mere threat." Little coward as he was, for he was a small man, he began to excuse himself by saying he had been drunk. I replied, "I take no excuse and will have no words from you, except an apology, and on your feet too." Reluctantly he got up and profusely and abjectly apologised. After dining, I sent for a magistrate, a customary act in that part of the South. When he arrived I accused the Northerner of assault before him, but said I wished no damages, but a repetition of his apology before the magistrate so as to have it recorded. This was done but his Excellency first proceeded to take off his coat—it was a very hot day—and then heard the case in the "Little Parlour." So Southern-like, and thus a disagreeable episode ended.

This same man, a year afterwards, was arrested for having shot a man in cold blood in Albany. Why he didn't shoot me I don't know, and what became of him I never heard.

During my sojourn at the mine, my boss, who had obtained an option on the Old Silver Hill Mine, before referred to as having supplied the Confederates with most of their bullets during the war of the North and South, had started work upon it. The main Shaft had formerly been sunk to about 750ft. deep, but the records or plans of the mine, if any, had disappeared. In the office all that was left were the numerous slave owners' accounts, etc. A store-house was built for stores for the re-opening of the mine, a building about forty to fifty feet long by twenty feet to twenty-five feet wide. The old shanties round were done up, and work proceeded on the main shaft in un-watering and re-timbering it.

I had just returned from it to our mine, a distance of about twenty-five miles or so, when a darkie rode in and shouted out that just after I had left, the storehouse had all gone, and that I must come back at once. Being very excited, darkie-like, he rode off immediately and was gone before I could ask him what had happened. I supposed the place had been burnt, and as it was already late, I waited to ride back till next morning. As I came suddenly upon the scene I could see no sign of the store, no charred remains, but only a very slight depression in the ground where it had stood. All work was at a standstill. Riding up to a group of men around the shaft I learnt what had happened.

The men had just finished off-loading a heavy steam capstan engine, and placing it in the store, when the whistle sounding they all went off to dinner. They had hardly cleared the ground when the whole building began bodily to tip or incline downwards, and then suddenly disappeared. The ground closed in after it, and left no trace of the store as I have just said save a slight shallow basin-like depression.

What had happened was evidently due to some of the large "chamberlike" stopes, or workings, which must have reached nearly to the surface, having given way overhead, so that the whole store was carried down into them, a clear proof of the immense size of the ore bodies. But the strangest part of all was that the ground at surface should have closed together again, and left so little trace behind it of what had happened; and in all my mining experience, spread over many years, I have never witnessed nor heard of anything similar, or so extraordinary. It was evidently a wide movement in the mine, for in the main shaft, as the men were coming up the ladder ways, the shaft itself began to crush and cave in. The only man hurt was one who in the opinion of the man behind him was not getting up the ladders fast enough and who jabbed his knife into the calf of his leg. The shaft itself, which had been re-opened to about the 300 feet level, was badly crushed and twisted. The result was that the enterprise had to be abandoned.

A year afterwards a small shaft was sunk on the site of the old store house and recovered the steam capstan, but nothing more. The whole story sounds rather like a traveller's yarn, but nevertheless is perfectly true.

There was living in the village an old Welsh woman, well in her eighties, who prided herself on her pasties, and nothing pleased her better than to see me eating one with relish. She had left her home as a young girl of about eighteen, and yet her one desire was

to go back and be buried in her native village. The poor old dame had saved a little money and often used to ask me how this could be managed.

On the mine the darkies always interested me much, and in after years, both in the Brazils, West, North and East Africa, I retained my interest in them.

There is one characteristic they have, wherever one meets them—their inordinate vanity, a provision of nature someone has said, that perhaps makes up for their by no means beautiful features. Beneath all this they have many redeeming points, and if attached to one's person, I believe a darkie will suffer anything for one. By darkie I mean the "negro." They have a keen sense of justice, and resent intensely any unjust favouritism. Punished justly, no matter how harshly, they appear to bear no spirit of revenge or malice. Punish them unjustly and they will wait patiently to get their own back, if ever possible. Their inordinate vanity and self-assertion seems to be inherent in them.

On the other hand, they are musical and even poetical. They take life easily and have a strong vein of humour, but outside these general characteristics they differ greatly.

Taking the Southern States and the Northern States, the darkies differ otherwise in many respects. They are more prone to crime than the American, while crimes against women are certainly higher, yet if compared with the recent immigration of the lower European classes as for instance, Italian, Hungarian, etc., this is not so. It speaks well for a race that have so recently come out of barbarism, and then out of slavery, that they, taken on the whole, are a law abiding people; and that they have considerable latent powers is evidenced by the many eminent men they have produced in almost all professions and trades, and in politics. In spite of intense opposition from the white race and with almost superhuman efforts, one may say, they at all events have succeeded in proving that as a race they have men among them of exceptional intellectual powers and ability. The white man will probably never cease to feel a certain amount of antipathy towards the negro. We may call it by what name we like, or try to hide it, but there it is and our instinct tells us so. Instinct tells us that it is not natural for the two races to intermarry, and hence what is probably at the bottom of this antipathy. If the negro recognised this and there was a mutual agreement and law made to prevent mixed marriages, I cannot help thinking that the opposition by the white race to their advancement would be eliminated to a great extent; a fear perhaps

of competition in labour might still continue to work against it, but the removal of the main prejudice which lies unexpressed, would help greatly to kill it. If it is to be done it must be done by mutual action, and not by compulsion, that is if the best efforts are to be won.

There is something very lovable in the race, the tragic and pathetic stories of their self-sacrifices in slave days are too numerous to account for as sporadic, and not typical of the people. Their faithfulness again to their masters in adversity is but too well known in the South, and can only be accounted for by a kindness of disposition which may lie dormant, but it is there and capable of development, as education, both moral and technical, is advanced. When one thinks of the origin of these Southern darkies, mostly taken from the barbaric tribes of West Africa, where their fetish worship had sunk them down to the lowest depths of animalism, cruelty and cunning, it is astonishing to see to what heights they have since risen, and if still below the average of the white races, they have already made a considerable stride in approaching to within a reasonable distance of it, so much so, that the white race itself is opposing their advance lest they should eventually prove themselves to be on terms of equality with them. I have long thought, though brought up in the school of evolution, that with the negro race it has been one of devolution, that is to say they have in some former period of the world's history, attained a far higher, if not a high form of civilisation, than that they are now found in, and have by wars and other causes been driven back from the old centres of civilisation and thus become degraded to the present low level of the West Coast tribes. How comes it if they have never attained a higher state that they have such latent capacity far above what is needed for their daily requirements? We are too prone to think that our latter-day civilisation is vastly superior to what has gone before us. How comes it, then, that masses of stone weighing over 1,500 tons, were quarried, sculptured, and accurately fitted for their place, whose measurements could only have been worked out from carefully prepared architectural drawings; with all our mechanical skill, it is doubtful if we could do the same to-day? Huge columns again were sculptured, transported down the Nile out to sea, and then carried by land over mountains to their destination. Much has been written and can still be written on the subject, but I only refer to it as there may be found in it a clue to the understanding of the Ethiopian race, whether studied in the Southern States, or in Ethiopian Africa, his former home.

I have spent now many years among them in their civilised, semi-civilised, and barbaric state, and to me the race present a most interesting problem. I am not one who believes in putting the two races on an equality; rather I am strongly of opinion that they need to be ruled where necessary with a very firm, strong, and patriarchal hand, and with a sympathetic and a kindly desire to lead them and help them on, but in no patronising fashion, which their natural vanity would resent. Call it pride if you like, but it is scarcely akin to pride, it is more like what one sees in many children than anything else. There is no vicious spirit about it, but there it is, and it is this that so largely offends the white race, who resent an inferior aping their own standard.

The negro, then, in my opinion, has immense latent capabilities, capabilities which have been atrophied in the past, and which only now need reviving to put him on the pedestal he, against obstruction, is valiantly fighting for.

But to return from this digression to incidents of negro life. One day approaching a negro Church from the portals of which curious sounds emanated, I pushed the door ajar and peeped in. At that moment Pete, the hotel boy, a lad of about eighteen came behind me, pushed open the door, shouted out, "You are all a damned lot of niggers," and bolted. Immediately half the congregation came rushing out with shouts of "Whose dat dat defame de house of de Lord, kill dem man dat defame de house of de Lord." Fortunately for me they had caught sight of Pete running for his life and gave him chase, but though he escaped, it was many days before he dared return to town.

One morning, and a very hot one it was, I was in my bedroom with a bottle of Florida Water in my hand, when Pete came in with my boots. "Baas, give me some of dat fine stuff," he said, as he held out his palms. Pouring a little into them he immediately swashed the contents into his face and eyes. Running out of the room I heard him as he tumbled down the stairs crying loudly, "Oh! Massa Baas has gone and killed me,"—so like a darkie! We used sometimes, after knocking off work, to get the darkies up to sing for us, and this they did, all singing in parts. At one time it might be one of their plaintive old slave songs, or another some of their more joyous ones. Now and again one would improvise, and the others join in a chorus. Squatted under the pine trees "they of a different race thus sang to us, of legends, of slave life, and of their aspirations, and as I sat and listened an overwhelming sense of the pathos of it all would flood my inmost being."

Later on in life I have often listened to their barbaric cousins

of the East and West Coasts of Africa singing their plaintive songs, but even to-day nothing appeals to me more than to look back and call to mind these Southern scenes. It was all so sad, for even then it seemed to me as if they were unconsciously trying to express their longings to be really free, and not to be looked down upon, almost as if recognising their own inferiority, yet feeling they were capable of greater things, a kind of unconscious expression of seeking for their race a higher status. They sang, too, so beautifully, and as I look back I would sooner go through those scenes again than attend the finest concerts I have ever heard.

It is difficult to portray to those who have not known the Southern negro, and even to those who live surrounded by them, what a depth of feeling enters into their simple songs. To venture to say that he is poetical is matter for scorn, but I know of no race I have been amongst who are so full of poetic ideas, and who crudely endeavour to express them, but right expression of such ideas is, it would seem, only given to the cultured.

Some of the Central American Indian tribes approach the negro in this way, but with him it is more a love of Nature. With the Southern negro it is the soul, and perhaps, too, the unconsciously expressed aspirations of their race. With those, whom we may call the cheeky ones—and they are many—quiet sarcasm is the best weapon to meet them with; this they cannot stand, but taken generally they are a lovable people—I speak here of the Southern negro. The intense dislike of so many of their white cousins has perhaps cultivated a desire to retaliate, and he is perhaps human in this respect. I can well enter into the ordinary uneducated “whites’” dislike, for, as I have said, the negro is so often cheeky and inclined to be impudent, but is it natural to him? rather I am inclined to believe it is the outcome of much of his present and past treatment, which with his inherent vanity fortunately causes him to be “thickskinned” to the indignities and insults the white race casts upon him.

I have many times talked to some of the old slaves, and from what I could gather from them, I should say that slavery was not as bad as has been so widely depicted. It was not the rule to illtreat cruelly, on the whole they were well treated, save perhaps on some of the very large estates, when they were left to the mercies of some brutal agent. They were well fed and lodged, and not too hard worked; but where the brutality and cruelty of slavery came in was in the power their masters had over their bodies. Families were broken up and sold, never to meet again; here was

the untold anguish of slavery. Slavery enforcing regular work with legal safeguards would perhaps even to-day be the wisest course to win barbarian races in Africa to a regular and useful life.

Well, the darkies were often around me, and I often with them, and as I grew to know them I came to understand them better. One night, being dreadfully tired, I fell off a narrow plank head foremost into a mud tank. Some darkies pulled me out by the legs, I was half smothered in mud, in my ears, eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and must have looked a sorry object, but not a laugh from them. As soon as I could get my breath I said, "What for you boys no laugh, what I look like." They had been up to this point very solemn, but when I said "What I look like," at once the humorous side struck them, and they did laugh, so much so that they nearly rolled into the tank themselves. Going down to the boilers to dry, for it was a very cold night, I sat down on the ground and lay back while I put up my legs to get my top boots pulled off. I had forgotten they were full of water, and oh! that rush of cold water all over my body was even worse than the mud. My sudden alarm and jump to my feet again sent them off into fits of laughter, and a darkie when he laughs does so in earnest, the whole body doubling up with contortions. A little incident, but one that perhaps conveys an idea of how simple and humorous they are!

To give another example. I used to ride through a darkie village, and as I went along up went the windows, heads out of them, and those downstairs came tumbling out to see the fun. I was a veritable "John Gilpin," but why? It was a long time before I discovered the reason. It seems they had never seen an Englishman ride trotting and rising in his saddle. This was the reason for their hilarious laughter and jokes at my expense. But I sadly disappointed them one day after this, for I rode through in the American style. It was too bad to disappoint them thus, but I did it. There was also another race of people, namely those known by the darkies as "White Trash." These people were much as expressed, very poor, a sort of "squatter," too proud to be seen working, and I often wondered how they lived, but live they did somehow or other. Mentally, too, they were deficient, certainly with less intelligence than the surrounding darkies, and this is usually accounted for by the perpetual intermarriage of families.

I remember a little boy belonging to one of these "White Trash" families being bitten by a "Moccasin" snake, to whom they gave neat whiskey, and it was not until the child, four years old, had

drunk considerably more than a bottle that he began to show the effects of it. They then said he was saved. Around us it was the common opinion that if bitten by a bad snake the only remedy was whiskey, and that if the patient could be made drunk he would recover, and if not—for sometimes no amount of whiskey had any effect—he would die. Almost every family in our vicinity had the “Rattle Snake jar,” or a jar of whiskey kept sealed, and which was only allowed to be opened in the case of snake bites.

About this time I was sent for by one of the “White Trash,” as a small boy had had his hand chopped off. It came about in this way. Three tiny children were playing with an axe, and this little fellow put his hand down on the block, and told his brother to chop it off, which he promptly did. A child five years old will use an axe to chop and split up small wood, and so the little thing thought nothing of it and clean severed the hand.

There is amongst women “White Trash” a habit of taking snuff, one very general throughout the south. This they do, not by the usual method of taking a pinch, but by dipping a stick in a small pot of it, and then rubbing their gums with it. They mostly smoke as well, and not a few chew tobacco, while the men smoke and chew, but do not take snuff.

Of the old slave owners I only came across a few, for in our vicinity there were never any very large estates, but those I came across, though well educated men, seemed through poverty to have dropped to a low level, and whatever refinement they still possessed was to my mind entirely overshadowed by their everlasting chewing of tobacco and spitting.

To ask a darkie into your house on social terms meant ostracism, no matter how white, for many of the octoroons are so white that only their finger nails give them away. If it is known, as it always is, that there is a trace of the tar-brush in the blood, he or she, whoever they may be, are classed as darkies.

Slavery as permitted was brutalising, I believe, even more to the whites than to the blacks; it was a hideous abomination, but all the same it had some redeeming features, as it taught the race to work and gave it regular habits, awakened their dormant or latent capacities, and at all events led eventually to raising them from their hideous fetishism, with all its diabolical and barbarous features of lying, deceit and intrigue, and cruelties in which the African native lives in an atmosphere of daily fear. The light of Christianity, whether accepted in name only or in reality, has led to a vast advance in their uplifting. Under slavery, though many slave

owners sought to educate them, and not a few to free them, the generality deliberately fought against allowing them any form of education; it was by no means uncommon for slaves to learn to read surreptitiously, and if caught doing so the lash was given them, or they would be sold to some inhuman master.

The Southern gentleman had undoubtedly degenerated. As I met them they had all the appearance of seedy looking individuals, but unlike their Northern cousins had not that vein of boastfulness and brag, and were in this respect more like ourselves. This everlasting "brag" of the Northerners found so commonly amongst them—though the better classes are very free from it—is repulsive to the ordinary Englishman as he measures them by himself, but I am convinced it has no such meaning as we attribute to it; it is rather the pride of the country, with no ulterior idea of wishing to run down the foreigner's country, although unwittingly they do so. It is a desire to show off what marvellous progress they as a nation have made, and of which they are and well may be justly proud. It is the pride of youth. A nation grows like an individual, they are at that age when a young man at eighteen to twenty-two thinks his parents are antiquated, and know comparatively little. We older people do not dislike the young for this, and why then if the above simile be true, should we dislike the Northerners for it? At all events, whether right or wrong, there is in the South a greater mellowness, an absence of this characteristic vein of the Northerner.

I remember once, and indeed on more than one occasion, pointing out a great hulking nigger to a Northerner who was boasting of his countrymen having the biggest this, that, and everything else, and saying as she passed, "That is a picture of America," then waiting until a pretty little white woman was passing, said again, "That is like a picture of my country, little and good." He took it in good part and I think it flashed through his mind there were more ways than one of looking at things.

Of these Southern broken-down gentlemen the main and only amusement was playing "Checkers" or draughts. One might pass their "Stoups" (Dutch for verandah) at almost any time of the day and see them deep in the game. Dominoes was also a favourite game, also cards, but I think draughts led. Apparently they lived a precarious existence, still living by the aid of darkies on their farms. Taking a trip to Charlotte in the cotton-growing district, we found there a different state of affairs to that of the purely farming ones. Charlotte is a pretty town, with its numerous and prettily built "Quintas" (Villas). Here one felt

that life was again around one. This was my first visit to the cotton-growing districts, and at a time when cotton picking was in full swing, and a delightful vista it was. The darkies were hard at work gathering the pretty snow-white balls of cotton, which showed up in intensity of whiteness against their black skins. A cotton field in full bloom with the pods bursting and showing their snow-white balls is by itself a very pretty sight, and still more so when the darkie contrast is added.

It was here Lord Cornwallis surrendered with his army. Since my days spent in the South things have changed I am told, and it is no longer the slow *dolce far niente* South, all is life and bustle now.

South of Washington the frying-pan was the one and only cooking utensil in use. Bread as we know it, one seldom came across, no one knew how to make it. Food cooked in the South was always greasy and unpalatable, with the exception of their hot biscuits and "Johnny" cakes, the latter being the main support of life. I never remember eating, for example, chicken other than fried, in a bath of grease.

Two years of my life thus spent in the Southern States have left many pleasant recollections, not only of its interesting country, but of its people. The pleasant salutation so common of Uncle so-and-so or Aunt so-and-so I have heard nowhere else. If younger in years than to warrant this soubriquet, you would, if a man, be called Colonel, Captain, or Judge, if addressed by a stranger. I hardly ever heard my own surname the whole of this time.

One great event of the year I have omitted to mention, namely, the coming of the water melon. All round us the water melons were grown in great quantities, but the first ripe ones come from Florida. For days before the arrival of the first train-load it was well advertised, and then the whole darkie country—for so it seemed to me—flocked to the station siding, and as fast as the melons could be pitched out to them one by one (at the price of a quarter—is.) as fast were the quarters thrown back. So hour after hour the busy scene went on until the freight cars were emptied. Darkies in great crowds had thus laden themselves up with melons, though they well knew that in about another ten days or fortnight their own melons could be had for the asking. No! the darkie loves his water melon, and melons on the left, melons on the right were being munched by hundreds of darkies with their bright pearly teeth and their faces beaming. The water melon is to the negro what the Durian fruit is to the Malay. To my thinking, it is very tasteless, but cooling on a hot day. To make it palatable a good

way is to bore a hole in the side of the melon in cheese scoop fashion, then pour in a glass of port, and leave it an hour to diffuse, when it becomes decidedly delicious, especially if it has been previously iced.

Before saying goodbye to the South, a dreamy land where no one worked hard unless the Northern initiative had stirred up some centre of industry and activity, let me say I was really sorry to bid goodbye to many faces, both white and black. As I look back I remember I could not at first distinguish the darkies one from another any more than I could have in a flock of sheep. Though it was so, I cannot now ever imagine how any one could genuinely experience so extraordinary a phenomenon. At first I tried to remember and distinguish them more by their bodily characteristics, as for instance their length, breadth or bulk, it might be, than by their faces. Now each darkie's features are as plain and distinctive to me as any white man's.

The mine passed out of the owner's hands and thereby hangs a tale. The owner and General S—— had had a law suit going on for years, eventually the General won it, and as part payment for the amount claimed, it was handed over to him and he brought in his own party to run it. I think it was a bad bargain for the General, for he expected to make more out of it than a small income. The mine was what they call "a one man show" and not "a Company show." General S—— expected to make the latter out of it, but eventually it was shut down. We used to have a hard job to make a profit out of it, but we did, and to this day I have never seen a similar mine run cheaper, our total expense being rarely over 4s. per ton. The ore itself was of course a very low grade one and difficult to treat. On the other hand, labour was cheap; darkies got about 2s. a day, seldom 4s. Cordwood oak was 4s. a cord; pine-wood 3s. 4d. a cord. I never heard of oak wood being sold and cut at so low a figure. Practically it was the cutting and not the wood that cost, as every cord cut and delivered meant so much ground cleared. All round us it was almost all pine, but we had some little oak not far off. In the South there are a great variety of oaks. It is a curious phenomenon that wherever an oak forest is cut down, on the ground that is left, pine takes its place, and vice versa.

I talked matters over with my old boss as to the future. West Africa was on my brain, but he thought a few months out West would be a good experience for me, so I determined to go and collect information especially with regard to Leadville, the new silver mining camp in Colorado. Accordingly I set forth one fine morning after many adieus. Arriving at T——, I found the town was *en*

fête, a noted inhabitant was to be married next day. His third wedding! On the morning of the wedding he came in early and wanted a drink, for as he said, "I am horribly nervous, my last wedding was a tragedy, for my bride fell dead at the doorway of the Church as she was going out." It was a prohibition county, but apparently for that reason drink was cheap and easily obtainable. I managed to find some for him and the wedding this time came off all right. That night I bade good-bye to many old Uncles and Aunts, Colonels, Captains, and Judges, and judging by their titles, I had a most illustrious assembly to give me a send-off.

CHAPTER II.

COLOrado.

As we passed along the railway to Washington, the little shanty in which Stonewall Jackson, the famous Confederate General, died, was pointed out to me. During my stay in the South, though some thirteen years had passed since the war of the North and South, it was, as I said, the subject of endless controversies. At that time, I had the war at my fingers' ends, and used to listen with eager interest to the old veterans fighting their battles over again, a thing they never tired of doing. General Butler, of the Federals, was the one General they had the greatest animus against, or as he was called "Silverspoon Butler." He had earned this soubriquet for his known partiality for appropriating everyone's plate when he entered a town. Arriving at Washington, I spent two interesting days there, visiting the sights. "The Capitol" has been so often described that I will not attempt to do so again, standing as it does on a commanding eminence, whence radiate the great, wide avenues that have earned for Washington the name of "The City of Magnificent Distances." Congress was sitting, and what astonished me, more than the hats worn in our own Parliament, was the sight of numerous legs of members resting on the little desks in front of them.

Returning to my room in the hotel early on the second night, for I had a splitting headache, I discovered I had a bright red rash on my chest. Thinking I was in for scarlet fever or some kindred disease, I made up my mind I would leave for New York that night, as I knew no one in Washington. Going downstairs I paid my bill, and left by the 11 p.m. express. Before leaving my berth I rubbed my dirty boots all over the blankets to make sure no one should have them. At New York I went up to the Union Square Hotel, engaged a room and deposited my baggage there, and then went off to see a doctor I knew of. He examined the rash closely, my headache, while no better, was no worse. He told me he strongly suspected small-pox, and I must go to the hospital. I asked him, "Are you sure of it?" and he replied, "Very nearly so"—but said I might return to my hotel as I had already been there, if I promised to go

straight to my room and remain there until he saw me next day. I went back to my bedroom and fell asleep. Waking about 4 p.m., I found my head quite clear and the rash gone. Eating shad fish had probably been the cause of it. So I got up, dressed, and went for a walk. Later on, feeling quite fit and well, I went to the theatre. I had hardly seated myself when there was a cry of 'fire'; fortunately it was early and not many people present. Making our way to the street, in less than ten minutes the whole building was ablaze. Fire engines were quickly on the spot, but it was completely burnt out. For the first time I saw a New York mob and the rough way the police handled it with their truncheons. Not wishing to risk a knock on the head, I left the theatre to burn, and went on to another.

Next day I left New York for Toronto to visit some old Canadian friends of my father's. Travelling up the Hudson river in one of the splendidly and gorgeously furnished river boats, we went through the most lovely scenery. We passed West Point, the great Military Academy, through the Cascades up to Albany, where the scenery becomes uninteresting and where I left the boat. Thence I journeyed by the Lake Erie route, passing through the rich agricultural and beautiful valley of the Mohawk. En route I made friends with a New York lady and her son, who were going on a visit to the Falls for the first time. The old lady was full of interesting stories of people that gave me an insight into social life in the Northern States. We arrived at the Falls about mid-day, and after a good lunch we all three went out to see the Falls, expecting in our imagination something far greater than they appeared at first sight. In the evening the old lady and her son were so disappointed they decided to go elsewhere for their holiday, and left early next morning. I stayed on that day and went over to the Canadian side of the Falls, and as I spent hour after hour looking on the magnificent sight, their size, their volume, and their majestic splendour grew on me, and before I left, the first disappointing impression had so entirely worn off that I was lost in amazement at the thought of ever having been so mistaken. But I must not forget to tell the story of one, if not the most terrible, experience I ever had in my life. I had again gone over to Goat Island and was watching the great ice floes, for it was the end of winter, and the ice which had broken up in the great lakes above the Falls, was coming down the Niagara river, being swept on towards the edge of the Falls where it was hurled over them into the chasm below. My very soul was filled with awe by the vastness, and the stupendous forces of nature. Below the Falls the famous ice bridge

at its foot was still unbroken. Thus in a reverie, lost in nature's wonders, I leaned against a gas pipe railing, when crack! and with both my hands on the broken end I lost my balance and was carried forward face downwards, looking at the awful chasm below me, for I was just on the side of the Fall itself, where was a sheer perpendicular precipice, down which I looked on the ugly rocks piled up below, my body stretched out, my toes alone grasping terra firma. Would the other end give way? that was the question. Preserving my presence of mind I slipped my hands inch by inch along the pipe to the still fast end of it, and after what seemed a lifetime I reached the post to which it was attached in safety, and regained my feet. Then slowly I walked backwards and came bump into a bank of earth behind me, so shaken that for the moment I thought I had fallen over. There I sat perhaps for a quarter of an hour before I could summon up enough courage to go and watch the sight again, but, in so doing, I forgot for the moment the most terrible experience, that to this day sends a shudder through me when I think of it. Needless to say, I did not again lean against a gas-pipe railing, nor have I ever since, for the sight of one brings vividly back to me that scene.

The last night I spent there was a beautiful moonlight one, and the double moon-rainbow on the clouds of spray that swept up from below the Falls was an enchanting and unearthly picture of what might have been a peep into eternity, accompanied as it was by the mighty mass of ice and water slipping over into the depths below with its low continuous thunderous roar.

Another experience I had had in the morning is perhaps worth recording. It was on the Canadian side when I ventured down some steps leading to the entrance by which one goes under the Falls. A young lady guide led the way and a clergyman, also a visitor, accompanied me. We had already donned oilskin coats and sou-wester hats to keep off the spray, and changed our boots for spiked soled ones. Nothing daunted, we crept along a narrow path and passed under the Falls, that is, the Falls were on our left and the precipice over which they tumble on our right; under our feet we had not the usual summer rock path beneath them, but instead a bank of ice formed by the spray between the Falls and precipice, and were thus left with no support on either side of us. I thought to myself that had it not been that a girl was leading I would back out of it, and afterwards telling my clergyman friend this, he owned up he had had similar feelings. The great crystal sheet of falling water gave one the sensation of being inclined to bend over and go with it, in fact, I was afraid to look at it too long for fear

that I might be carried away by this impulse. When I came to turn round on that narrow ice ledge, used to climbing as I was in mine stopes, I had humbly to seek my lady partner's hand while I steadied myself, and then to offer a like assistance to my friend. It was a wondrous sight and worth whatever little risk there may have been, but if ever I go under the Falls again I trust it will be in summer, and not winter, conditions. The whirlpool rapids a mile below the Falls are, I think, even more awe-inspiring, and how that little "Maid of the Mist" (steamboat) got through them is almost incredible. The story is that having got into debt, and about to be seized for the same, the Captain ran her through them and safely got away. Another little "Maid of the Mist" now plies in her place, and takes passengers to view the Falls at their base. In the hotel I learnt that a young couple who were returning from a honeymoon trip round the world, had gone out one morning quite recently, when the young husband returned saying she had fallen into the river and had been swept over the Falls. Many tragedies are connected with the Falls, and many since I was there. Captain Webb, it will be remembered, essayed to go over them in a barrel, but lost his life in the attempt. One of the most tragic of all is perhaps that of a man who, falling into the river, was swept along to the edge of them, where he managed to climb on to a small projecting rock, where he hung on for hours until finally overcome and swept over. Thousands watched him while vain endeavours were made to save him by throwing lines from boats up the river, or by rocket lines.

Thence I arrived at Toronto, on Lake Ontario, or as it looks, on the sea, as we say, for no land is visible across it. Toronto was a busy thriving town, still with its plank side walks, with the exception of King Street, which was paved. Here I met my father's old friends, delightful old people, and who were the parents of three charming daughters, with one of whom I was fast, if not already, falling in love. Here I stayed and spent a few happy days, playing tennis, boating, and lounging in hammocks swung under the trees, where we talked and chaffed each other over our respective countries' peculiarities of customs and speech.

When I arrived it was still very cold, and in my bedroom was an American anthracite stove; the boy, as I went to my bedroom, came in and filled up the hopper with coal, and said something I did not understand, but which I afterwards learnt was an injunction to regulate the feed. As I slept I dreamt I was in hell, and awakening I found the stove red hot; it was near my bed, too close to it, my face was burning hot and the room like an oven. I had

never seen one of these wonderful stoves and had no idea how to regulate it, besides it was red hot, and so impossible to touch any part of it. I jumped out of bed, drew the bed away from it, threw the windows and door wide open. Next morning I told my fair hostess of my night's adventure, but met with no commiseration for a bad night's rest, nor for the nightmare of my horrible dream, but only with shrieks of laughter. When I arrived, it was as I have just said, cold weather; a heavy thaw now set in, and with it came the astounding miracle of winter suddenly changing into summer. It was a Sunday, and as we walked to Church the trees were bare and there was no sign of spring. On the following Sunday they were all bursting into leaf, and from winter we were in summer. At last the time came when I had to say goodbye, my particular fancy wrote some very charming words in my notebook, and I felt that I had not played the game, for I was madly gone or her, but wisdom brought me up with a round turn, for when it came to the point I felt that I was not in a position to marry, and she was too much of a town girl to follow the fortunes of a wandering adventurous young Mining Engineer. They were very happy days and I look back to them with pleasure. In later years she married happily, and had, I hear, a delightful little family, and so history goes on repeating itself.

The night before I left I was dining with Sir J. R——, another old friend of my father's, and he was telling me various stories, in particular a rather thrilling one about a skunk. This little animal is very common and is found in Canada right down to Central America. As I had just bidden my host good-night and was walking down the garden path, a cat jumped out. For the moment I thought it was a skunk and cleared the garden in about one bound.

From here I went to Guelph, where I stayed with yet another old friend of my father's. He owned a sheep ranch with his son in Southern Colorado, and he agreed to accompany me out West, inviting me to go with him to the ranch. His son had but recently returned after a long and trying illness in hospital, that was brought about thus. It appears in his part of South Colorado which borders New Mexico, the cattle and sheep men were at feud with each other, and he had in some way got the best of some of the Mexican cowboys; they had therefore a spite against him, and one moonlight night they surrounded his shanty, and taking him out barefooted in his shirt only, they gave him a start over prickly pear-covered ground before commencing to shoot at him. He survived this dreadful and excruciatingly painful ordeal, getting safely away, but not before many bullets had been fired after him.

With the cactus thorns piercing his legs and feet, he was afterwards taken to a hospital in Denver and subsequently to Guelph, but festering sores set up blood-poisoning, and it was many a long day before he entirely recovered. I had a very pleasant stay in Guelph, but for the mosquitoes, which were in clouds, and worse than anywhere I have seen since, not even excepting the big tiger mosquitoes of the Malay peninsula. An old gentleman in the neighbourhood just out from home on a fishing expedition, had to return at once suffering from blood poisoning caused by mosquito bites.

Leaving Guelph, we set out, my friend and I, for the West. En route we stayed at Council Bluffs just opposite Omaha where he had a son living. This pretty little town had but recently risen into notoriety as the home of the Jessie James Brothers, the renowned bank-breakers and horse-thieves. The elder brother, on whom both the Federal and States Government had a big reward dead or alive, was shot in the back by one of his own gang while hanging up a picture in his house, a quiet suburban looking little frame cottage. Here the renowned outlaw lived as a respected, quiet citizen, leading a double life; even his own wife had no idea of it. The stories of his deeds are most thrilling, and even beat those of Ned Kelly, the celebrated Australian bushranger. His identity having been thus established, his younger brother was soon caught and condemned to penal servitude. After serving a few months he was eventually let out as he had developed consumption, and he then went on to the Music Hall stage recounting the tales of their deeds. But the disease making rapid strides he did not long survive his release. The only other outlaw I heard of on whom a reward was offered whether dead or alive, was the one I have already referred to living in North Carolina.

Going over to Omaha across the Missouri, for the first time I saw great piles of silver ingots stacked up on the railway platform. This town, then quite a small one, has since risen to one of great importance and is the centre of a big smelting and canning industry. Going down to Kansas City on a short trip, as we ran along the left bank of the Missouri I witnessed a prairie fire on the opposite side; the wind was blowing down the river, and as our train came along it just kept abreast of it, and we had a marvellous view of what a real prairie fire is like without its usual attendant dangers.

Kansas city was a typical one of the Middle West, the centre of a great grain industry. Returning, after a day's visit to Council Bluffs, we prepared to say good-bye to the Missouri with its muddy waters, as its name signifies, on our way to Denver, the capital of Colorado, but just as we were about to start an interesting little

event arose. A steamer arrived with a band of Sioux Indian prisoners, with their second head chief, whose name I have forgotten. But he was a great celebrity and had only been captured after a series of running fights covering over a thousand miles in extent.

With the Manager of the Kansas City Railway we went on board. The Chief, a typical specimen of his race, and the first I had then seen of the Red Indian, was physically a fine man, with the high cheek bones and the bold aspect of the Indian, with what are usually called cruel features. This they may be, but I don't think anyone would say so in looking at the Indian unless prejudiced by their history of cruelty and torturous practices. He made a very fine oration, which was translated and afterwards published in most of the American papers, and turned public opinion in their favour. To me this was quite an epoch in my life, I had not seen the Western Red Indian, only a few degenerate ones in Carolina, not now characteristic of their race, but it was not long before from a kind of admiration I passed to one of loathing for them, as I will go on to show why.

In Denver City new impressions awaited me, in fact as one went west it was like a kaleidoscopic view, so quickly did the changes come and go.

My first impression of Denver was received on a very hot day, as I wended my way from the station to the hotel, a large square, red-brick, plain building; as I cast my eyes up at it, every window stood open, and out of each there projected sundry pairs of legs put out, as it were, to cool. At the base of the hotel men were sitting with tilted chairs against the front of it, their occupation being to hit a mark on the curb by spitting at it. Going inside I found a motley crowd of all classes, merchants, politicians, cowboys, and miners swarming round the bar, and notwithstanding the unbearable heat, gulping down cocktails.

Next day I sallied forth to look up some old college friends and found them hard at work editing a mining paper, not bad for two young fellows not long out from the old country. By the bye, about a month ago I heard from one after a silence of just on thirty-eight years. I had long supposed him dead, but it was his partner who died. He is now living in British Columbia. I had an introduction to the first National Bank, and the Manager made me a proposal to find a better pass into the San Juan country than the present Santo de Christo one, but as a new chum in this part of the country I declined, notwithstanding the offer of expenses and a handsome reward if successful. I reasoned if the old prospector in

those parts had not found a better one my chance of doing so was evidently infinitesimally small. I was next offered the charge of a sampling and purchasing mill, but my object was to find out the mineral prospective possibilities of the country, and if possible to pick up a good option on reasonable terms for my old boss, or for an old friend well known in the Athenæum Club as one of its oldest, if not the oldest, member. He was an old man, but very keen on any mining project with fair chances. He was in the habit of going every year to 'Frisco accompanied by a nephew, who used to tell a good story of his uncle. The old man was an inveterate snorer, and travelling across the Continent in a Pullman car, his snores were so outrageously loud that he woke some of the passengers, and many were the murmurs and expletives; suddenly he ceased and a dead silence ensued, when a loud voice was heard coming from a head thrust forward through the curtains, "Thank God he's dead." After a few days spent ferreting around to get to know the ropes I rejoined my friend at Puebla in the South, and travelled on with him to the ranch, which was not far from the borderline of New Mexico, and near the small town of Cuchara.

Arriving at the station, or more properly speaking in America the "Depot," the son met us with a waggon and a pair of fine-looking horses, himself quite recovered from his recent illness, and a well set-up type of Canada's youth. After about a couple of hours' drive to the ranch, we arrived there at the mid-day dinner hour, and were introduced to his employees, a sturdy set of young fellows, both American and Mexican. Here I spent a few days until they all went off driving the sheep higher up into the mountains for summer pasturage. Fitted out with horse and trappings I started off to look at some old abandoned prospects about ten miles distant or thereabouts. And here I had my first real adventure. I found an old log hut, doorless, but a good place to take up one's night quarters in. A stranger, also on a visit turned up, who seemed a good sort of fellow. Together we sallied out and cut up some fire-wood and brought it into the hut. As Bruin's footprints were discovered as having recently been near the house, I proposed we should go up the mountain and fetch in some heavy planks lying up there, in order to put them across the entrance to the open door. Accordingly we "toted" these back, and put them, three in number, ready to fix across the entrance at sundown, but somehow they fell edgeways and struck me a crack across the forehead. My Irish blood made me retort in rather Billingsgate language on my companion. He said nothing, but strode across to where we had both hung up our two Colt revolvers, for everyone

armed himself in those days with one of these. I sprang after him, for I divined he was up to mischief, and catching him by the nape of the neck, with a trip of the foot I threw him on his back, and quickly placed my foot on his throat while I held a parley with him, the gist of which was, "Well, old fellow, I have the best of you, you thought to have had the best of me, but I could not wait to see whether you would have, anyway I apologise for my hasty words given under great provocation, and I apologise, too, for taking so unfair an advantage of you, so let us shake hands and make it up." Holding out my hand, he grasped it and pulled himself up by it, but I still kept between him and the revolvers. Going to the top of the room I followed him, in a moment he picked up the old axe we had found there, and came for me with it held over his head, but I had a little pocket Deringer, and quickly pulled it out. Hearing the click of the cock he dropped the axe and fell on his knees. "Say your prayers," I said, and for a moment hesitated whether I should shoot him or not, but it was only momentary, though for that moment I came near doing it. "Get up and sit in that corner," I said, while I picked up the axe, and went back and got the two revolvers hanging up; bringing them round I put them under my blanket and sat in the opposite corner, while I made him light the fire. Keeping my Deringer handy, I ate my supper but had no tea, as I could not afford to take chances while one of us got the water, and I did not want too ostentatiously to mount guard over him. I determined to stay awake all that night and keep the fire ablaze with the pine wood we had so fortunately cut a good pile of. My companion went off to sleep. In the early morning I woke with a start, for I, too, had fallen sound asleep. Leaving my friend, who had not a horse, I went out to the old shed and saddled up, after finding my horse safely there, and that Bruin had not been round, and rode off, breathing once more freely. It was a lovely cool morning and I was tempted to stay and examine the old prospects, but decided that discretion was the better part of valour. Joyously I rode away too, for the horror of it had I shot him crossed my mind. He seemed a nice enough sort of fellow, but I summed him up as having one of those sulky, morose tempers, that when roused will stick at nothing. What he was doing there I did not know, neither had I asked him.

My main object was to get to the Spanish Peaks where there were some mining camps, and that evening I reached quite a little mining township near their base. Here I made some friends and found out what was going on. There was not far away a lower mining camp, and a good day's journey further an upper one, both opening on

some new silver lead prospects, the lower one being quite a respectable sized camp, the upper with only about twenty to twenty-six men in it. Going on later to the lower camp, I stayed some time and got used to the ways and slang or talk of these parts. The Western miners and real prospectors are reputed to be a good set of men, very hospitable and ready to give a helping hand, and so I found them. At night we used to sit round the camp fires, some played euchre, and smoked and told yarns or discussed the relative claims of different mining camps from Mexico to Montana. One day a whole party of Ute Indians came in and camped near us. They said they were looking for two horses, but I had read enough novels about Indian life to know that a large party did not come up into the mountains looking for two horses, and told my companions so; but they laughed at my fears as those of a greenhorn. All the same I was nervous, but they told me the Ute Indians had always been the most faithful tribe, and had never broken out against the white man, on the contrary, they had been their sworn allies against the Comanche and Apache Indians. I sent back and got a supply of tobacco and sweets, called in America "candies," and used to give them to these ugly little Indians as presents. The sequel I will relate presently.

The road to the Upper Camp was a heavy climb; half way up was a small log cabin used as a rest house to stay in overnight, and to break the journey, but after the Indians came in I used to make the journey in one day, much to my camp companions' amusement. I wouldn't trust them, I used to say. The upper camp was at work on what looked like a very promising prospect and I was working to get an option on it, that is the right of buying it up over a given time by paying a small part of the purchase price. One morning they told me they had been working on the mountain above us and had a nice prospect if I would look at it, and see what I thought of it. They said it was a bit difficult to get at, and so it was, for, towards the top of a spur we had to prize ourselves along sitting saddlewise on the sharp edge of a ridge running down from it, with hundreds of feet below us on either side. This was for a short distance only, when we suddenly came at right angles to us, on three niches cut in the side of the corner of a precipice. With this foothold only we had to get round it. In doing so I nearly lost my nerve and had not the leading man crouched back and caught me by the wrist I should have fallen, as I slipped on the last niche. Below that horrible little corner I came on their works. Here they had exposed and driven a tunnel for several feet on a fine little vein of silver. The outcrop, too, could be

traced for some distance, and the assays in it turned out to be very good. Eventually I got an option on it. But to return the way I had come was not in me, that corner with its ghastly chasm below I could not face again, and instead of taking a few minutes to go back to camp I had to follow a sheep trail down a rope round the mountain for about six hours. But for the future a rope round the corner was all that was necessary to make the passage a safe one. Yet day after day they had gone to work and carried their tools round it. It is strange how underground in the dark recesses of a mine one will climb fearlessly in the most dangerous places, hanging on almost by one's finger nails, and yet in far easier climbs in broad daylight one is nervous.

In one of my prospecting expeditions in that part of the country I was suddenly taken ill miles away from anywhere. Dysentery had suddenly attacked me. A few miles off was a small ranch, and after riding in its direction I had at last to lead my horse. As the sun went down I was forced to let it go, and I crawled in on my hands and knees to find only a little Mexican boy there, the others had gone away for the summer. I pulled a dirty old mattress across the floor near the door, and there I lay in agonies of pain. Next day I gave the boy, who could not speak English, a dollar to go and buy some rice. To this day I have no idea how I made him understand, for I knew no Spanish then and the boy knew no English, but the following day he came back with it, and my horse, which he had found feeding not far off. I made him boil the rice and for days I lived on rice water. The attack gradually passed off, but as I got better I began to notice the bugs; without a particle of exaggeration they swarmed, I could hear them drop from the ceiling to the floor in the quiet of the early morning. At last, when quite recovered, I bought a sheep for a dollar from the boy, and thought some broth or boiled mutton would do me good, but how to kill it? Well, we strung it up, and I started on the killing job, when before I knew where I was the beast had kicked me flat on my back, and that little shrimp of a Mexican boy had seized the knife and completed the deed before I could scarce rise to my feet. I was now soon myself, and off again to the Spanish Peaks. After a few days here I suddenly announced I was going down to Denver City. Before leaving, I had made a very excellent arrangement to my thinking, whereby I had an option on a sliding scale increase of price dependent upon the result of the next six months' work. So unexpectedly I went off, partly to consult my Denver friends, but without any definite object in view. Some ten days afterwards, I took up the paper one morning as I sat in my hotel in Denver, and

there I learnt to my astonishment that the whole of the Ute Indians had broken out, and to my horror had murdered my old friends in the upper camp. They had apparently stealthily crept in one morning early, and each singling out his own man as he slept, had dealt him a death blow. My natural antipathy to this ugly small race of Indians had more than confirmed my opinion of them, while my experience gained from reading Indian stories had proved the correctness of my surmise that they had been up to no good.

For two years afterwards the United States troops were in constant conflict with the Utes, and not until an agreement was made with Mexico to follow them up across each other's borders when in pursuit of them, were they finally conquered. I returned no more to the Spanish Peaks—I had climbed to the summit of one and only years after, when picking up a child's geography book, did I learn how high I had been—as high as the summit of Mont Blanc.

The Utes, with all their ugliness and smallness of stature—for of all the Indian tribes I have since seen they are the smallest and ugliest—were splendid horsemen, riding barebacked. I have seen them in a body advancing at full gallop and not a sign of any of them save the horses they rode, and only when quite close could one distinguish their legs still across the back of the horse, as little humps, their hands holding on to the manes. They can thus sling themselves down beside their horses so cleverly that all one sees is a troop of horses galloping along. A group of the Utes seen for the first time is a very picturesque one, as they squat or stand about robed in their red blankets and bead ornaments. The latter are often of wonderful workmanship.

After a short visit to Denver I set out for some mining camps across the Santo de Christo Range, and leaving my horse at its foot I went up by train through the pass of that name, a fine piece of mountain engineering work, the train winding round in a series of such sharp mule hoof-like bends, that the last car was often abreast of the locomotive itself. Across the pass I visited on foot a few mining camps which were all of the prospecting sort. Leaving one of them one morning I walked to a neighbouring mine intending to return the same day, but missing the trail I did not arrive till long after dark, tired and foodless, but very glad to see the camp.

On going into a Boarding House shanty, I found all the men asleep, laid out in two long rows on either side of the room, all of them with their clothes and top boots on. I had not brought my blankets with me and it was very cold and frosty. The Boarding

House keeper had no spare ones, but advised me to lie down and sidle up to one of the men with a blanket and so get a bit of warmth. This I did and my new-found friend good naturedly shared half his blanket with me. Falling asleep, I must have pulled it off him, for I awoke to hear some rather big expletives coming from him. Quiet ensued when the same thing happened again, and my friend was a bit too vehement and woke many in the room. Then began volleys of Billingsgate at my friend for waking them all up, whereas I was the real culprit. Notwithstanding my friend's fury which seemed as if it was going to end seriously, he calmed down and lay back once more. I pretended to be asleep when I felt him throw the half blanket across me. In the morning I laughed over the night's experience so immoderately, for it all struck me so funnily, that it became contagious and in the end half the room-full of men were joking over it. So I made friends and learnt a good deal about the prospects round. Later on I climbed one of the smaller peaks near by in order to get a good view of the surrounding complexity of hills and valleys, but when I came to go down clouds had collected below me, and rapidly became denser and denser; then a heavy thunderstorm broke out in them, and they seemed to be continually on fire, as the lightning ran through them in great sheets of phosphorescent light, while the thunder pealed through the mountains, echoing and re-echoing. As I stood above them it was gloriously bright and fine, though cold and crisp. I sat watching and overlooking this wonderful sight as if I had been a demigod directing the great forces battling in the lower firmament, when it dawned on me it was getting late, and I must make up my mind to descend through the storm or camp where I was. To tell the truth, I was afraid of bears, for they were reported to be plentiful in these mountains, but what would happen to me if I went down into the storm? Of the two evils I chose what seemed the lesser and down I went. It was better to be killed by lightning than by Bruin, whose tracks I had come across. Into the storm I went and passed through what proved to be a heavy sort of Scotch mist, with the thunder rolling and resounding all around and the lightning shimmering through the mist. Below I came into the rain storm, missed my way and found myself before dark in a small prospectors' camp where, before a big fire I dried myself and sat down to a good repast. Soon afterwards I returned to Puebla, which was the seat of a big smelting industry. Here I found every boarding house and hotel full, and had to pay \$5.00 or 20s. to be allowed to lie down and camp at night in one of their corridors. The reason of this overcrowding of the town was the

stampede then going on to Leadville, the new and great silver mining camp recently discovered up in the mountains, I think it was some 140 miles distant. Hither I was determined to go, and I was very lucky in getting a seat in one of the coaches going up there—a seat too, beside the driver. These drivers are renowned for their skill, and I witnessed it on this journey. Driving a coach and six along this road, indeed one could hardly call it a road, required a firm wrist, and good handling of the ribbons. Soon after leaving the city we passed through the great cañon near by, through which rushed in a huge torrent the upper course of the Arkansas river. Imagine a narrow valley just wide enough to contain the river and a road along side of it, whose dark precipitous sides stood up absolutely perpendicularly for some 4,000 feet or more in height, one of the Rockies' great cañons and one of the sights of the world. The scenery is impressive, and entirely different from anything I had seen before. Niagara was magnificent and also impressive, but it had not surpassed the powers of imagination; here, however, these immensely straight and perpendicular walls beat all one's previous conception. To go through them is to realise their solitary greatness, while even the rushing mighty torrent at their base seemed but a thread of impotence as compared with the sensation of gigantic strength and solid magnificence towering above.

So onward we galloped, changing horses at about every eight to ten miles' stretch, until emerging on the heights above, we wound our way across some alkaline flats. On either side of the road we passed, as we went on, dead horses, mules and donkeys, with carts and waggons of all descriptions laden with tents, tools, and possessions, left by their occupants on the roadside, since draught animals to replace those that had died were not forthcoming. The stench from decaying beasts was horrible. The vultures, alone able to make use of their dead bodies, were to be seen with their ghoulish habits gorging themselves to their utmost. From here onwards to within a few miles of Leadville, the road had all the appearance of that of a fugitive people fleeing before an oncoming army. The cause of this mortality among the animals was the absence of fresh water and to their having been allowed to drink the alkaline waters.

My driver was typical of such men. Down steep descents with the off wheels running along the edge of precipices we would hold our breath, as with super-human skill he steered our fractious looking horses trailing behind them our frail machine, a mark of what nerve and experience could do. At one of the stations we passed we learnt that the coach ahead of us had been held up,

and all the passengers forced to give up their money and valuables. They had expected to have found Wells Fargo's safe, the great carriers of money and bullion to and from the mines, but in this they were foiled, for it was in our coach. The fearlessness of these coach robbers is extraordinary, when it is remembered that every man goes armed with a six-shooter. But somehow they used to be able to select such a position on the road that it strategically commanded the occupants of the coach attacked.

I remember being in San Francisco years later when one of these gentlemen was brought in. He alone and unaided had repeatedly held up Wells Fargo's despatches of bullion and money, and had hitherto escaped scot free. He was caught by being traced through his having dropped a handkerchief. The detective service took this piece of linen with its initials embroidered on it to every laundry in 'Frisco and Sacramento Cities, where it was suspected he might live. In the former town in one of their laundries it was identified, and led to the discovery of the culprit, who proved to be a well-known man, living comfortably at a fashionable Boarding House.

But to resume, my driver was full of wonderful stories of Leadville, of the rich discoveries made there, and of the marvellous and quick fortunes also made there—and of stories too of his own adventures on the road. He proved to be a most communicative Jehu, offering, as he did, all sorts of advice, and all gratis. The proverbial cigar of the driver was often produced, and with horses galloping and ribbons in hand, he would strike a match and light it with the greatest ease, while with his whip he could almost, so to speak, flick a fly off the lead horse. At the station-houses, mere shanties on the road, we stopped for meals and for the night. Here in this inhospitable region, amidst rocks and sand, we had quite good meals served, and at less cost than at the hotel in Puebla City. Even the turkey and cranberry sauce, a staple hotel dish, in those days, if not even now, was forthcoming, and of course the American pie, washed down with bad tea or coffee. The scenery of the Rockies in these parts was wild, rugged, grand, but the absence of water, of waterfalls, glaciers, gives it a tone of barbaric splendour, totally different from that of the Swiss Alps, with their numerous glaciers, waterfalls, running streams, and prettily situated richly cultivated valleys intervening.

I have since crossed and recrossed the Rockies by many different routes, but everywhere there is a scenic display of barbaric splendour, of ruthless forces at work, as if a gigantic enemy had upheaved the whole and left all in deathless ruins. There are exceptions, but this is how the Rockies appealed to me when

taking the perspective of the whole. Further North, in British Columbia and on its borders, they rise to greater splendour, and are there clothed in glacial garments. Of the foot-hills I do not speak, where many lovely and enchanting valleys are to be found, as in the Jura.

We arrived at Leadville without any hold up. Here was the great and new camp whose fame had gone out to the world. San Francisco and New York were dealing freely in its stocks. London was incredulous and only came in later to buy up at prices already risen too high. What a city I beheld! hardly a brick house in the place, the police station being the best example with just a very few police to show that the advance guard of the law had reached the city, certainly not for any power it could as yet exercise. The main street was composed of roughly constructed frame-houses, which had been quickly run up, and of tents and booths. These mostly consisted of boarding houses, restaurants, gambling houses, and other hells. I put up in a small boarding house shanty, and fared very well during my stay here. I made the acquaintance of some of the assayers, as they knew what was going on better than most people in the claims around. One of them proved to be exceptionally nice, a University man for whom I did some work, to let him get out round a bit. He asked me to join him, but I had other views. I wanted to make myself *au fait* with what was doing, to get hold of the ropes, to find out if the camp was, as reported, only as yet half prospected, and all about it. To this I applied myself, visited the claims round, and talked to everyone I could. I was convinced before I left that it was going to be a big permanent camp, that there was plenty of time for those at home in the mining world to come in and take their chances.

Before leaving, I paid a visit to a camp, the name of which I have forgotten, a few miles off. I got a mount, a good horse and well caparisoned. So off I started on a rather lonely trail, with full details of the road by which to take my bearings. About mid-day I saw a rather seedy looking individual coming towards me mounted on a very poor-looking animal. As he came nearly level with me he drew rein, shouted out something to me I did not catch, and his hand went down to his revolver. I was off my horse in no time, drew my revolver, and keeping the reins in one hand, I twisted my horse round and kept it between him and myself. He had drawn his pistol. From behind my horse I yelled to him to back off, he did so but as I could only see his horse's feet, I waited at a safe distance to come out and hold a parley in the open. I asked him what he wanted, and why he had put his hand to his revolver. He

replied that he had only pulled up to ask me if he was on the right trail, and had, he supposed, unwittingly put his hand on his revolver, and this may have been so, as he had it slung on the wrong side of him. We held quite a long conversation, but remained at a respectable distance, and when finished circled round each other and so passed on our respective ways. Life was held cheaply in those days out here. At night in the gambling saloons where stakes were played high or low you could choose your own table. At the high stake ones each player placed his revolver on the table alongside of him. It was a lawless camp and many infamous murders and shootings took place while I was there. One old man right in front of the police station in broad daylight was openly held up and robbed just after having drawn some money at the bank. The banks were established in rough shacks, and strange to say I did not hear of one instance of their being held up.

There was one very cold-blooded murder on some claims just outside the city, where the four partners and a boy had sunk a shaft and had struck a rich deposit of silver ore. One morning, when one of the four men and the boy were at the windlass, two men coming up shot the man and then told the boy to tell the three men down below to come up. The two men then wound up, first one man and then the other two, and as each stepped out of the bucket they shot him, then finally shot the boy. Afterwards they jumped the claim, unabashed, for they made no secret of their story. Their claim was immediately bought and paid for, and that by a well known man, a Governor from the Eastern States.

There was an old prospector here, who had come into, for him, quite a fortune. Night after night he used to sit and play cards with only his own old chums, high stakes against their low. Naturally, he was fast losing his money, and on being expostulated with he told us, "Well, it is the way with me, I give my friends a good time, and as for me when I have gone through my dollars, it will be the best thing, for I shall go back to the mountains, and take up my old life again." He was a good old sort, a born prospector. The old prospector is a keen observer, misses no clue, and is the most optimistic of men. I verily believe if they get a "colour" in the pan, it is magnified a hundredfold, and were it not for them, for their patient toil and hardy characters, half the mineral riches given to the world in the past would still be lying dormant. No matter where you find the genuine prospector, whether in Australia, Africa, South America, Mexico, the Western States, or British Columbia, he has the same characteristics; patient, observant, open-hearted to those who put down all their cards on the table,

but a born optimist, and whether from feeding always on his imagination or not, he more often than not deceives himself on his own discoveries. Prospectors are a race peculiar to themselves, and like the trappers accustomed to the solitudes, with a billy, pan, a sack of flour, a little bacon, tea and sugar, together with a few tools and powder, they make their way into the most forsaken and ungodly looking places. Camped by a small stream I have often come across one at eventide cooking supper in the most out of way corner and spent many an hour going round prospects. They are as a rule very open and honest, though perhaps not usually thought so, but this I put down more to their self deception than to any wish to cheat. I recollect, on the other hand, one who had a small gold placer and who wanted to sell it to me. Every pan of dirt he took was moderately good as it was washed out, and the gold showed a good streak at the "head." I had my suspicions, for I had panned myself that same ground when he had been away, and so I watched him closely. What happened was he had some tobacco mixed with fine gold dust. Taking a portion in his mouth he would chew and then spit in the stream a little above his pan, which quickly catching it in he was able to show results. Thinking it might be so I watched every pan until coming to an end of his tobacco thus prepared, he would pan no more. I knew my old friend well and asked him if he had a pound of that tobacco to spare me. He said nothing, but realized that I had divined what he had been trying to perpetrate upon me. The man who cheats and tries to "salt" mines is not of this class, for the general run of what I call native prospectors are not so built, and when they attempt to make out a claim above its value, I am convinced there is no wish to cheat, but only a genuine optimistic opinion closely allied to self deception. On the miner himself one cannot so generalise, they vary so much, according to their nation, their class. As a rule, they are an independent body of men, self-reliant, and observant, and with far more good qualities than bad, though of the latter they have not a few.

Leadville had been discovered late in the previous year, 1878, when there was a rush to it; large numbers of those who arrived that winter died and in the little cemetery I should say there must have been, as I saw it, some 200 to 250 little wooden crosses with Cornish names predominating. Certainly a great many Cornish miners died here that winter. Coming up, as they did, ill provided against the severity of the cold, and to an altitude only a few hundred feet short of 10,000, pneumonia carried off most of them.

In the spring of 1879, the first rush was followed by a still greater

one, and at the time of my visit there must have been over 10,000, mostly men, camped up there. A clergyman from home arrived about this time and sent round inviting everyone who had had a University or High School education to meet him one Sunday afternoon. Only those who could read the first three verses of the Gospel of St. John in Greek were to be admitted. Of course, this caught on, anything original catches on with the American mind. A very large booth was crammed with all sorts and conditions of men, some of the worst blackguards in camp were there. The parson whoever he was, was a man of the world, and did not attempt to preach, but simply made friends, chatted with as many as he could, and I have no doubt followed some of them up afterwards.

What hidden stories some of those rough careless men could have told! Many had doubtless been brought up in refinement of which no trace was now left. In a camp of this sort humanity is exceptionally interesting.

Leadville grew afterwards into a big city, with its huge smelters dominating the camp and is to this day an important mining centre. It has since had many vicissitudes, at one time or times was thought to be worked out, but with fresh and important discoveries again put forth fresh energy and life. Railways from both Denver and Puebla were not long in building, law and order were established and the old days gone. Its early history is an unusual one. I think I am giving it correctly, when I say it was first discovered in the very early days of the Californian gold rush by some prospectors who had turned aside from the stream of human life that was crossing the plains through Colorado on their way there. Pike's Peak in the centre of the State is a very prominent peak, and the old gold seekers used to paint on their waggons "Pike's Peak or Bust." Leadville was then extensively worked for gold or as gold placer mines, that is where auriferous gravel was washed out in long sluice boxes. After a time it became exhausted and all former trace of it was lost save for the heaps of stones that lay alongside where the sluice boxes had formerly been. Two miners passing through this old deserted camp noticed the weight of some of the cast-out stones, one of them put a piece into his pocket and afterwards when in Denver he remembered whence he had taken it. For curiosity sake, even then little suspecting its nature, he got an assayer friend to assay it for him. Finding it was a rich argentiferous lead ore he made preparations with friends to go up on a prospecting expedition, which ended in their staking out the first claims that led to the big rush. Since that day thousands on thousands of ounces of silver, thousands of tons of

lead, and later thousands of tons of zinc have been won from it. Even up here the Ute scare had reached, and one night it was reported that the Utes were in the neighbourhood, but it ended in smoke, nevertheless the London *Globe's* correspondent, whoever he was, wrote home most alarming reports and thus did me considerable personal injury as events will show. I was greatly perturbed in my mind whether to stay here and work practically without capital beyond a little more than sufficient, to start an Assay Office, or to return to London where my old friend of the Athenæum Club was already interested in my work. With a good "prospect" in the Spanish Peaks, where there was every chance of again picking it up, for it was unlikely it would be further prospected, seeing that all the original holders had been murdered by the Utes, and with excellent prospects here by the laying out of my little capital to help prospectors and go into partnership with them, there were splendid chances. Then there was the glamour to an adventurous spirit of a new gold field in West Africa.

I weighed matters over and determined to return to London, but not without some hesitation ; I thought of an old friend who was just completing his course at the Royal School of Mines ; if he would join me and run an Assay Office while I did outside work, we had our fortunes made. But here again money and a fortune did not have much attraction for me. Still taking the *tout ensemble* of things I would go back to the Old Country, and, failing to get anyone interested in Leadville, I would go out to West Africa, and so I decided. During my visit here Mackay, the silver-king of the Comstock, a multiple millionaire, paid a visit to the camp. I remember seeing him in an old slouch hat and very seedy-looking clothes get off the in-coming coach one night. That same night Mrs. Mackay was giving a dinner in Paris, and to each of her guests she gave a portrait of themselves on a dinner-service plate painted by the most eminent artists on porcelain that France could produce. But he only paid a visit of a day and was gone. At this high altitude everyone more or less suffered, one's breath was short, and one soon got tired. The climate was all that one could otherwise desire, the atmosphere clear and the days bright and sunny but getting cold. The last night I spent in my boarding house, in the next shanty, separated by only a half inch partition, there was a bad scrap when a man was shot dead. I was fast asleep and heard nothing of it, but in the morning when I awoke a bullet hole was pointed out to me in the partition on a level just above where I had lain.

On my return journey to Puebla I was not so lucky in getting

a good seat. The box seats were taken and I had the whole of the inside coach to myself, which before starting looked well, and all that could be desired. But alas! I little knew what I was in for. The coach had no luggage and was therefore light and springy. The first day I held on tightly to the straps but was thrown about mercilessly; on the second day my strength was exhausted. Mark Twain in one of his novels describes a man thus travelling who came out through the top of the coach. If the leather covering was rotten, the story is by no means exaggerated, for I was flung up many times and my head did its best to penetrate the roof of the coach. I waited over a day for the following coach. Here I fared better as it was full up, and therefore not so springy. Over a rocky and badly constructed road we bumped and it was with feelings of relief I once more regained Puebla, and so welcome a sight was it that I felt almost as if I had reached home.

Leaving next day, I passed through Colorado Springs, then only a small village, but to which a good number of visitors came to see the "Garden of the Gods" near by. Colorado Springs was then about to rise to fame, and to the size of a city, to be world renowned for its curative properties in consumption. I did not delay my visit here but pressed on, as my face was homeward bound. I stayed for a short look round Chicago, that wonderful city, built on the shores of the great Lake Michigan, on to Buffalo, and again for a very short visit to Niagara. It was getting very late in the year, and very different in aspect from when I had last seen it. The foliage of the trees had changed to autumnal tints. The Canadian side was especially beautiful, with the larger volume of the water going over the Falls on that side, while the town on the American side was dirty, unlike an American town, and disfiguring in the extreme to the beauty of the Falls. Leaving the Falls I went straight on to Kingston. I did not stop to visit my friends in Toronto, I was afraid to face my passing boy's fancy. At Kingston I took passage on a superbly fitted up river-boat bound for Montreal, and for river scenery, I doubt if anything can beat that of the Lake of the Thousand Islands we passed through. I met on board some delightful young Canadians who were very musical, and songsters of no mean order. So we spent a very pleasant time together. At Lachine our trip ended and we went into Montreal by tram. There I put up at the Windsor Hotel, to this day, although not the first hotel, a very comfortable one. I had never been in so comfortable a one before, it beat either the St. Nicholas or the Union Square Hotel of New York.

The drives round the Mount, and the views of the Park and river were very lovely. A trip out to the Lachine Rapids and shooting down them in a small steamer steered by an old Indian must not be forgotten.

Thence I left for New York, hunted up a few friends there, and sailed for England. As I look back upon those early and first days of my foreign life, they had taught me much, widened my horizon, and I was really sorry to wave my adieus to "Old Glory Flag," and in my heart had a very warm corner for dear old U.S.A. I had been the recipient of so many kindnesses; much hospitality, and a great deal more than ever I expected had been offered.

In particular no one knows what might have happened had I accepted a very pressing invitation once when in North Carolina. My old boss sent down a friend of his on a visit to the mine. He was a wealthy mill owner up north, and quite a dear old gentleman, for whom I had a very friendly feeling until he put me quite off him by proposing I should come up and visit him, and he would introduce me to his daughter who he knew would fall in love with me; his other daughter had married an Englishman and lived in England, and so we could all go over and live there, for he liked England himself, and if I agreed, for he was sure we would marry, would settle down there, and he would live most of the year with us. He had plenty of money and would settle a nice little income on us. A very good proposal for a young man, but for a father to lay out such decided plans for his daughter's welfare put me entirely off him, and though he pressed me again later on to go and visit them, I am afraid I rudely declined. As a young man I was not after money, and even a fair face, which might have been a very plain one, thrown in with it did not tempt me. I often wondered what became of my old friend, and also my old boss, who soon afterwards fell ill and never wrote again, though I heard he was living, but as an invalid. Thus ended my first American trip.

I spent a happy fortnight at St. Leonards with my parents and sisters, and there met my future wife, a young girl in her teens. I remember her working a very neat little letter case with a small wreath of forget-me-nots on it. Several years passed before we eventually married, and twenty-six years we spent together of the happiest married life. Before she left me she said there were no regrets; it had been peaceful in the midst of much outward ups and downs at home and abroad, and the little case I have to this day carefully kept and preserved almost as new and fresh as the day she so innocently gave it me. Nearly three years have passed

by since her death, the greatest incident in my life, occurred. I neither mourn nor cry out, but I live our lives over again and learn to understand her more and more and all she taught me, for she taught me much. That I miss her much is another thing altogether.

Returning to London I looked up my old friend, and reported to him all about the Spanish Peaks, and Leadville; "great opportunities," he said, but he produced one day the articles in the *Globe* about the Ute outbreak, both magnified and alarming, as if the great American nation took it seriously, or it would interfere with the life of a nation! Settlers had suffered it was true, but only in the first surprise. The U.S. troops would follow them up and give them no rest, I argued, but to no purpose, the gentleman only said he knew the country and all it meant. So as a last resource, I went to my student friend who had just passed out of the Royal School of Mines with honours, but he had made up his mind to stay in England, though Canadian born.

I decided therefore to go out to West Africa, got an appointment as Mining Engineer, and sailed about ten days afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

ALONG WEST AFRICAN SHORES.

WE had no sooner got outside Liverpool than we had to run for the Welsh coast and then anchored in a heavy gale. Next day we got up anchor and put into Holyhead. The following morning the wind blew a hurricane from the N.W. and we had to get out. As we slowly forged ahead a big East Indiaman, in trying to get out ahead of us, ran on to the rocks and we left her behind sending up rockets. This weather we carried almost all the way to Madeira. In the Bay our decks were clean swept of the boats, deck houses, duck, fowl, sheep and cattle for the voyage, all gone, and we ourselves nearly under, as again and again we got pooped, having got in the trough of the sea and being unable to get out of it. A ship in sight of us was seen to break her back. Breaking in two she went down and we were helpless to get near her.

Our good Captain got us out of the trough all right with our boats gone, and our old fashioned boiler plate bulwarks bent down against the sides of the ship as the top of a milk tin might be bent over.

Our little Irish doctor, just fresh from college, and on his first voyage, came into my cabin. Outside through the porthole I could see a cow, some sheep, ducks and chickens swimming about in the trough of the sea, amidst a good deal of wreckage. "Ah! sure," the little man said, "if ever I get my foot on terra firma again the sea will never see me again." For my part I suffered so from *mal de mer* that I was indifferent whether we went to the bottom or not. On board we had a motley crowd, many passengers going to Madeira for their health, the majority of whom looked as if they would not return. For the West Coast there were a few military and some civil officials and a number of traders. In those days the passengers bound for the coast were known as "Palm Oil Ruffians." Palm oil and palm kernels formed the principal export of the coast. The traders were a rough lot, heavy drinkers as a whole, men who taking their lives in their hands led a merry happy go lucky life on the principle of "Let us be merry to-day, for to-

morrow we die." In the smoke room on the voyage the usual conversation was on the topic of the bad climate, and they would sum up by name those who had gone under, a dismal tale for the newcomer to hear. But in all this there was method, for they purposely gave the Coast as bad a name as possible, in order to keep people away, for fear of competition. On one of these occasions I ventured to say the climate might be bad, but anyway they didn't seem to have given it a chance, and yet had lived out there many of them for years, and I hoped too, at all events, to survive it as they had done. On the less educated men, such as miners and mechanics, the effect was often disastrous, for this sort of talk always went on in every ship bound for the Coast, so that by the time they arrived they were in mortal terror, and many a man I believe finally lost his life in consequence, for when the hated fever struck them, as it did almost everyone, they were in such a nervous state of perturbation that they had but little resisting power left and were quickly gone.

During my three years' experience of the Coast I saw many a hearty soul thus carried off by what was nothing less than pure funk. In any case the climate was a deadly one, but was made much more so by funk, wine, women and song. The day before we reached Madeira we ran into calmer weather and all were on deck for the first time. Opposite me at table sat a very pretty girl. Her brilliant eyes and clear complexion told their tale, and as I afterwards learnt, within the year she lay in that little cemetery so full of young creatures cut off in the bloom of life. With the bulwarks on one side all stove down, and sails across some of the hatches that had been carried away, to cover them up, we cast anchor one fine morning in the Bay of Funchal. To our immense delight we learnt we were going to remain two days here, and we all prepared to go on shore and stay. Little diving boys had come off, and for threepenny and sixpenny pieces thrown to them, would dive from their little boats and recover them long before they had gone out of sight. Then, when there was a pause, the little naked chaps would clamber into their boats and stand swinging their arms, slapping their sides with the palms of their hands, and sing in chorus what sounded like "Hap a dive a la Mere," "Hap a dive a la Mere," encouraging the passengers to throw more coins into the beautiful deep clear ultramarine-coloured waters of the Bay.

Funchal is a very picturesque town as seen from the sea, with its terraces of white houses ascending from the foreshore up the steep sides of the hills at the back of it. Away and beyond stretched terraced vineyards with, sprinkled here and there, in all sorts of

little dells and nooks, the "Quintas" of the rich and the cottages of the peasants. Not so however on shore, for the streets with their cobbled pavements and high stone walls give them more the appearance of stableyards than anything else. But these walls bound the most lovely gardens, where one is at once transported from the squalid surroundings outside into fairy land. Our hot house flowers grow out of doors luxuriantly, the geranium grows in the pathways as a weed. I have seen the owner of one of these gardens spudding them up. The sub-tropical vegetation with its palms and tree ferns adds greatly to their loveliness, and in a temperature of a Kew hothouse one may sit and dream, surrounded by much beauty. The ride through the grand Coral is one of the sights of the world. There are no less than four hotels run by Reid, a very old resident, and at one of these we stayed. After a sumptuous lunch at a table laden with all kinds of flowers and fruits, five of us started out, mounted astride little mountain ponies, for the top of Mount Prospect Hill. It was a long steep ascent all the way, and our little beasts going at a sharp trot, clattered over the smooth basalt cobbled roads without our drawing rein. On the top of this hill is an interesting old Roman Catholic Church, well worth a visit, and from the Plaza outside a magnificent view is obtained of the town below and the bay beyond it. Instead of riding back we found sleighs awaiting us, and getting into these, with two guides standing at the back and each on a runner, we commenced our glide down into the town below, sometimes going at almost a terrifying speed and then checking up, allowing us to gracefully turn corners, into the walls of which a moment before it seemed as if our fate was to rush with a certain death before us. The ascent took us an hour and a quarter, but the descent only a quarter of an hour. The guides, by throwing their weight on one side or the other could clear a wall within an inch, even more expertly than London omnibus drivers. It is told of the late Duke of Edinburgh that he was so fascinated with this ride that he spent the whole day going up and down, neglecting to call on the Governor, whereby he gave great offence. Afterwards we strolled through the market which was gaily decorated with every kind of flower and fern, while the stalls were filled with luscious fruits of all sorts and descriptions, some of which I had never seen before. The custard apple in particular, of which I had often heard, was very much in evidence. The two Miss Reids kindly invited us to visit their father's "Quinta" or country house up in the hills; we gladly accepted and all left forming quite a cavalcade as we galloped almost the entire distance.

No English horse could have stood it, but these mountain ponies are so used to these hills that there is no need even to stop to rest them. As we approached, forbidding walls hid from view the well laid out grounds behind, in which we spent a peaceful happy afternoon, lounging about in Madeira chairs, looking down from the end of the main promenade on the wild and picturesque gorge that runs up through the hills into the Grand Corral. After that we rode across to the top of Prospect Hill and again did the glide down. There was only one vein of sadness in the place which spoilt much of its charm, and that was to see the pale faces of the consumptive young men and women, some evidently in the last stages of the disease, being carried about in hammocks, the swarthy faces of the carriers forming a strong contrast. After two most interesting days we went on board ship and sailed late in the evening.

Next morning early on going on deck the great peak of Teneriffe was standing up straight out of the sea, while half way down from its summit were a few flocculent clouds clinging to its sides. The Captain said although he had passed it many times he had never seen so fine a view of it. By breakfast time we were off Santa Cruz, the town on the eastern side of the island. Coming to anchor the boats were soon alongside of us, and we were off the moment the Customs had cleared us, and we landed quite close to the town. Here we found a Spanish hotel kept by Comacho of whom I shall have more to say later on. To our surprise on our way in we met some camels and it gave a very Eastern aspect to the island. After a late breakfast we paid a visit to the Cathedral, where they claim to have the only flag ever captured from Lord Nelson. It was shown to me under the cover of a glass case, so dusty and dirty that we had to imagine it was there. It was at Santa Cruz that Nelson lost his arm and the only defeat he suffered was off this port. The story goes that the original flag was stolen by a young English midddy and burnt by him, and that the one now supposed to be in the case was returned by our Government to replace it.

In the afternoon we rode out to the Cochineal Gardens. These were then at their zenith. Later on came the aniline dyes which killed that industry and almost ruined the island, until the raising of potatoes and tomatoes for the early English market took its place.

Entering one of the gardens, some dark faced country beauties presented us with bouquets of various flowers, to all of whom we had to give gratuities. They then led us into the gardens to show us their mysteries. I had imagined the cochineal to be some small

kind of bean, but nothing of the sort. It is a small insect not unlike the lady-bird in appearance but smaller. It lives and swarms on the tall, straight stems of a species of Cactus plant. These latter looking like elongated cucumbers besprinkled with long thorny spikes, were bedewed with these little tiny insects, but as they are very delicate, in order to protect them from the wind and sun, the plants were swathed in rough muslin rags. We experienced great difficulty in steering our way between these rows of Cacti, and not a few of us got horribly stuck by the thorns. Our girl guides, dressed in Zouave-like trousers glided in and about them with the greatest ease and dared us to follow them. Returning to town after buying a few odds and ends we once more went on board and sailed for Las Palmas the capital of the Canary Islands, where we arrived late. During the day we again caught a view of the Peak clear of the clouds. It is said the wind blows at its summit in the opposite direction to what it does at its base. Las Palmas as approached from the sea has a very Eastern aspect, for its white-washed houses are flat roofed and the country round flat and sandy looking.

It was late in the evening when we landed. There was no harbour then and in effecting the landing it was somewhat rough, and we had to jump in up to our waists in water. It was very warm weather so it did not matter. Hearing there was an Italian troupe playing at the Opera House, some six or seven of us engaged a box and in spite of our watery clothes were not, to our surprise, denied admittance. The troupe had lately been in London, and they sent us an invitation to our box to supper after the play, which, needless to say, was accepted. Many of them spoke English and we had quite a merry evening. Later on we slept on the roof of the hotel, where some canvas beds ("cattries") were placed for us. It was a glorious star-lit night and I don't think many of us slept. Early next morning we went for a ride into the country, but returned to the Opera House to a rehearsal to which our new found friends had invited us. Later on in the day we rejoined our ship and sailed for the West Coast of Africa. Since arriving at Madeira our numbers had greatly diminished, but our trader friends kept us alive with their doleful stories, occasionally interlarded with more amusing ones. H., one of them, told us of his wife having once paid a visit to him on the Coast and her first experience as related by him is worth jotting down.

Having got dinner ready she could not find her husband, so she called one of the house boys and told him to go and look for his master. By and by he returned and in pidgeon English said, "Me go look Massa, me go find him and he no live." Thinking

the boy meant he was dead she told the boy to take her to him but the boy only repeated "he no live," "no can," which really meant he was not to be found.

I was in the doctor's cabin one day when a "Bonny boy" came, and the following colloquy took place between them which I took down, "Look Massa Doctor, give me medicine; my tooth (pointing to it) no good, where me live England cold go look him and he no good, sugar go look him and he no good." The doctor said he would pull it out, and the native replied, "Massa Doctor No! Give me medicine all same as white man take when he tooth no good."

The second night out from Santa Cruz the sea was one mass of phosphorescence as far as the eye could reach. As the waves broke in the distance it looked as if a large fleet with their lights burning were riding at anchor. A wave coming through the scuppers spread across the deck, which as it cleared off left it covered with innumerable star-like little bodies. In my many voyages made since I have never seen anything to equal it. A wave breaking near the ship looked like a shimmering flame of light. Hour after hour we stood against the now mended bulwarks watching these mysterious glories of the ocean. On the fourth day out we passed Cape de Verde, as its name implies green, and it was covered with a carpet of green grass, with its white washed lighthouse in the background. This is the most Western point of the African Continent and forms a great landmark for the mariner. After rounding this point we came in sight of Goree, an island off the Coast, used as a French military penal settlement, while just opposite it on the mainland is Dakka, connected by rail with St. Louis on the Senegal. On top of a steep little hill is a stone fort commanding the town at its base. As we moored alongside the wharf we could see the soldiers wheeling great loads of wood up the hill in the blazing mid-day heat of a tropical sun, a task the natives would refuse to do.

As we walked ashore along the jetty, myself, a friend, and the doctor, we met a native woman in what was her only garment, a loose, thin cotton gown. We pointed her out to the doctor, who, when we reached the further end of the jetty, still stood staring at her. On rejoining us he said, "Sure and if you had not told me it was a woman I would not have believed it, and an act ought to be passed declaring against all such clothing as likely to bankrupt the people, and as unnecessary and unbecoming to them." Many Joliffe women whom we met from the mainland soon afterwards were nicely dressed in coloured robes and with handkerchiefs wound round a high coiffure. The heat was very great, so we spent the

few hours here at a French café, where we found a very lively little Frenchwoman, who had been two years in the place, having followed her husband out, who was a soldier here. She had started the café herself and it was evidently a success and popular.

A year or two later yellow fever swept this island and Dakka of its inhabitants. I have since seen erected on the quay a monument put up by the French Government to the memory of nineteen volunteer doctors who fell in this scourge out of the twenty who went out from home.

Going on board we left for the Gambia. We had as a passenger, the only lady one, a young girl who seemed highly respectable, and who had kept much aloof. What was our horror to find as we ran up the Gambia, that she was coming out to marry a "Prince," really a shop-keeper in the Gambia, a negro she had met at home. The Captain knew the man. The Customs men when they came on board told us he was waiting for her, and had recently been declared a bankrupt. We offered between us to pay her passage home, and the Captain did his best to persuade her to return, but it was of no use. She believed nothing she was told of him, and we saw her no more. The horror of it!

The town is situated on the river and covers a large area. Ships come right up alongside the town and wharf. Facing the river are shops and along the river front runs a fine old avenue of great shady rubber trees. A cousin of mine happened to be the Governor, so I put up at Government House. In the evening he gave a ball to the non-commissioned officers of the part of the 1st West India Regiment quartered there, and the police with their wives. He, his secretary and myself, were the only whites present, and a funny sight it was. The women folk were very nicely got up, mostly in white muslins, and all danced vigorously until early morning. On a subsequent visit I witnessed what I scarcely believed possible in an English colony. My cousin I may say was no longer here then. A ship was being loaded with pea-nuts, immense quantities of which come down the river and are shipped to Marseilles, where the oil is extracted, and afterwards, so it is said, sold as olive oil.

I counted some three hundred odd women loading and unloading the ship, clothed with only a small strip of cotton stuff round their loins, with numerous white china buttons sewn to their ears wherever they could find room for one. They come during the wet season from the interior somewhere to the North of the Gambia. What was the amazing part of it all was to see their forewomen holding whips which they did not fail to use across the backs of their kinsfolk when any of them appeared to be slacking their

work. Nevertheless they seemed a merry lot, and if the whip came down the others shrieked with laughter, but not so the poor culprit, who took her punishment stolidly. This race of negroes formed a strong contrast to the Joliffe women seen walking about the streets in town, being small of stature as compared with them and dark, with the blackest skins I have seen anywhere. A few Mandingoes too were about, a race from the Hinterland, born traders, and gradually penetrating as such everywhere along the coast. Their leather and iron work are indicative of a much higher order of advancement in civilisation than anything I have since come across in West Africa. They are said to understand the manufacture of glass. They dress well, surmounting their costume by a white turban with a red centre, wound round outside with a loose green gauze kind of veil.

In the course of a walk through the town, I was solicited for alms by a poor wretch whose ears and hands had been amputated. On asking how it came about I was told that his tribe had thus punished him for theft and then turned him out.

On going on board at sunset I found a Mohammedan just outside my cabin door, kneeling on his piece of carpet, his face turned towards Mecca, and his head bowed to the ground, saying his prayers.

Next day we called in at Konakrie, a new French settlement, and where the Governor's house, a very pretentious building, was out of all keeping with its surroundings. Evidences that the French were laying out a town on a big scale were not wanting and that they intended it to be one likely to vie with Sierra Leone's trade. Two days out from the Gambia we were off Sierra Leone with its background of high hills, and the foreshore lined with cocoanut and palm trees, and as seen from the ship it looked as if we had reached Paradise. The blue sea, the green in the background, and the bright azure sky above formed strong contrasts against the many coloured buildings of the town, that an artist would have loved to paint, and as one gazed on the picture conveying the idea of perfect repose, it was difficult to believe that its climate was so deadly as to have earned for it the name of the white man's grave.

As I write now long years afterwards, I am told it is no longer so, but that owing to sanitation and the extinction of the fever mosquito, it is now quite a healthy town.

Whilst talking to the Captain, a letter was handed to me from a Surgeon-major Horton, who knowing my cousin and hearing I was a passenger on board invited me to dinner that night.

I turned to the Captain and asked who he was, "A nigger as black as your hat," was his reply. I determined to go and asked him if he thought they dressed for dinner. "Don't go without your wedding garments anyway is my advice." Later on the gallant gentleman came on board, and as the Captain said was "as black as one's hat." Horton to this day is well known in medical circles, for his book on "Tropical Diseases" was at that time the one standard work on the subject. As a boy he had been liberated from a slave dhow, taken to England and educated at the expense of the late Queen Victoria; he studied at Edinburgh University, where he graduated. He was a man exceptionally well read and most instructive to listen to. Later on I met him again on the Gold Coast, and had many interesting conversations with him. The two West India Regiments the 1st and 2nd, took it in turns to garrison Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle, the one remaining on the Coast while the other remained in the West Indies. The Surgeon-Major was attached to whichever of the regiments was stationed on the Coast, and had the highest reputation of any doctor out there. After his formal call I returned in the afternoon. I was introduced to his wife, a perfect little lady, and with exceptionally pretty features for a negress, while her husband was, even for a negro, exceptionally plain. She had been educated in Paris, she informed me. It is so long ago that I feel I may now pass my remarks on this estimable couple. What struck me most markedly was, that beneath all their culture the natural vein of vanity belonging to their race showed itself in their surroundings. Their house was about the largest frame building in the town, furnished completely out of taste and out of keeping with the climate. Think of it, on a broiling hot day—and Sierra Leone is about as hot a place as almost anywhere under the hot tropical sun—to be asked into a large drawing-room, with pile carpets, heavy plush curtains at every window, ormolu furniture upholstered in plush, and three great ormolu clocks under glass cases, a grand piano, and pictures in huge heavy gilt frames! The atmosphere was stifling, one wanted a cane chair and a cool matting beneath one's feet. The little doctor himself dressed in a black suit, black top hat, patent leather shoes and a gold headed Malacca cane, came out afterwards and strolled with me up the street. In the evening I turned up to dinner, and found a large party of their race to meet me, the ladies *decolletées* in the latest Paris gowns. At dinner the whole scene struck me as so inexpressibly comical, and such a sense of the ridiculous came over me that I laughed outright, and had to turn it off with a story.

After dinner we had music and singing, and I must say I enjoyed that part of it greatly. My hostess played and sang well. I thought my experience in the Gambia at the dance comical enough, but here it beat everything. The conversation at dinner was highly intellectual, and I must own up above me. Next day I left Sierra Leone carrying with me a pleasing and extraordinary experience that I have never had since repeated.

Whilst sitting on deck one morning, I noted and took down the following conversation between the cook's scullery boy and his friend. The latter—"What sort of place dem Liverpool." Cook's boy: "Dem place fine but water (sea) dat live dem place no good, too much bad, plenty big waves come, I fear too much, den I no feel nothing, I pray for ebbery body and all men." "Kroo men" (speaking of three other natives on board) "they go cry, dat do dem no good, then cook says to me 'take dem ting to boatmen in fo'castle,' so I go, when I go and come (meaning to return) when oh! what I see, oh dere me, I see all dem water dere come woo! it take all dem tings that lib on deck, it take ebbery ting dere, I look when woo! it come back take dem boats. Den I tink it go take ebberyting ship and all. Den I fear go cook, I fear water come catch me. Den I run quick to see, if dem other boats lib dere, cause I fear no boats lib dere we all go die—Liverpool plenty fine, but I no go dere again, dem water lib dere too much bad!!"

Whilst in Sierra Leone I witnessed a native wedding, the girls decked in all the colours of the rainbow were going round the town dancing, singing, carrying banners and beating drums.

As so little is known of the life at that time on the West Coast of Africa, I am going to relate rather more fully my experiences whilst out there, spread over three years. Steaming along that flat golden sand-striped coast, with its endless lines of cocconut palms standing as great sentinels along it, with a jungle of bush stretching far away to the interior into endless space, we arrived off the Liberian Coast. This negro republic is a caricature of a free country. Along its coastal edge, the well known tribes of Kroos live and claim their independence. They are divided into clans, who like the old Scottish ones have their internal fights, but unite against a common outside enemy. Some of these clans are still cannibals, but only eat their prisoners of war, and that in order to make them brave. These Kroos are the workers of the coast, and engage themselves for a year's service on the coasting ships, and to traders afar down the coast. In slave times on account of their willingness to man the slavers, they were exempt from slavery,

and in order to distinguish them from other tribes, they tattooed a broad indigo stripe from the bridge of the nose to the tip, others again right down the centre of the forehead and nose. To this day they still keep up the custom so that wherever they go they are known by this mark as Kroos. The Liberians claim suzerainty over them, but they do not admit it and are often at war with them. They are a sturdy broad-chested and well built race. Beyond Liberia on the Ivory Coast, or what was then called the "half-jack" coast they are in large numbers, and at that time they allowed no white man to sleep ashore, or to go half a mile inland. With the exception of the old French post at Grand Bassam, where two trading firms had their stations or factories as they are called, this land was a *terra incognita*. Since those days the French have occupied it and have run a railway up into the Hinterland. With the exception of Grand Bassam, no traders as stated were allowed to stay on shore, but trade was carried on by the Bristol ships, and no others would they trade with, with the exception of one or two American ships. For many years these Bristol ships had a complete monopoly of the trade of this part of the coast.

Their mode of procedure with these people was on their arrival on the coast to open up trade, by first taking a native crew on board for a year. They are all sailing ships. Then they invited the chief of the town or district on board, gave him presents of cloth or beads and also his head men. Then after a day or two they commenced a trade "palaver" when they would enter into verbal agreement with each other, the ship to give bales of cloth and beads on credit, and the natives had to repay back the same in palm oil or palm nuts, spread over many months. Each ship had its own beat along the coast, and entered into barter with the people, at each village she lay off. A ship would thus anchor a mile or two out from shore, and there lay rolling to and fro day after day, with the hot tropical sun beating down on its deck, until in the course of a year if lucky, or two years if less so, she would be filled up and sail for home. Day after day the small canoes would come off with their small loads and so fill up the ships, correct "tallies" being taken and in this way trade was carried on, the natives scrupulously keeping to their bargains. If however, a ship got driven ashore, it was considered an act of war, and she would be plundered of everything within her and stripped clean, the crew often murdered or sent adrift in their boat to make for some other ship. Many of these people speak the pigeon English of the coast, having served as workers on board ships or

with traders down the coast in the manner above described. A ship had been so treated and was a wreck on shore where we stopped to pick up workers to take them on down the coast. I said to one of them, "Gun boat come and punish you." His reply was, "Man lib cocoa-nut tree, see gun boat come, all men go bush den, gun boat come burn village, gunboat go, all men come back in three days, village lib again."

Off Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, we dropped our anchor one evening, and in the smoke room a controversy arose about a description given in a book by Colonel Ellis of his visit here. Some said it was a gross exaggeration, others, they believed every word of it. I undertook to go ashore with the first officer who had to take the mails, and as near as possible carry out a line of action similar to that taken by the Colonel. The first officer was to keep at a respectable distance and his word of what occurred was to be accepted, and a small wager was put up that I would do it. Accordingly next morning I started for shore in a surf-boat. These boats are built especially strong, Liverpool, Bremen and Hamburg being the three places where they are built for this trade, and they are not unlike a whale boat in shape, pointed at each end. The natives man them, six sitting on the gun-wales on each side with paddles while the boatswain stands in the stern with a long sweep oar used as a rudder. The ocean swell which is very heavy all along the coast breaks heavily as a surf on shore, and the boat if caught in the surf has to undergo a tremendous pounding before it gets rolled up on the beach. As one approaches the surf the boatswain watches for a wave of smaller dimension than the average ones, and the very moment this one is passing the bows of the boat, the boatmen sweep with their paddles with all their united strength to keep pace with it, seeking to go in on the back of it. In this way as it curls over to break on shore the boat shoots ahead on the crest of the curl and is shot up on to the beach. In a moment the paddlers throw their paddles aside and are out of the boat hauling it up before another wave comes in. Sometimes they miss their chance and if a following wave is going to swamp the boat the boatswain gives the word to clear and all have to jump into the sea. Even if you cannot swim, the boatmen, who are expert swimmers, will pick you up and land you safely, and once only did I witness a catastrophe. Two traders, passengers, were leaving us for their factory on shore, and as the surf was very heavy we chaffed them, telling them they were in for a ducking. From the ship we saw their boat upset, and we laughed, but little thinking there was a tragedy going on, for both were drowned.

The boatmen said they would not jump when told to and that the boat had struck them and killed them.

To resume my story. On going up to the Post Office, on entering I took off my hat and bowed deeply to the six or seven clerks doing nothing. I asked if his Excellency the Postmaster-General was in. "Yes Sah!" was the reply. His Excellency appeared at this moment. I said I was highly honoured to have the opportunity of paying my respects to so great a man, as an artist, as seen by his works of art and depicted on the Liberian postcards, his fame had gone throughout the world. All this fulsomeness he gulped down and his face beamed. I asked him if he could let one of his young men make up for me a few complete sets of Liberian stamps and postcards, and if so, I would take it as a great favour. I always interlarded my sentences with "Your Excellency." They had run out of postcards in the General Post Office for the whole of Liberia! His Excellency said he would send out and see if he could borrow some from his friends. I informed his Excellency of the renown of his country as that great and free one in the midst of barbaric Africa. I asked him if he thought the President could be persuaded to give so humble a traveller as myself an audience. He promised then and there to go and see him and to bring me back his answer. On returning he told me that at 3 p.m. I would be received, but with this proviso, it would only be as an act of great condescension on his part to receive me, and with emphasis he again impressed it upon me. I answered, "Your Excellency, I must refuse so great an honour, on those terms it is impossible." I regretted it greatly, but as the President had some thoughts of paying a visit to England I would, if at home, not fail to send him an invitation to come to tea with me one afternoon. After profoundly bowing and sweeping my hat almost to the ground, I thanked him for his courtesy and bade him goodbye.

Issuing out into the street with its long row of straggling frame built houses with no pretence of gardens around them, the road itself overgrown with a rank kind of grass sprinkled with boulders, but with a rough made side-walk, I met a darkie with a big straw hat and pair of trousers, his entire clothing. I bumped into him, turned round, took my hat off and bowed saying, "I beg your pardon, Colonel." "It is granted," said he and so on I repeated this, each time calling each of my aggrieved individuals Captain, Judge or Madam as I rudely repeated the process, and from whom I received similar replies. All this remember I was carrying out on the lines of Captain Ellis's experience. Going on board I won my bet hands down, the first officer even topping my evidence

by some humorous additions. That night we left for Grand Cess, a village on the coast, off which we lay some two miles out blowing our steam horn. Not a sign of life was to be seen on shore at first, but very soon a fleet of canoes put off and were quickly alongside. The sailors threw over lines up which men scaled and clambered on board. These were natives who were going down the coast, engaged by the home going steamer which had arranged for them to look out for our boat to take them down to join trading houses on the coast below. Their only belongings were the scanty loin cloths they wore. On the return journey they nearly all will have a water tight deal box in which they have put the goods they have earned, such as cotton cloths, beads, brass wire, etc. These are thrown overboard and the canoes from shore pick them up, and on going ashore each owner claims his box. On the return journey too, the canoes come out laden with parrots, monkeys, sometimes snakes or any curio of the natural history sort. These they mostly exchange with the sailors on board, who again sell them to Jamrach's in Liverpool, for old top hats and other things. It is one of the funniest sights to see these darkies, almost as naked as the day they were born, strutting about the decks with these hats on. To get rid of them the steam whistle is blown, when most of them slide down the ropes and swim to their canoes, but some are always left behind. Slowly the propeller is turned and the ship begins to move, overboard they go, top hats and all, and make for their canoes. This is one of the sights of the coast. On my return journey I had some 200 odd natives to deliver to their respective homes. On going on board the steamer the Captain told me the Liberians had declared the coast blockaded as they were at war with the Kroos. He said however, he would manage to land them. At Cape Palmas he had to land the mails, where their only man of war, a steam yacht was to be found. But as coal was an expensive item the Captain said he reckoned they would not begin to get up steam until they saw him coming in, and where he lay usually three to four hours. But instead of going in he ran up the coast about four miles further, to the village where I wanted to land them. Off this village we anchored. The canoes soon came out, and when about sixty of my men had been shipped, smoke could be seen going up from the man of war, and off all the canoes darted for shore. The Captain then sent a ship's canoe after them to tell them to come back and take the rest off as there was plenty of time and he would give them due warning. So back they came. I had noticed a big canoe come alongside, a heavy package sewn up in canvas delivered over the

side into it. This turned out to be a brass cannon. Presently the man of war began to move, and off the canoes scooted to shore with the rest of the men who had been left on board in the first instance. We got up anchor soon afterwards, when the man of war came alongside, the Admiral dressed in a full General's uniform. He shouted out, "Don't you know the coast is blockaded, if you don't get away we will sink you," and he turned two guns on us. The Captain replied, "If you don't turn those guns off us I will ram you." Just then a whiz came between us and the man of war. I did not know what it was until the Captain said, "They have got your gun ashore and are firing at the man of war. Not a badly aimed shot either."

So we steamed off, got back to Cape Palmas, landed our mails, and steamed out as the man of war steamed in. From the natives who came off we learnt they had had a battle the day before with the Liberians, and had beaten them and taken some prisoners. One man said these they were going to machete (kill), eat their hearts and get plenty courage, when they would make big fight again with the Liberian men. Returning to our outward voyage, I had instructions to contract for 125 men at Cape Palmas and another 125 men at Grand Bassam. Going ashore at each of these places I had my first African experience of a "palaver." As the Captain got 20s. per head for each passenger he gave me time to carry this out. Taking his headman (or foreman of his Kroo crew) I went ashore and the bargain was soon completed with the chiefs of these towns. They are used to the steamers calling and have the men in readiness. So proceeding on board in the surf-boat with my men conveyed in a fleet of canoes I tallied them up with the purser, and found not a man missing. Next day with my new headman, "Tee Do" native name, or nicknamed Tom Brown, we started to give them all names and numbers. Tom Brown had served two years on a British gun boat and consequently made a smart headman. The sailors helped us to name them with such names as Brandy, Captain Davis, Bottle of Beer, Yellow Soap, Red Soap, Soft Soap, Black Man, Yellow Whale, Jack-man-never-tire, Jack-man-never-fear, etc., while six little boys I named Jack Sabbe (Jack knows) afterwards corrupted into Jack Sally, and a faithful boy he proved, Coffee Pot, Tea-pot, Sugar Basin, Milk Jug and King's Son.

The men whom I took on board at Grand Bassam were a wilder looking lot. A year afterwards I discovered that twenty-five of these were from a cannibal clan. Questioning two or three of these men at different times I learnt from them the following, that they only ate

some of their prisoners taken in war, and that they chose the sweetest. Asking how they did that they said, "The chief he suck their arms." They told me that they only cut out certain parts of the body, the heart in particular: that they made soup out of the parts extracted mixed with plenty of Chili pepper: that only fighting men were allowed to touch it, no women or children: that it gave them courage and was their "country fashion" to do so (that is custom). On asking Tom Brown why his people "no do so," he replied, "No be our country fashion, suppose it be our country fashion den we all do same." Both the Kroos and Ga tribes, of which latter the Fantees form a large section, are very clean in their habits. They wash from head to foot twice a day and oftener if at work. They use a fibrous stick to clean their teeth, which are pearly white. They always swill the mouth out with cold water after eating. They rub oil into their skins and so their dark skins always look glossy and soft.

I once had a first-class mechanic, a Swiss, but no "boys" (men) would work with him, why, for a long time we could not find out. At last it came out, they said, "He no proper white man, he live dis place six moons (months) he no wash himself one time" (once). The man himself was tall, good looking and outwardly clean. I gently broke it to him what they said of him, and which was the reason why we never could get boys to work with him, when to my utter astonishment he owned up, and said it was true, his mother never taught him to like water. I argued he might have a hot bath if he did not like a cold one, but he positively refused. As the natives always ran away when put on to work with him, I had actually to send him home. The pay of these natives in those days was one shilling per day, one and a half pounds of rice per day, and once a week a pound of salt beef or dried cod fish. The Fantees also received one shilling per day and so many plantains (bananas) or an equivalent of 3d. per day. Before the first Ashanti war, a day's pay was 3d. to 6d. After it, for during it their pay was advanced to 1s., they said "Queen gave 1s. so white man must do same thing," and from that day the pay has remained at that figure.

On returning home at the end of their year's engagement, the boys would buy at the trading stores on the coast, cloths, beads and brass wire. All the Kroos and coast Fantees understood the value of English money in the form of 3d. 6d. and 1s. pieces, and were paid in these denominations.

In most parts of the interior of the Gold Coast, cloths, beads and wire were the only methods of payment or in gold dust. The gold

dust, which was a common method of payment always had to be weighed out; and in the market places, any dust spilt was not allowed to be picked up. Once a year though the market was dug up and the dirt washed out, any gold so obtained belonged to the King or his chiefs as the case might be. On their native scales, little delicate brass wafered pans suspended from a thin little brass arm by cotton strings they could weigh down to about one pennyworth of gold dust. I brought home a set of their weights, and they may be seen in the Indian Museum, South Kensington, since I gave them to Dr. Percy who left them to the Museum.

To resume, having succeeded in enlisting our 250 natives I felt quite proud of my first African experience.

At Grand Bassam we came on two small trading stations, so unhealthy that the two men representing the two firms here, one French the other English, found by experience that they could only stand the climate if well sodden with drink; the head partner of the English firm of Messrs. Swanzy & Co., the oldest and largest firm on the coast, vouched for the truth of this. Formerly it was a French military post, but had to be given up as proving too frightfully fatal. To-day I am told it is a large and important station and comparatively quite healthy. A little further on we passed the Assinee river forming the boundary on the Coast between the French and English. From here stretches a line of old forts, within sight of each other, built alternately by the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, most of them in ruins, those of Axim, Dixcove and El Mineh being the only habitable ones on this side of Cape Coast Castle. The two latter forts must have been very powerful in the days they were built and are massive stone structures. They were constructed to protect the Slave Trade, and each used to fight with the other of different nationality. What stories must be hidden away in the archives of Amsterdam, Lisbon and London, of those days of slavery, piracy and attacks on the rich East Indiamen that sailed along these shores. To this day it is a well known fact the sharks infest especially those beaches where the slaves used to be shipped from. What a story of crime, of human agony that coast has witnessed, the monuments of which survive and stand as witnesses in these forts. After a twenty-eight days voyage we anchored off Axim.

CHAPTER IV.

PIONEERING WITH THE FRENCH ON THE GOLD COAST.

WE had on board supplies of food, gunpowder, tools and three surf-boats. Early in the morning the two traders stationed there came off, with the Commissioner in command of the fort there, "Fort St. Anthony." Our agent came off, an educated native, who took charge of the loading up of my surf-boats. Later on in the morning I went on shore with our English carpenter, whom I had brought out with me. He had travelled second class so I had not seen much of him. He proved to be a nice man and had spent several years in Singapore. On landing we erected a couple of tents on the beach. Later on M. Bonnat came in from up country, with whom I struck up a great friendship, which lasted until about three years afterwards when he died, but more anon. The sudden change from Leadville just about 10,000 feet high to this humid tropical climate, showed itself in my system by the breaking out of some seven or eight boils below one armpit, and ten to eleven on the other, a gathering in one of my ears and a stye in one of my eyes. I kept about but could not get a coat on, yet managed to arrange and organise the native loads for our journey to Tarquah, our objective. Probably this saved me from a dose of fever, which I did not get for some time afterwards.

At last we set forth for the Tarquah Range, where the French had already commenced gold mining operations some few months previously. No one, outside themselves, had been five miles in to the interior of this part of the coast. It was unknown. The English traders said we were fools, the natives would poison us, a practice at which they were adepts. The way lay along the beach to the Ancobra river where I had sent all our stores, a distance of four miles by surf-boat. This was my first African experience. I was about to go up the Ancobra River and as the name signified snake abounded in its many windings. The dream of my youth was to go on a tropical river. Was I to be disappointed? Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind. The boys with my

camp equipage set forth, single file, along the broad beach. The night before I had dined at the fort with the Commissioner, Captain W—who told me the tragedy of the last Dutch Governor of that fort before it was handed over to the English.

It happened the natives had conspired to poison him. Two of his servants were appointed to carry this out. When dying they decided to remove him across an old wooden bridge which connected with another disused part of the fort so that his fetish (spirit) should not wander about in the inhabited part. Four of the servants started to carry him over it when the bridge broke and precipitated the dying Governor and two of the men to the bottom killing them, after which the whole story came out, the natives all believing the white man's fetish had done this out of revenge.

Captain W.—was of the opinion that this story was so widespread that the natives now would not dare to poison a white man, and that the trader's warnings might be dismissed. So I trudged along with any apprehension I might have had somewhat lessened. The sun was strong and beat down heavily upon us, my first experience of a march under its tropical rays, and one I have ever since retained, for my mind was full of the unknown to which I was advancing, the long train of boys with their loads on their heads vividly brought back to my mind Livingstone's travels, and here I was embarking on real African adventure. All sorts of thoughts thus passed before me; "Should I ever see my home again?" a favourite song the sailors used to sing on the voyage out. I could not answer. Again by the bye, why do sailors always choose such mournful ditties?

Arriving at the mouth of the river on the Axim side, a small hill rises covered with dense jungle, and which now hides the ruins of the old Dutch fort of Elise Carthago. The story is that this fort was besieged by the natives, when, food running out, the Governor invited the chiefs to come and hold a palaver to receive the gold there. When once inside he blew up the magazine and all perished together.

I left the boats to cross over to the other side leaving my carpenter in charge of them. Crossing in a canoe, my first experience of an African one, I landed on the opposite shore and went up into the native village with my interpreter. In the market place I came across so queer a sight that I sat down and rolled with laughter. A man does not often laugh when alone, but I did. Standing there in the sun were a number of men and women of all ages, as naked as the day they were born, not a trinket or bead on them, closely

shaven and bedaubed from head to foot in white clay with the eyelids prolonged as it were by some black dye giving them the most grotesque appearance that one could imagine. My interpreter told me they were all in mourning and stood thus from sunrise to sundown for how many days I have forgotten. I once or twice came across a similar scene, but with the coming of the white man they got shy and only practised these kinds of customs in secret.

The mouth of the Ancobra is a magnificent picture of a tropical scene. In the distance the long Atlantic swell was rolling and tumbling in, in one long line of surf breaking on the golden sands; on the opposite shore, a low shelving beach, was a row of bamboo built huts thatched with palm leaves, with a few store houses belonging to the French company standing at the back of them amidst a grove of tall cocoanut trees. Looking up the river it suddenly narrowed from nearly half a mile in width to less than half this width, and then with a snake-like bend it became almost lost to sight as it entered the great mangrove forest, the roots of the trees standing up above the water level like inverted umbrellas, from the tops of which spring the tree-trunks. Away in the far distance standing above the mangrove were low hills covered with its great forest growth, which stretch inland for over three-hundred miles, and beyond which the great plains open out. Twenty miles up the river the mangrove forest ends, and then commences the real tropical forest with its huge trees, some of which are of enormous girth, while others like the cotton trees have immense buttresses springing from their base, from one of which I have cut a table, round which twenty men could sit comfortably. Again from their wide spread branches great masses of creepers entwine each other, out of whose trunks grow all kinds of ferns in the exuberance of tropical vegetation. Where the trees are thick and the light is dim the jungle is scanty, but where more widely spaced the jungle is heavy and matted. As we ascended the river, on the banks we would come on clearings, the sites of villages whose inhabitants, if I landed, fled at the sight of a white man, into the recesses of the forest. I have often seen a native paddling his canoe who, coming suddenly in sight of me, would dart into the bank, scramble into the bush, not even waiting to secure his canoe, which would go on floating down the stream. Most of the men marched along the path that winds from village to village parallel to the river banks, after having canoed up the first twenty miles beyond the mangrove trees which grow in great swamps. As we paddled along we could hear their merry shouts, now and then getting a

peep at them as the path came out at intervals on to the edge of the banks.

At night we camped, and a weird sight it was to see them dancing round a big fire they had kindled, singing to the great man to help them make plenty of money, in low monotonous bass and often repeated bars, rising and falling to the rhythm of their feet as they stamped the ground. Some sixty miles up the river we halted up a branch of the Ancobra river a little above where the Bonsa river joins it. Here I stopped two days to erect some bamboo store houses. The first night in the village I thought a baby was crying all night, and this kept me awake. At sundown the next night it began again, when I called my Fantee interpreter to go and tell the mother she must stop the child's crying. He said, "Massa I hear no baby cry." I said, "You no hear it, are you deaf?" "Oh! Massa, he be no baby, he be monkey, he cry, cry all de time." And so it was the apes crying. To Tarquah range we had before us a twenty-two mile march along a little, winding, narrow trail running through the forest, a trail we afterwards straightened out and made into a broad respectable road. My carpenter friend was not built for marching. I begged him to go in a hammock slung to a pole, of which the Fantees are expert carriers. He was a quiet, reserved man and nothing I could do would prevail upon him to get into one. At daybreak we had started on the march. When out about eighteen miles he began to walk as if drunk, and I imagined he had concealed a whisky flask about him, but he assured me he was only tired. I made him take my arm, but soon he began to lean heavily and I laid him down. He became unconscious. Getting a bamboo stretcher made we carried him along another two miles when coming on a village I pitched a tent and got him in to it. Thinking it must be the horrid African fever I opened the medicine case and gave him a dose of quinine. Meantime I had sent a runner on to the French camp asking for the doctor to come over. A little later he and M. Bonnat, who had preceded me, arrived, but it was too late; soon afterwards he died, the cause being heat apoplexy. The next day we buried him in the early morning. I was soon to find that burials were common, and many a grave I left behind me, eventually, both of French and English. The death rate was a heavy one, but now with Sir R. Ross's measures for health, that same camp supports a large English population of miners and artisans and is quite a healthy one.

I went into Tarquah and spent the rest of the day there, returning to my lonely camp at night. Next day we cut our way up on to

the range, through the jungle, about three miles south of the French camp. By night we had started a clearing for my tents. Then for days we were cutting down trees and making a clearing, after which I removed my camp and pitched my tent there. Later on we built a bungalow and houses for the Kroo men, who in the meantime had found shelter under some temporary shelters constructed near the village. For three months I remained alone here, then a contingent of artisans and miners arrived out by twos and threes until we had quite a small colony.

Meantime I had started mining operations, and with the aid of some Tarquah taught men, instructed many of our men how to swing a hammer and turn a drill. They were weird days, alone in that vast forest, with its atmosphere of fetishism penetrating as it were all through it.

The first two to arrive had rather a rough beginning. It had so happened that the money sent out from home for wages had twice been carried down the coast, as the surf had been too heavy to land it. Two months and these Kroo boys could no longer believe it was coming. Tom Brown had been very quiet of late and I saw he was troubled. One day about 3 p.m. the Kroos struck work and came up all armed with machetes (a broad heavy knife or sword) and demanded to be paid off. The two new white men I took aside and told them to go to their own bungalow, and that I would probably send them down two or three men; when they arrived to make them sit down and then to draw their revolvers and keep them prisoners until relieved. Meantime I had told Tom Brown to tell the boys to sit down in front of my house. Tom said he feared the boys "were too much bad make plenty palaver." He, I believe, trusted me, and I had to trust him. Everything depended upon this. I sent away a small Fantee boy by the back of the house into the bush with a note to ask Bonnat to send the King with his men over without delay. "Now Tom," I said, "this palaver no be bad one, you do what I go tell you, you believe me speak true, so you do what thing I tell you and do the same one time (quickly). Well! you stand down there and talk for boys" (*i.e.*, interpret). All being seated three men wanted to speak, evidently the leaders. So I told them to go to the lower house, and I would come by and by and settle all palaver. After a little talk it was agreed, and to my surprise they went. I saw them enter the house, the boys began to murmur and Tom began to talk in angry tones to them. Behind the front of the verandah I had my rifle, the boys began to get up, so I said to Tom, "Tell them all sit down I go talk to them."

After a few refusing, at last all were seated. "Now, Tom, tell them," I said, "the first boy to get up I will shoot, and tell them so one time," and as he about completed the sentence I swung out my rifle and kept it at the ready over them. Then I talked to them through Tom, and for nearly two hours I kept every man sitting, each afraid to rise. I felt I had them, but was getting very anxious as to whether the King would come. At last I heard the tom toms and blare of horns coming nearer and nearer. The Kroos got anxious. I told them the King was coming, but I would not let him hurt them if they did as I told them. Meantime as I afterwards learnt the Kroo ringleaders walked into the trap laid for them and were taken prisoners. The King arrived and some of the French staff. He wanted to kill the Kroos for having threatened me. At last it was agreed that the ringleaders should be sent home and their back pay forfeited to the others, that if the money did not arrive within a month I was to take them all down to the coast and see the traders paid them off in kind. The King for coming asked me for my little English dog. I was not particularly fond of it, and so felt no hardship in giving it him, especially as it counted as a very handsome present. Afterwards I heard it was killed and eaten as a choice morsel. A few days afterwards the money arrived, about £800 for wages, all in new threepenny and sixpenny pieces. Think of counting it all out, hours and hours of work. For the first three months I had no time to go over to the French camp, but after reliefs began to arrive I often did. The Frenchmen were a merry lot, yet death was always at work in their camp. There were days when everyone of them were down with fever, save the doctor, an Englishman.

M. Bonnat was my principal friend, and had been a great traveller, the first to penetrate the Hausa country. His history was a most interesting one. I gave a little account of it in the *Mining Magazine* of December 1909, from which I take the following extract:—

"My first night in the tent on the hill-top was one ever to be remembered. Just after dark all my men disappeared, even to my interpreter and personal servant. I was alone in the forest, when in the distance, and then gradually approaching I heard the sound of tom toms and guns. As my boys had disappeared, I came to the conclusion that they had got wind of some trouble and had decamped, and that I was evidently about to be attacked. Leaving my lamp burning in the tent, I took a small Madeira table and chair and placed them far back in the shade of the forest. Putting my gun and revolvers upon the table, I awaited developments. Presently a big crowd of Fantees debouched from the trail and en-

circled my tent, beating drums vigorously and firing guns. Some of them came pretty close to me, but fortunately failed to see me, for had I been discovered I should most assuredly have fired on them. After what seemed to me an interminable time, they drew off, and towards morning I crept back to my tent and went to sleep. On waking, I found my boy, and on asking where the men had been the night before, I found they had gone to see their friends at Tarquah, and the demonstration during the night had been a visit of King Emil and his retinue to welcome me, or, as natives express it 'do custom' My friend Bonnat had told the King to pay me this visit of courtesy."

This was the beginning of my real acquaintance with Bonnat, with whom I was subsequently to make many a tough journey and join in many a hard piece of work. Marie Joseph Bonnat was a remarkable man; as I have already said, he was the pioneer of modern gold mining in West Africa, and it is in memory of my old friend that I pen an outline of his life as he gave it to me when we were camping one night on the banks of the Ancobra. I feel sure that the story will interest many who are now taking part in the development of the West African Gold Fields.

Bonnat was left an orphan when about sixteen or seventeen years of age. His father (who had been a farmer in central France) left his property mortgaged, whereupon the three brothers finding their resources gone, set out for Paris with only a few francs in their pockets. The eldest turned back and afterwards became a priest. The other two arrived in Paris and spent their last franc on a night's lodging. As evening came round again they agreed to part, thinking it easier to find work and food singly than together, but arranged to meet at an appointed place the next day. The brothers never met again.

Bonnat succeeded in getting a place as shoeblick in a hotel; advancing thence into the kitchen, he eventually became chef. After some years thus spent, he happened to hear that two African ivory hunters were staying in the hotel; he waylaid them one night as they were about to enter their bedrooms, and begged them to take him to Africa as their cook, offering his services for a year for nothing. This resulted in his being engaged by them. He went to West Africa. A few years later the hunters retired, leaving Bonnat in possession of all their belongings, including a small factory on the coast. Then he started business on his own behalf.

It was when returning after a successful hunting expedition, laden with ivory, that he was captured by the Ashantis on the Volta river, and held a prisoner for some three years, until

released with his German fellow-prisoners (a Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer) by Sir Garnet Wolseley in the course of his Coomassie campaign. While a prisoner he was treated at times as a prince and at others with the greatest cruelty, depending on the vagaries of the king. At times denuded of every stitch of clothing he was compelled to make mud bricks, and at night was often tied to a tree so that he could neither sit nor lie down. On other occasions he feasted with the king, and was shown all his treasures of gold, which were enormous. It was during one of these visits to the king that he first learnt of the Tarquah gold mines and determined, whenever released, to visit them. He carried out his purpose, and returning to France he endeavoured to form a company to explore and develop the gold deposits by modern methods.

During this visit (which proved unsuccessful) he became engaged to a daughter of a French banker, who, thinking him an adventurer, would not give his consent. Returning to Tarquah and fully convinced of its wealth, he again tried to form a company. This time he succeeded in interesting M. Verillon. The Tarquah and Abosso were then floated under the name of the Côte D'or Company. Soon afterwards the Effuenta concession was acquired by James Irvine, of Liverpool; he formed the Effuenta Gold Mining Company. Meantime Crocker, the senior partner of Swanzy & Co., the oldest firm of traders on the coast, commenced work on a quartz vein a little beyond Abosso. This proved a failure, but the attempt led eventually to their working the continuation of the banket deposit at Abosso. This is now the Wassau Company's property.

A few months after Effuenta was started, the Gold Coast Company was formed and commenced work at the opposite end of Tarquah, on what is now known as Abbontiakoon. These were the pioneer companies of the Gold Coast, and they had been attracted thereto through Bonnat's persistence and pluck in bringing the gold deposits to public notice.

When I first entered Tarquah, although the King had granted the concession to Bonnat, the natives still remained in possession of the mines, and it was only by the process of gradual absorption that they were finally eliminated.

Day and night one could hear the women and girls grinding the ore extracted from the hundreds of small shafts situated on the hills, and scores of women were to be seen washing out the gold therefrom, standing up to their waists in the swamps behind the town.

In those days all supplies (even of food) had to be transported on

the heads of natives, for the plantations around Tarquah were not sufficient even to supply the native town itself. Transport therefore was not only costly, but exceedingly difficult and intricate, as a system of weighing and checking each load at the several stations along the road had to be organised, and then again the native carriers were consuming the food, and had to be despatched back directly they arrived without a moment's delay.

Bonnat's knowledge of the language and customs of the natives was invaluable in this respect, and made comparatively easy what otherwise would have been a gigantic task. Although we were too early, this work ultimately led to the development of the country. It was during these days that Bonnat and myself determined to attempt the riddle of the Kong Mountains, a geographical problem then almost as great as the Mountains of the Moon. With this object in view we gathered information from native traders. Finally it was arranged between us that he should go home, collect what equipment we needed, and that I should follow him home just for the voyage and return immediately with him. Accordingly Bonnat started six weeks in advance. On my arrival at Liverpool I received a telegram from him saying he was married and wished me to come over and join him and his bride near Macon.

It seems that his brother, from whom he had parted as a boy in Paris, had gone to the East, and dying suddenly on his way home, had left Bonnat two-thirds of a substantial fortune. Thus the obstacle to his marriage was removed. On meeting Bonnat I did all I could to dissuade him from going back to Africa; but to no purpose. This he said was to be his last visit, and unfortunately it proved true.

Before starting on our journey we made a trip up the Ancobra River to re-visit some old mines and Tarquah. It was in the village of Bamiankor that we spent our last night together. Bonnat and I had just sat down to a native dish of "flou flou" and "foo foo" when who should walk in but the late Commander Cameron, who, seeing our boat on the river, had reckoned on getting a good meal, as his supplies had become exhausted with the exception of a pint bottle of beer and a small tin of pâté de foie gras. With these tucked under his arms he walked in, much to our surprise. That night the sand flies being troublesome we sat up, talking, over the fire, Cameron giving us a most interesting account of his journey across Africa.

Next morning I said good-bye to Bonnat, who left with a bad cold, probably contracted in swimming a river, with the under-

standing that we should start in a week's time. Arriving at Tarquah he was taken ill. He wrote me a note the day before his death, sending it down by native runner, and saying he would soon be up again and looked forward to our journey. Apparently he was in the best of spirits. Alas! as I was striking camp a runner came in with a letter telling me that Bonnat had suddenly got worse and was no more. The news was a severe shock to me, but how much greater to the woman who had been his wife for six weeks, and his betrothed for five long years.

There is one old friend I must not forget, and who next to M. Bonnat helped to establish the gold mining industry on the coast. W—— in those early years was in command of Fort St. Anthony, at Axim, and acted as Commissioner for that district. Of all the Government officials he was the only one who had breadth enough of view to perceive that gold mining would be the pioneer to the development and opening up of this country. He not only encouraged but assisted us greatly in generously giving advice, for he had an intimate knowledge of the native customs, and of their ways of holding the land.

The Concessions then acquired from the Native Chiefs were outside the Colony and British influence, but it was mainly under W——'s advice that the necessary agreements with the chiefs were drawn up with certain provisos, so that should they ever ultimately come within the Colony—and this has since happened—they would still hold valid. I venture to say that not one of the original six concessions so negotiated have since had their titles contested, though later ones taken up have been in much litigation. Many years have since gone by, to-day he is the only remaining survivor of my early African friends. I owe much to him for his encouragement, assistance and advice, and I doubt if anyone living to-day knows what his influence was in overcoming local Government opposition, and how much it led to the opening up of West Africa, which now boasts of its railways, its large output of gold, its timber trade, its cocoa and other plantations.

It is of interest to note that the French claim to have imported the first gold from Elmineh as long ago as 1382, and 500 years afterwards they were led to re-open the Gold Coast to modern enterprise on the initiative of Bonnat, who was truly the father of modern gold mining in West Africa. J. Sketchly was, I believe, the first technical man to examine the Tarquah mines; he came in 1877 on behalf of the French, and was followed in 1879 by J. H. Harvey and myself, who described the deposit as a "quartz reef" to which I demurred, for it was undoubtedly what is now termed "banket."

Thus it will be seen Bonnat and myself made a compact that at the end of our respective agreements, we would go together on an exploration to discover whether the Kong Mountains existed or not. Next to the Poles this was one of the great geographical problems of the day. On all the old atlases this range was shown and put in by geographers as the only explanation why the Niger River, rising at the back of Sierra Leone, turns inwards and comes out more than a thousand miles down the coast. Did they really exist or not? We began to collect notes from inland native traders and were bent on our exploration but of this more anon.

After nearly a year in the forest I took my first trip to the coast, for I was beginning to need a change, as I had had many attacks of fever, but fortunately not of a severe nature. The forest was commencing to pall on one. At first its beauties were indescribable, the weird fantastic forms of the creepers, the immense size of the trees, the exuberance of nature, the shrieks of the parrots as they flew in flocks overhead, and the never ending hum of insects all tended to make one revel in nature. To most people the forest was intensely depressing, but I loved it, and Longfellow's dear old poem I often recalled.

“ And Nature the old Nurse
Took the Child upon her knee,
Saying here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee ;
And wander with me, she said,
Into the regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God. ”

At night a heavy thunderstorm was a soul inspiring experience, the loud thunder echoing through the forest, the rain falling in torrents, and above the sound of the storm, one would hear the crash of mighty great trees falling. In the calm of night on the other hand, the extraordinary, unearthly sounds one would hear were at times uncanny.

A short time before I started for my holiday the following episode occurred.

Night after night along the path on the ridge of the range coming from Tarquah I used to hear the loud moan of some beast dying gradually away into silence, and answered by its mate on the other side. One night as I was going down about 1 a.m. to the works to see how the night shift was going, I said to Jack Sally, a black boy who had learnt the pidgeon English of the coast, “ Jack Sally what dem thing I heard,” it was like a loud, prolonged moan dying away into a sough. “ All same as Bush Devil, all same as white man, he plenty bad.” I asked why he was

"all same as white man." His answer was, "He look white, his hands all same as white man, he bush devil plenty bad." He told me this was what two Fantee hunters had told him. So I sent for these men next day and they told me the same story. I asked them to accompany me to shoot it, and show me the way, they said they knew the hill it lived on but they feared to go. I offered them an ounce of gold-dust, a big reward, but still they refused. So one moonlight night I ventured along the path down which the Bush Devil came with my rifle. I had in the day-time previously selected a spot where there was an opening in the forest. I sat down at the foot of a tree and waited. I had got a steady position with the moon shining on the barrel of my gun. I was kneeling, resting it on a support and covering a mark on the path I believed it came along. This unearthly, let me call it "dying away sort of moan" for want of a better description, came steadily along the path. I thought I had sufficient courage to face it even if it was a Bush Devil. Just as it was drawing very near, I heard a crackle of the jungle away to my right. I was facing more to the left. I turned, could see a dark shadow only. My presence of mind left me. I scooted round that tree and ran for all I was worth back to my bungalow. I heard the jungle crackling, and imagined the beast whatever it was after me, but it, I believe had been as badly scared as I was. I arrived back in a bath of perspiration, and had had enough of midnight hunting. I never heard the sound again. Afterwards relating my adventure to Commander Cameron he said it was the "White Gorilla." At the time I thought he was pulling my leg as I had never heard of a species of "White Gorilla," but later this was confirmed. The more he told me of the description he had heard of it in Central Africa, and which tallied with mine, the more I thought he was pulling my leg. At all events it was evident to me I was not up to much if I could turn and run so, and my pride had a great fall.

I once more reached the Bonsa, a station, and determined to take my time going down the Ancobra, and I thoroughly enjoyed my trip. I shot on the way my first and last monkey. The troop cried so piteously I never attempted to shoot one again.

As we neared the mouth of the river, the sound of the surf made itself heard, and became louder and louder, and suddenly the horizon broke upon one. For the moment I had no idea what had happened, a sense came over me as if I had entered heaven. It was the sudden change from the gloom of the forest, so unexpected

at that moment ; but the sensation was extraordinary, as if I had left this world.

The monkey I brought into Axim with me, and as I came in I met the District Commissioner, O'Brien, a tall Irishman, and we agreed to share the monkey together in the form of monkey pie. Bonnat's native cook was in town, and we borrowed him to cook the pie for us in the fort. Going up to dinner we were looking forward to fresh meat, which in those days was difficult to get. The pie came and was placed before us, the cook had taken the two little hands and placed them in the centre, as the claws are in game pie. The steaming had made the hands perfectly white, the little nails too, were perfect. They were to all intents a human baby's hands. We both looked at each other, " Sure, " said O'Brien, " I cannot face that pie, " " And I am not going to turn cannibal, " said I. That pie left the table as it came in, and we were both in quite a subdued mood afterwards, almost as if we had been led into cannibalism. Those little hands were too human-like !

I spent about ten days at Axim, and once again went back to the forest. I loved the trip up the river, and shot an alligator on the way up—my first. My Fantee crew, for I went up in one of our surf-boats, paddled all one night. The boatswain sang in a falsetto voice, while the crew joined in a minor key in the chorus. One of their favourite boat songs is much as follows :—

BOATSWAIN : As for Sir Garnet Wolsey,
He's no good at all, at all.

CREW—*Chorus* : As for Sir Garnet Wolsey
He's no good at all, at all,

as with tremendous sweep of the paddles they emphasized the " at all, at all. "

BOATSWAIN : Rats are bad things,
Why are they bad things ?

CREW : Because rats come down in droves,
And eat up the corn of the Land.
(*Chorus here repeated*).

BOATSWAIN : If rats are bad things,
What do you do to them ?

CREW : Kill them.
(*Chorus repeated here*).

BOATSWAIN : Why are Ashantees worse than Rats ?

CREW : Because they kill the men,
And carry off the women and children.
(*Chorus repeated here*).

BOATSWAIN : But if you kill rats and Ashantis
Are worse than rats, why not kill them ?

CREW : But Sir Garnet Wolsey says bad thing
To kill Ashanti man.
(*Chorus repeats*).

PIONEERING ON THE GOLD COAST

- BOATSWAIN : If it is bad to steal much,
It is bad to steal a little !
- CREW : Sir Garnet Wolsey say it is bad
To steal from Ashanti man.
(*Chorus repeats*).
- BOATSWAIN : But Sir Garnet Wolsey when he go Coomassie,
He see gold dust in a sack, he say
Take that bag Cape Coast Castle.
When Cape Coast Castle goldsmith see it
He tell him it was brass filings.
- CREW : So Sir Garnet Wolsey no good at all, at all.

As we crept up one side of the main river to keep out of the current, when going under some overhanging trees, all the boys suddenly leapt over the side of the boat. I seized my gun thinking a leopard might be on the bank, when it dawned on me that what I took for a creeper hanging down from a branch was a large Boa Constrictor, its head almost level with the boat, and the bows right under it. I kept perfectly still until the boat gradually dropped astern of it, but for a few moments I expected it to drop into the boat. Snake stories are so common in the tropics, and so connected with after dinner ones, that I refrain from recounting my many African experiences of them, but what one does not hear of are those of the ants, and I jot down a few. The black ant of West Africa seems to be everywhere, they trail along in little ribbon-like bands, with a sprinkling of the soldier ant with its great mandibles, as so many corporals along side of their men. I have timed these passing thus in a little ribbon-like band of about two inches wide, travelling for three nights and two days before the end of the ribbon was reached. When thus on the move they evidently have some objective in view, for if one tries to break them up they reform, and on they march. A tit morsel thrown across their path does not even divert them. If the objective is a house, as I have often seen mine so invaded, they spread in a great moving black mass all over it. The army approaches on one side, when other divisions go off and encircle it. As the main body enters the house, all the hidden vermin, cockroaches, spiders, scorpions, may be seen scuttling away from it to the other side, and are immediately attacked by the encircling army. They will thus stay in a house for two or three days, eating up everything found in it, and searching out every nook and crannie, when they gradually reform and move off. Usually a day or two before such an invasion, one notices stray soldier ants about, acting probably as scouts. In this way we are often glad to see our houses cleared of vermin, but we had to decamp ourselves elsewhere until they had gone. They came on us unawares sometimes in the middle of the night,

and once I had to be carried out with a strong dose of fever on me. Another time I had gone to sleep in my tent, and Jack Sally had laced up the opening before retiring. In the night I woke up, and at first thought I had small-pox. I felt for the matches but they were not to be found, although close alongside of me. Springing out of my bed I made for the tent opening, and could not find the ends of the tapes fastening me in. I tried to crawl under the tent but it was too tightly pegged down. The ants were by now swarming all over me. I was yelling at the top of my voice and tearing at the tapes, but could not break through them. In the meantime some of the Kroos came up and cut the tapes with a knife. Stark naked I stood while a crowd of them picked the little beasts off me, for they had dug their mandibles into me and would not let go. It took me all my nerve power to stand still, for it was like being pricked all over with a thousand needles. Fortunately I felt no after effects, but for the time being it was an excruciatingly painful experience. Usually we kept a big fire going with a supply of shovels at hand, and when an invasion was threatened and we did not want them, we surrounded the house with a ring of hot ashes. This was the only known method of stopping them. Once a goat we had tied up was piteously crying in the night. In the morning we found the ants had killed it and had eaten well into its inside. A native hunter was killed by them while I was living here. It was thought that to escape them, he ran in the wrong direction and right into the midst of them. Millions of them spread out in the jungle, and I can well imagine from my own experience that one could not sustain the fight for long. The red ants are also numerous, and their bite is irritating, being slightly poisonous, but the black ant is found almost everywhere. There is a solitary ant that is a most evil smelling little insect. If one is about its presence is quickly realised. The native name for these insects is "Stink ants." They have a story connected with it as they have about almost everything. They say a very bad man died in a village, when the people said he was so bad they dare not bury him, or they would be contaminated by the body. So they all abandoned the village. A traveller coming into the village found the corpse unburied and said, "What bad people have lived here to let a body lie out?" He then buried it himself and immediately turned into the "Stink ant." I often used to hear these stories, and in return I used to give them tales from the "Arabian Nights" as we marched along in single file, down which they passed.

The origin of white, yellow and black people is accounted for

thus. Formerly people were colourless, when one day one of them walked into a lagoon and stirred up the mud which was white, and when he came out he was white. After him came another man and he further stirring up the mud, it became yellow, and when he issued forth he was yellow. Then a third went in and still further stirred up the mud, and when he came forth he was black. In this manner did they become progenitors of white, yellow and black people.

I often wish I had noted down their folk lore, but being young, I thought it too foolish to record, and so missed a good opportunity, for they told me a good many stories.

One that comes to mind is of a tree sloth, which as it climbs the tree at night begins with a low note, sounding Whoo, and as it gets up the tree gets louder and louder until it is so loud and piercing it reaches above the note at which a human ear can hear a sound. On a moonlight night one can plainly see the mouth opened and head stretched forward as it gets on its top notes. The ear-splitting noise is heard resounding through the forest, and none unless he saw it for himself could believe so small an animal could send forth such shrill notes. The native story is it begins at the bottom of the tree to say, "I am a poor little animal, don't touch me." Then as it goes higher it gets more cheeky, then more cheeky until it finally ends in cursing their fathers and mothers, the greatest insult you can give a native.

One characteristic of the negro above almost any other, is his love for his mother. His mother comes first even before his wife, and if he is ill the mother is the one to nurse him. Another is their love for children, one commonly sees the men nursing them.

Continuing my trip, I passed in places the women on the river banks, wading out to their waist in the river, digging up the gravel and washing it out for gold dust. They use a very big and deep wooden bowl into which they throw the dirt, wash off the gravel by the dexterous dip of the bowl half under the water, and half out of it, until about half the contents remain; then it is transferred into a smaller one, and so on and so on through about half a dozen of these bowls, which fit in their different sizes one into the other, forming a nest of them when not in use. The last one is a small smooth almost jet black stained one, the finishing off bowl. This stain they get from the sap of a creeper or vine, which when cut lets it out, and is then a colourless liquid, but stains everything black. What remains in this bowl is almost pure gold dust. This is taken ashore and finally cleaned up. They wash about a ton of gravel a day, and make about

threepence to sixpence per day. Occasionally they might with luck get as much as two and sixpence, but this I was told was a rare event. The man who acted as boatswain of this crew was a Kroo and had not been up the river before. It so happened his nick name was "The Devil." Higher up we passed through the rapids known as "Hell Gate," and I was steered by the Devil through Hell Gate.

Camping one night on the river bank, after my evening meal, I chanced to wander round where my cook was washing up. To my horror I saw him stark naked and using his loin cloth as a dish cloth. I expostulated with him, but he said, "Massa no buy dishcloth, what can do, no have, no can but take cloth, fine cloth, Massa, too much good for make dish clean." What could I say to the innocence of his self-sacrifice of his only garment. Next morning I was taking my usual swim in the river when a Fantee I had with me said. "Massa suppose alligator he no like black man, he like white man." I had always bathed in the river, but it struck me if the alligators in this river did not touch the natives, there might be some truth in what he said. I remember too Livingstone writes:—If a white man and a black man were sleeping side by side, a lion would take the black. Here I thought it might be the reverse with an alligator, and I was soon out of the water never to venture in the river again. Long afterwards this same darkie came to me when on a march between Axim and the Princess river, and said, "Massa you no believe me alligator like white man he no like black man, I go show you." Coming to a black, forbidding looking lagoon just outside a village, he asked me to buy one black and one white chicken, "for alligator live them lagoon," at the same time bringing to me the fetish priest of the village. After a palaver I bought them, and the priest then took the two fowls, put them behind him and whistled, when at the far end of the lagoon the snout of an alligator arose, and with a slight ripple on the water swam across it, and came right out of it to where the priest was standing. He took the black fowl from behind him and offered it to the beast, an extremely horrid looking one, when it turned and made for the water. The priest then whistled again, the animal turned, saw a white fowl, came back and opened his great jaws, and the priest threw the fowl into his mouth, when he slid back into the water and was gone.

On asking about the alligator, the priest said it had always been there. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather all told the same story, he had always been there. Further, when the alligator was sick many people in the village were sick. This was rather

difficult to believe, but when we are rather inclined to laugh at these suggestions, there is often some truth in them. It may have been that the same atmospheric conditions which upset this tame alligator also upset the health of the village.

"How do you know he is sick," I asked my man, and the answer interpreted was "He no eat dem fowl." This led to my asking what its food was, and I learnt the village always gave it a chicken every day for "chop." "Chop" is a word used all down the coast for food. If your boy says "Chop ready," it means your breakfast, lunch, dinner, as the case may be is waiting for you. "Palm oil chop," a deep orange coloured oily stew, is a delicacy of the coast. The native Fantee food is made up mainly of kankee, that is, boiled maize served in balls, or foo foo, *i.e.*, plantains (unripe bananas) pounded in a wooden mortar, with a huge wooden pestle to a pulp and then boiled, making a kind of peas pudding mess. "Flou flou," is a soup made out of sun dried fish, called "stink fish" with chili peppers, for high days and holidays.

In every Fantee village one hears the thud of the pestle and the women pounding plantains with it. It is raised high and brought down with considerable force, not to be too expressive, with the perspiration running down the negresses. I leave it to the reader to imagine what happens. The mess itself is so sticky that the spoon with which it is eaten has to be dipped first into soup or oil in order to free the spoon of it in one's mouth. Again, one can eat a huge plateful of it, heaped up high, and feel empty an hour afterwards.

I lived on canned food for months when I first went to the coast, until for some reason, it so palled on me, I lost my appetite and loathed it. Then I took to this horrible native food and regained my appetite notwithstanding. I cannot account for it, the fish was rotten in the soup, but high fish, is perhaps, an acquired taste, like high game.

Later on I made a great improvement in the *régime*. I provided my cook with an old French carbine, powder and shot, and let him shoot birds, monkeys, or what he could get. A large land snail was a delicacy, and was diligently sought for. I only barred snakes. These were all thrown into a stock pot, of which I kept two always going. The second day I had rich strengthening soup, and from the time I brought these into use I had better health, less fever, from which I often suffered, and felt I was gaining strength. In many other parts of the world where animal food was scarce, I have since resorted to this method of sustenance.

The stink fish referred to are a kind of small herring caught on

the coast. Fleets of fishing canoes issue out in the season to catch them, they are then cleaned and hung in the sun, unsalted, to dry, and form a rich source of income to the fishing villages on the coast, as they are imported in large quantities into the interior. It is no uncommon sight to see a hundred or more natives with heavy loads of these on their heads, walking single file in the bush, going into the interior to trade with them. In the rivers there are so many poisonous fish that the natives do not fish in them. Far out to sea, even a couple of miles out, the odour of drying stink fish is distinctly smelt. I met with a great misfortune on the way up river. My last pair of boots—top boots—getting wet, Jack Sally filled them with rice to dry and shape them and left them so overnight. A leak in the roof caused them to fill with water which made the rice swell and they burst badly. They were already on their last legs, but this was the finishing blow. I sent down a message to our agent to try and buy me a pair off a passing steamer, and to send them up, if he succeeded, by special messenger to Tarquah. From the Bonsa I had a hard walk with my boots tied up with strings. I arrived back again in camp but it was the last of them. We were all hard up for boots and clothes, a succession of bad storms had taken our supplies down the coast, the steamer then only calling monthly at Axim had gone home with them. A pair of miner's boots were put up to auction and I bought them for £5. In a week my feet were so blistered, I preferred to go barefooted. Mons. Tibot, a delightful Frenchman, was going home. On the way down the river he met a canoe with my boots in the bottom of it with a solitary native paddling them up river. He wrote me he had seized them and was very sorry, but he thought a man could go barefoot in Central Africa, but could hardly do so in Paris, and at the Paris Exhibition. It would be an unheard of thing, he had every excuse under too sun for his criminality to me, but the temptation had been the much for him. Poor Tibot, he came back after his holiday, landed at Axim, went to sleep on a low wall one day, and waking up thinking he was in bed, turned over and fell off the wall, a drop of three feet only. He sprained his thumb, a few days afterwards lock-jaw set in, and he died in great pain.

As the days approached for my going home, M. Bonnat, who was starting six weeks before me, arranged to buy our outfit for our expedition and I was just to come home for the voyage and return with him. A little before we had so arranged things, Mons. V——, the Chairman of the French Company, paid us all a visit. He was himself a fine shot with a rifle. Taking mine up he asked me what

I could do. At that moment on the top of a high tree some distance away was a hornbill. This bird has a small body but an immense bill. When I said, "I will bring that bird down," he laughed and said "Nonsense." "Wait a moment," I said, "and you will see." I really was only joking, for it was an almost impossible shot. I fired and down fell my bird. No one was more astonished than myself, but I did not tell him so. He spent a few days here and sounded me if I would take the general management of their two mines if offered me.

For one so young I was both surprised and astonished, and finally agreed to do so after our proposed expedition, which we reckoned would take from three to four months. On my return home I promised to go to Paris to meet the Board of Directors. The doctor here, an Englishman, and myself had been great friends, and his time being up, we agreed to go home together. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever came across. To begin with he lived on rice and condensed milk with a few bananas thrown in, wore the lightest linen clothes with no under garments, wore his hair long and no hat. He would start in the middle of the night to see a patient in the bush, and if caught in a rain storm sat it out under a tree, perhaps all night. He never got fever, had been some years on the lower part of the coast, and formerly practised in Panama, where he was thrown into gaol by the Colombian authorities for three months in a cell at Colon, until, a British man of war demanded his release with £10,000 indemnity for the insult, which was obtained. He was well read, full of interesting stories, and with immense energy and go in him. As a doctor he believed so much in quinine, that I verily believe some of us suffered more from his tremendous doses of this medicine than from the fever itself. In appearance he would have made a good model for Samson.

The French did not like him, they could not put up with his eccentricities. I asked him if he was going to walk up Regent Street bare-headed, and with Samson locks. "Oh no! my boy," he said, "you will see me in a topper, frock coat, and you won't recognise me as a civilised member of the community."

He told me that as a boy of fourteen he had made up his mind to make a fortune of so much. He did not tell me how much. One day he came up the hill waving his old oak stick and shouting, "I have done it at last." "Whom have you killed?" said I. He then reminded me of the above, told me he had that day completed the amount, and his doctoring days were finished. He loved fishing, and was going to British Columbia for its

salmon fishing, and offered to stand treat if I would accompany him. The doctor went on to the coast a few days before I started. Reaching Axim he found that the steamer expected to call in on its homeward trip, had left word on its downward trip it would not do so, so he went on to Cape Coast Castle. I coming down to Axim after him, hearing of this, found it was just possible, if I could cover the one hundred miles by the beach to Cape Coast Castle in three and a half days to catch the steamer. As there is no shade, and at high tide walking in loose sand is tedious, the journey was a tough one. I crossed the Prah river in a canoe, where I offered the ferryman a King George's shilling. He took the shilling in his hand, turned it over and said it was no good. Thinking it might be a bad one I carefully examined it, when he said, "Look Massa, he be no good, man go die, girl have her own head." What he meant was an old shilling piece was no good he wanted a Victorian shilling. I found my friend had been in the Navy, and yet he had not learned that a King George's shilling was good money. Passing through El Mineh, I did not stay to look up a friend in the fort, but pressed on to Cape Coast Castle. As I entered the town I met a group of white men who I found were returning from burying the doctor. He had arrived safely in town, but the next day he went down with fever, and in twenty-four hours had gone. That night my steamer came in, and by 6 a.m. next morning I was off, sorrowful indeed to be returning without my old friend, and with a pair of feet looking like boiled lobsters, for the hot sands had verily cooked them.

On the return journey we landed several hundred Kroos returning to their villages along the coast, and the scenes already described were re-enacted, the whole journey a regular comic opera. The steamer as it lay off a village would toot its syren, and the boys on board for that village would muster in all kinds of rigs, top-hats, old army shakos, looking very comical, surmounting their naked bodies. Then when the canoes appeared laden with parrots and monkeys, a brisk barter went on for their possession by the sailors, and meantime the boys with their boxes would be sliding down the ropes, or jumping into the sea, and making for their respective canoes.

By the time we reached Sierra Leone, the forecastle was nothing less than a large menagerie, the noise from which was deafening. We had several invalids on board, and before we reached Liverpool fifteen deaths had occurred amongst them. It has often been said sharks follow a ship when a corpse is on board, but after a funeral I witnessed sharks appearing where none had been seen before in the wake of the vessel.

A common amusement on board was when lying off a port or village to shoot at the sharks which often showed up, their presence being seen by their dorsal fins just appearing above the water. By cutting the bullet square off and aiming well below the fin we used to make good hits, as witnessed by their tremendous jump and plunge. An ordinary shaped bullet only ricochets off the water. In the same way fish in a river may be hit.

On the way home we called in at Lisbon in addition to the Island ports. Here we spent two good days in viewing the sights. What interested us most was a visit to the Convent where over 500 little orphans were being provided for. The long rows of these little mites seated at their breakfast so quietly and so orderly was very pathetic. Arriving home I received a telegram from M. Bonnat telling me he was married, and to come to Paris and meet him there, and then to join them near Macon.

In Paris I met the Paris board and an agreement to come into effect on my return from my Kong Mountains expedition was drawn up for me to sign, but as it laid down the mining programme I was to follow I refused to accept it. My whole scheme was to sink and get away from the old native workings rather than to continue opening up the mine by "Adits" (that is a method avoiding sinking shafts). The Chairman said he had great ideas of my organising powers and of my control of men, but they would not depart from the mining policy their own engineers had laid out. This he made a condition of my accepting the position. I told them that in my opinion it would be a failure, and I would not risk my reputation on it. The agreement was pressed upon me, all I had to do was to sign it—I refused—the meeting was adjourned until next day. That evening the Chairman used all his persuasions to make me give way. The temptation was great, as the salary was, for one so young, high, but I would not, neither would he give way. So I left Paris and met M. Bonnat and his bride. In his marriage agreement he had stipulated for one more visit to Africa. He had got everything ready for our return, and no words of mine could dissuade him from it. He was, he said, "a man of his word." I said "it could be foregone as a wedding present to his bride," but he would not have it, and even inferred it was I who was trying to back out of it. After a most sumptuous, Friday, farewell fish dinner, given by his father-in-law we left for England. As we rose from the table he folded up his dinner napkin and handed it to his bride to keep for his return welcome back. A few days spent here and we were on our return trip to the Coast, he on his last and final one.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLORING IN WASSAU AND APPOLONIA, WEST AFRICA.

AFTER the usual month's voyage we found ourselves anchored one night off Axim, the sound of the Fantee men singing as they paddled out in the surf-boats, rising and falling as the boats rose and sunk on the top of the great rollers which were coming nearer and nearer as we sat at dinner, warned us to hurry for the Captain had only stopped to land us, and wanted to be off. Leaving a well-lit cabin and a good dinner, my last for some time, we bid all a hasty good-bye and were soon paddling back to shore. The sudden transition from the luxury of civilisation to barbarism, with no gradual going into it, but as it were the stepping out from the light into the darkness, was a thrilling yet strange experience.

At Axim we stayed a few days, and then Bonnat and myself set out for some old native mines we had promised to explore up the Ancobra river, and not far inland from the town of Bamiankor. At the expense of some little repetition I will add a few more details in their order of sequence connected with the death of Bonnat. On reaching Bamiankor, Bonnat, who was a *persona grata* with the Fantees, had a great reception. All the afternoon we heard the tom toms beating in the bush, the signal to tell the people from the surrounding villages to come in. By 8 p.m. hundreds had come in, a great fire was built, and round it they danced to the sound of the tom toms, the women and men dancing alternately.

I know of few sights so weird, so unearthly, as these denizens of the forest, as they sing and beat the palms of their hands together, all keeping time to the tom toms, dancing too in graceful movements, their bodies swaying to and fro, while their feet either stamp, or else glide in slow steps. It does not in the least resemble the wild Maori or North American Indian dance, usually slow and rhythmical, occasionally quickening up but quickly dying down again.

The woman that dances the best is selected from the others by the chiefs, when suddenly a man darts out, who dancing in front of her throws a silk handkerchief over her shoulder and disappears. Similarly when the men are dancing, the woman takes the place

of the man in throwing the handkerchief to the best man. They kept this up well into the night, but we retired long before it ended. Next day we walked out some few miles to have a look at some old gold mines, and got back fairly tired out. It was here, whilst at a frugal supper, we heard the firing of a gun and beating of tom toms. I said "It is some white man"; and Cameron walked in upon us. It is the custom for a stranger, before entering a town, to thus announce his approach, and the greater the personage the longer he will be kept waiting before the Chief and his retinue receive him, when, if welcome, palm wine is passed round. But before offering it to the visitor, the Chief's servants, beginning at the lowest in rank, and lastly himself, drink, to show it is not poison. After Cameron's reception we soon built a fire, toasted plantains, and cutting these into strips spread the foie gras on them, while we divided up the beer by pouring it into small gourds, and drank it as if it were a nectar.

The midgets or sand flies were very troublesome that night, and we sat with our eyes shut in the smoke of the fire, while Cameron gave us a very interesting yarn about his meeting with Livingstone's body, being carried by his boys to the coast, and some of the incidents of his journey across the dark continent. Next day we all three parted, M. Bonnat to go on to Tarquah, while I went back and camped near a village at the old gold mines. Coming in one afternoon and finding the village empty I took my tub in the open, and was having a good soap down and shampoo. On opening my eyes I found a circle of women around me, where they had sprung from I don't know, and all silently I was not aware of their presence. The attraction was my white skin. It was no use appearing bashful, though I felt so, so I went on, boldly finished my ablutions and escaped into my tent.

It was about a fortnight after this that I received the news of Bonnat's death, and my Fanties to whom I imparted the news were visibly affected and very cast down. One of them expressed himself in pigeon English: "It was the most sorrowfullest day for all people, for Massa Bonnat he be good man for all Fantis people." Rain was falling in torrents and had been for some time, the surroundings were depressing, everything wet and soaking, so I struck camp and marched back to Bamiankor. Here I spent a couple of days considering as to my own movements. I decided to give up the Kong Mountains expedition, and to attempt a smaller part of our programme only, to endeavour to find some rich alluvial fields we had notes of up the Tanoe River, and to explore part of the Aowin country at the back of Appolonia. As

Bonnat knew the native languages so well, and as I had no really reliable interpreter on whom I could depend, for here was the hitch, I reluctantly gave up the more adventurous part of the journey.

• Later on I heard more particulars of M. Bonnat's death. He had had a bad cold and on top of it got fever, and went off very suddenly at the last. I thought of his poor little bride, a bright, vivacious little Frenchwoman, with a married life of only six weeks.

Returning to the mouth of the Ancobra, I started off along the coast to meet King Blay, the only Fantee chief who had made a stand against the Ashantis in 1874, and had successfully kept their right wing at bay, preventing them from crossing the Benin river until a gun boat came down from Cape Coast Castle and shelled them out of the bush.

Queen Victoria afterwards sent him a full general's uniform, the sword studded with jewels: glass stones would have done equally well. The cocked hat he discarded, and in its place substituted what looked like a park-keeper's top hat trimmed with gold braid, and a few peacock feathers stuck in it, he also wore the Ashanti War Medal. In this get up he received me at his village, and very proud he was of it. After a short trip to the Tanoë River, finding that a native war was going on, I returned to King Blay, and arranged with him to go up into Aowin to visit some old gold mines he knew of. It was decided that he was to send three of his chiefs with me. Striking across country we travelled single file through a park-like bit of scenery, the only really open country except that around El Mineh and Cape Coast Castle I came across in my travels on the Gold Coast. The heads of the carriers were just above the tall grass, and very picturesque they looked with their loads carried on their heads.

As I marched along in the blazing sun with the perspiration pouring down me, I espied one of my boys in a great winter overcoat, quite merry and lively. He was the buffoon of the camp. Extremely plain, even for a darkie, his one complaint was that he was so ugly no girl would look at him. On this march to Benin many of my boys gave out and chucked their loads. I had later on in the day to send volunteers back and bring them in, but after their evening meal they soon recovered and were dancing as usual, using the empty packing cases as drums upon which they beat time. Leaving Benin the next day we reached a small lake and built out on it on piles was a "lake village," a description of which Burton asked me subsequently to send him, and which he published in his and Cameron's book on the Gold Coast. I give here my original description.

“ The following note by Mr. Edward T. McCarthy describes an excursion from Benin to the un-visited Essuá-ti made in August, 1881. Accompanied by Prince John Coffee, heir to King Blay, three other chiefs, their servants, and my party of Kroomen, we left the town of Benin Appolonia, to go up to the village in the bush called Eusuá-ti. After a short march from the town we found canoes awaiting us, and in these we were poled along for over half an hour, over what in the dry season is a native path, but now a narrow channel of water winding about in a dense jungle of weeds. Here and there we came upon small hillocks covered with trees, in which numerous monkeys sported about. Emerging from these reeds, one broad sheet of water presented itself to the eye, encircled by a low shore fringed with canes, bush and palm-trees, and at its Western extremity a range of hills rose out of the back ground. The lagoon receives several small streams, and empties itself into the sea by the Ebumesu river, its mouth being about halfway between Benin and the Ancobra. According to the natives the river used to be navigable to its mouth, but of late years has become overgrown with reeds. A few years back they set to work to cut a channel through them, but getting tired of the work gave it up. The length of the lagoon appears to be about three to four miles, and about one to one and a half in breadth. Its major axis runs parallel to the coast line, or nearly due East and West. Twenty minutes paddling brought us round to the point of a small headland, where we came in sight of a pretty lake village built upon piles, at some little distance from the shore, the whole forming a most picturesque and animated scene. From house to house canoes laden with people and plantains were passing to and fro, groups of villagers, some standing, others sitting upon the raised bamboo platforms outside their houses, others were bartering fish for plantains, while the children played around, apparently unconscious of any danger of falling into the water. The settlement consisted of over forty houses, mostly bamboo, a few of ‘Swish’ formed into one long irregular line, and three or four standing away from the rest round a corner of land after the Fantee custom. These houses were built on a bamboo platform supported upon piles, and raised above the water some three or four feet. One half of the platform is covered by the house; the other half left free, is used to fish from, for the children to play about on, and for receptions when ‘palavers’ are held.

“ The distance from the shore varies with the overflow of the lake, at the time of my visit about thirty to forty yards, though for miles beyond this the ground was saturated with water, the depth of which

varied from three and a half to four feet. The piles are made of stout sticks; the mode of driving them in is to lash two canoes abreast by means of two sticks or paddles, placed transversely, leaving an open space of about two and a half feet between them. Two men in each canoe, and facing each other, then vigorously twist and churn about the pole, or rather stick, into the soft bottom of the lagoon. Some fifteen of these poles are thus driven in and firmly braced together by cross pieces, upon which the platform is constructed, and on this again the house is built. We stopped here to breakfast before ascending the Boutaha river, and while doing so I counted at one time over forty natives sitting round us on the platform. I was not without fears that we should be precipitated into the water, but the structure, though in appearance frail and very rude, was far stronger than it looked. I closely questioned the natives as to why they had built their village upon the lake, and they invariably gave us their reason that they chiefly fished at night; and as the water often overflowed, they would have to build their house too far away to be able to come and go during the night; whereas now they said 'we are close to where we catch our fish, and we often catch them even from our houses.' Underneath each house were tied from one to five and sometimes more, canoes. These were much lighter, more rounded off in the keel, stem and stern, than the beach canoes. Three white men they told me visited their village—Captain Dudley in 1876, judging from the age of a child that was born at the time of his visit; Captain Grant, and Mr. Gillet, in 1878, I afterwards learnt were the other two. None of them went further into the interior.

After breakfast we crossed the lagoon, passing on our way several canoes fishing. The water was very clear and blue, and of considerable depth, judging from a stone dropped in. Unfortunately I had no other means of sounding. Not until a dozen yards from the shore were any signs of a stream discernible. Pushing aside some reeds we entered a narrow lane of water, varying from three to eighteen feet in depth, and according to the natives, navigable for three days by canoe. This stream is known by the name of Boutaha, and the lagoon by Ebumesu. After a few hours paddling in a northerly direction we stopped to walk to the village of Niba, a large place, principally engaged in raising food for the coast fishing villages and Benin, and also in elephant hunting. Elephants at the time of my visit were reported in large numbers, two days' journey off in the bush, and the villagers

were then organising a party for a hunt. Outside the village I came across the skull of a young elephant from which I extracted the teeth. The only report of a white man having been here before was long ago, when some of the old men told me, he came from Assini direction, but turned back here again. The village was neatly laid out in streets, and was beautifully clean. Another few hours pull still bearing northwards, brought us to the village of Essuá-ti, a smaller place than Niba, but prettily laid out with trees surrounded by seats, in its central street.

“The people here, as at Niba, were mainly engaged in agriculture. Crowds came in to see the ‘white man’; as few men and none of the women and children had ever been to Axim, the nearest place where whites are to be found, they had never seen one before.

“After a few days’ stay here I returned to the coast. While there I came across a curious fish trap, a description of which may not be uninteresting. Across a stick planted in the river bed, a light piece of bamboo was tied, and at its further extremity was suspended a string carrying fish hooks. Above these a broad piece of wood, suspended so as to be half in and half out of the water, acted as a float spindle. Above this again were tied four large shells, so that when a fish is hooked the shells begin to jingle, and the fishermen hid in the bush immediately rush out and secure it.”

At this village near which the mines were supposed to be, the chief received us very sulkily. King Blay’s chiefs presented their sticks, gold covered ones, the sign of an ambassadorial visit. Later on the old chief took them and threw them into the river, a direct insult to King Blay. The tom toms were beating in the bush, the people or men began to come in from the country around when I scented mischief. My head man reported our canoes had gone. I told him to take a few men and creep off into the bush, and go up the river to look for them. In about an hour he returned with them, and reported there were no paddles. Seeing the crowd were beginning to press in on us and encircle us, I took my interpreter and went over to the Chief. I took out my revolver and told him he was my prisoner, and that if his people lifted an arm against me or my men I would shoot him and that he was to order the people to go back a long distance. In the village they had a pile of plank; as each plank is made by adzing away a whole tree it meant planks were costly. I told the Chief I wanted my paddles back, but as either he would not give orders to bring them back, or his people would not obey, I set my men to make paddles out of the planks. This done, we loaded up the canoes and I sent them on down the river, all the

time keeping the chief as hostage, and with the revolver in my hand closely watching him.

Getting into my canoe I made him send all the people still further back. I then gave him some presents with the remark that the white man did not wish to make palaver for him, as he had tried to do for the white man. The white man only looked upon him as a naughty little boy, and to show him that the white man was not even angry, he gave him presents, and wished him and his village good harvests and good health. I then told him he was to stand where he was until I was out of sight, and that if he or his people moved, I would shoot him because then I should be angry if he disobeyed. Covering him with my rifle we thus got away, paddling for all we were worth. I overtook the other canoes, and just came in time to prevent them drowning two men they had overtaken in a canoe paddling down stream, and who they said were messengers going to give warning to the villages along the river. They had upset their canoe and were beating them down under the water with their paddles. but they finally got out on to the bank more dead than alive, and we left them lying there. My men needed no urging, they were all paddling for dear life, and to get away before the villages ahead of us heard of the palaver. For about four to five hours they kept steadily on, until we were out of the country. Old King Blay had told me he could never find the mines but knew they were there, and that they were reported to be rich ones.

Thence I went to another section of the country, and spent some time prospecting in it. Once only we came across elephant tracks. I was not successful on this prospecting trip, but after covering a good bit of ground, and amongst a people who had never seen a white man before, I returned to Axim. I had secured a war drum decorated with skulls and bones, and had to pass through the tribe whence they had been taken. As some of my men might report it, I one night took off the skulls and bones and hid them in a rice bag, afterwards replacing them.

In a town where I was camped one night *en route*, I could not sleep for the noise of drums and the firing of guns in a neighbouring but ; so getting up in the middle of the night I walked round to the back of it, and between the bamboos, I could see a corpse set up on a bench, richly clothed in native clothes, with its hands resting on two bags of gold dust, and a small brass pan full of gold nuggets before it. The mouth was opened wide, a kind of tow filling it ; with native candles burning around it—it was a ghastly sight. In an inner room were seated two fetish priests who kept casting lots with a string, to which are tied pieces of bone,

human teeth, bits of shell, and pieces of brass. I had seen this done before so knew what they were doing; they were casting lots to see if he had been a good man or a bad man. After hours of this pretence they give the family of the dead man the result. It is the custom after death to fire guns and beat drums—the noise is deafening. I finally got back to my bamboo bed without being discovered. The saying on the coast is “a resurrectionist would be a good trade,” for the wealth of a man when he dies is usually buried with him. No native would disturb a grave, or the man’s fetish (ghost) would ever after humbug him. It was also a saying that no white man had ever succeeded in obtaining one of these cast lots strings. In fact I had a bet I would sooner or later get one.

One day I asked a fetish priest I knew to sell me one, but they would sooner sell themselves. I told him then my fetish wanted one, would not his fetish part with one for mine? He said “No.” I said I was very sorry, and sat down opposite his house on the ground. Pulling out a box of matches I stuck these about in the ground, and then wound my watch through them for over an hour, never taking my eyes off the ground. A great crowd collected round me. They said I must be doing fetish. The priest looked on and at last begged my interpreter to stop me and he would give me the charm I asked for. My interpreter besought me to stop. I said I would try, so after a long time slowly picking up a match at a time I left off. Then I said, “I hear a message. My fetish says the fetish priest is to give me the charm, and I am to give him a good present, that his own fetish is not to hurt him for this, or the white man’s fetish will do his fetish very much harm.” So the bargain was struck, and I came off with my charm or trinkets. Even the fetish priests are afraid of their own fetishes, and evidently themselves believed in their spirits, which are always bad ones and have to be propitiated. All the Ga tribes kill a chicken at times and sprinkle the blood over their door lintels to guard them against fetishes, and to prevent them from entering the house. They have too, many odd fetish customs, which are closely in accord with the old Jewish ones. A wife who has no children, for example, will give a slave girl to her husband, and if sons or daughters are born, they are considered the sons or daughters of the wife. This applies to all the Ga tribes, that is, Ashantis, Fantees, Wassans, Aowins, Appolonians etc. The Fantees have a saying with regard to the latter people, “The Appolonians are always liars,” and in my experience they are. Of the Kroos it is much more difficult to get their beliefs and customs out of them, and consequently I know less about them. The Kroo custom of

"Sassa Wood" is one widely practised by them. When a person is suspected of a crime, he is placed with a number of people who may also be suspected, and the head of each one of these people's families then goes with the fetish priest to the Sassa wood tree. The latter makes an incision, and all see the sap run off into a big gourd. Then the heads of the families take small gourds, and dipping them into the big one, give to each man or woman they represent to drink. They say and believe that the guilty person present will die. Tom Brown used to tell me, "Missionary man no believe, white man no believe it be true, all people live Kroo country know it be true." I personally think it is likely to be true. Fear has unquestionably some physiological effect on the organs of the glands. A person labouring under great fear cannot saliva, it may be the sap poison mixed with saliva is neutralised by it, and so becomes inoperative. At all events it is not difficult to conceive that in some such way the "Sassa Wood" belief may have a foundation of truth. In certain parts of China the suspected person is placed with the innocent, a small pinch of dry rice is put on the tongue of each, and they are told to chew it while a small taper burns out, then to spit it out; the guilty one spits it out dry. For long no one believed in this story, until the medical world found out that fear stops anyone from salivating.

There are numerous hidden mysteries on this coast. The fetish priests have many secrets, and form in fact a secret society among themselves. I remember when the battle of Sandwana was fought in the Zulu war, and when there were no cables to the coast. We heard within a week of the event that the white men had lost a big battle with the black men, and many of the former had been killed. Either they have some rapid way of signalling information, unknown to us or they have some telepathic organ developed in them we know nothing about. That it is only a few among the fetish priests who can give early information, and not every priest, I believe is not unlikely, but how I don't know. This fetish society is not confined to any one tribe, but passes from one to another. Lower down the coast fetish is known as "Ju ju." That they practise in secret the most dreadful rites is but too well known, though they are not practised openly in our midst. I will give two instances that I can personally vouch for.

At Axim fort whilst at dinner one night with the Commandant, the most soul-piercing shrieks were heard coming from the bush just outside the town. A squad of Hausas were sent out to seek the cause, but they returned without finding it. A few days after-

wards the Commandant, Captain W——. was taking a walk in the bush along a well trodden native path, when he noticed a new trail going off from it; he followed it up, and came into a cleared space in the middle of which were the half-charred remains of a young negress with unburnt pieces of wood remaining of what had been a fire, and there was little doubt the shrieks had come from this girl who had evidently been roasted alive. Around the fire the ground bore traces of a dance having been carried on, for the ground was well marked with the footprints of the dancers.

At Tarquah in a village on our concession, the Chief died. The morning before his death a slave of his came to ask me if he might cut palm wine from some of our trees. I gave him permission conditionally to his giving half for the camp. I had quite a talk with him and he appeared to be in the best of health. My boy, after the chief's death came to me and told me an old slave woman of the chief's, whom I knew, was dying; suspecting poisoning, I took down a bottle of strong emetic. She was already unconscious when I administered the medicine. I brought her round, and had her later on removed, and for three months she lived under our protection. Eventually she returned to her people, but died a few days afterwards. Whilst attending to this woman I happened to go out of her hut, and came across three men carrying a round wickerwork basket with a cloth covering it. On seeing me they bolted with it, I after them, and overtook them, whereupon they dropped the basket and fled. On removing the cloth there was my palm wine friend of the early morning dead, coiled up in it, and with the look on his features of having suffered terrible agonies, whether by physical torture or poison, one could not say. It was formerly the custom among all the Ga tribes that when a chief died, his slaves were killed off to accompany him. Here was a fairly clear case within sight of my house of these sacrificial rites being carried on in our very midst.

In this same village I witnessed one evening a fetish woman doing fetish. The whole village had collected round a central fire on which was a large clay pot. The performance had just begun when I came on the scene and it was immediately stopped. I knew the people well and they me. After a long palaver I persuaded them to go on with it, and gave them my word my fetish would not interfere with theirs. The old woman then came out and threw some herbs or leaves into the boiling water, when dense white fumes issued out. At the same time one of the men killed an old fowl and sprinkled the blood over the door lintel of one of the houses. The old woman began to sway to and fro, with her face

entering and re-entering the ascending smoke. Her swaying became more and more rapid until it was incredible that she did not overbalance backwards, and still more so that her movement could be so rapid. After several minutes of this, two men standing near her plunged forward and caught her as she fell, and carried her into a hut. I found she was quite unconscious, and remained so for about an hour, when she came out looking very weak, and she announced to the family she was doing fetish for the replies to their questions she had received from the fetish. What the questions or answers were no one would tell me. My own interpreter said he feared to, and I never succeeded in getting it out of him, though I tried hard. She evidently worked herself up into some hypnotic state. Whether the fumes from the pot helped her into this state or not it is impossible to say.

Afterwards I made another trip into Appolonia, and prospected further, but unsuccessfully. I came across on this visit a native living in a village much as any white man. Some years before he had been in Cape Coast Castle, and there became a servant to some white men. He had only one wife, had a nice clean house, with tables, chairs, crockery, glasses, and all well furnished though simply. He had not seen any missionaries, not even native ones, for some years. The people in the village looked upon him as a pucker white man. In the course of my travels it was the only case of the kind I came across away from where any white settlement was found.

Before I finally left the coast, I explored a good part of that country known as Western Wassau. I was staying at Abosso fitting out before starting on one of my expeditions, where the manager, who was away on the coast, had kindly lent me his small house. Next to it was the accountant's, a young fellow just out from the West Indies. Beyond was a row of huts, where the mechanics and miners each had one to himself. I was having lunch with the accountant previous to making a start later in the afternoon, my intention being to camp about four miles away, so as to make an early start in the morning. In Africa it is always a hard job to get one's carriers away when starting out if in a friendly village. Just after lunch a Fantee named Peter came to the accountant and had a violent altercation with him over some contract. I happened to make the remark to the accountant that we were not in the West Indies, and if he had explained to Peter quietly why he had lost on his contract, Peter would not have gone away believing he was cheated, and I thought no more about it. Peter had been formerly in my employ for over a year. Before that he had been

in the Dutch Navy, and had been to Java. I always thought him not quite right in the head. Bidding the accountant goodbye, I camped that night as stated, and early next morning was striking camp, when I got a note to come back at once, only signifying that something had happened, and wanting me to take charge. So I gave the boy a note to take back that I was on my way. My men evidently heard from him, "Some white man was dead, and bad palaver had come." Thinking that it was probably a case of fever having taken off one of the men, I paid not much attention to the rumour. I emerged at the end of my tramp just opposite the accountant's house. Not seeing any white man about I walked straight into it, and there lying on the bed was the young accountant dead, with his head almost split in two by an axe, and with numerous stabs, I afterwards found, all over the body. By his side a lamp was still burning, and a loaded revolver on the corner of the table. The murder, it could at once be seen, was committed while he was asleep. I suspected Peter. By this time the white men had come in, and no one knew anything, they had heard nothing. I then had the roll-call called, and found three men missing, Peter, and one of the other two was M. Bonnat's old servant, who had been for years a faithful servant to his late master; but Bonnat had told me if anything ever happened to him never to employ him. I recalled this warning of Bonnat's at the moment. I then went to the chief of Abosso to call up his people to see if all were there, or if any were absent.

This is an easier matter to do than it looks, as all the people are divided up into families. By family is meant a group of people or families with some near or distant kinship between them. One family may be called the "Dog" family, another the "Leopard," the "Sloth" or "Elephant" family. Over each is a head man, who knows if any one goes on a journey and leaves the village. After a short time the chief reported all were present save a few who had left the day before the murder. I then promised a big reward, I forget what it was, to any who would catch the three missing men, and two days afterwards they were brought in prisoners. Meantime I searched the huts and found nothing, but going back soon afterwards found blood stained cloths where they had not been an half an hour before. These were identified as belonging to Peter and M. Bonnat's servant. The white work-people were very scared, and declared it was a conspiracy of the people in the village to kill them all. I begged them not to show any signs of fear or agitation to the natives, whether to our boys or the villagers. As evening approached I found they were all

going to crowd into one house and sleep in it, though I had asked each to remain in his house. It was the first case of open murder of a white man I knew of, and until the murderers were caught the position might be dangerous. In those days Abosso was not in our Colony or Protectorate.

There happened to be a store house about half a mile away. I proposed to the white men, that they should all go there to sleep; I intended to remain in the manager's house, and I made a point of making them promise to come over if my revolver went off in the night. They wanted to know what my scheme was, but I would not tell them. The idea really was if there was any plot to hide their fears, by telling the natives I had sent them over there, as I wanted the murderers to come and try to murder me. I told them too I would leave my door open, and in my bedroom I would place much money, cloth, beads, etc., but not till the white-men had all gone did I do so, when I begged the murderers whoever they might be and how many they might be, to come and try to murder me. This sounds like brag. Really if there had been any conspiracy, such as the white employees believed, I should have been in a safer position than they. Of course the native mind imagined I had a big fetish, and even the murderers would not have come near me. It was a pure piece of bluff on my part, trading on their superstition. After the employees had gone I called all the natives up, and addressed them as just explained, emphasising I wanted the murderers to come.

Before going to bed I took the precaution to put two loaded revolvers under my pillow, and I placed, as a precaution, a few empty bottles across the threshold of my inner room. I was naturally sleeping lightly when I heard a chair distinctly move in the outer room. Silently I got up, crept along the edge of the bed, until opposite the door and sat down facing it with a revolver in each hand. Breathlessly I waited, for I really thought someone was about to attempt murdering me. I knew they would have to strike a light or bring in a native whisk (torch) and that I should then let go at them. The minutes passed, long ones too, and I was just about to rise and go back to bed when again a chair was distinctly moved, but almost directly followed by the yawling of two cats. I had never seen a cat in camp, but it happened the steward of one of the steamers had recently sent up a present of three to the men. My nightmare over I went back to bed. Next day some of the Tarquah staff came over, and we buried the young accountant that afternoon. The three captured men were brought back, all evidence taken, after which they were sent to the coast to be

tried. Fortunately they were British subjects from El Mineh, and as British subjects they could be tried.

A few months afterwards on my way home, I arrived at Axim and was on the jury, of which ten were natives. The counsel for the defence was a Sierra Leone native, and for the prosecution a white man who was evidently suffering from malaria. The defence was excellent, the prosecution feeble. Peter only was brought in guilty. The other two were the worst culprits and schemers of the whole business, using Peter as a tool. Never before did it dawn on me how grossly stupid are our administrators in some respects. Think of taking ten semi-barbarians and putting them on a jury. Still more so when about five of the jury were El Mineh men themselves, and when it is well-known on the coast that every villager will protect anyone from his own village. Even Peter they wanted to let off, though they admitted the evidence was against him. Just before I saw Peter executed I spent ten minutes with him in his cell. He asked me for a cigar, which I gave him, and he made no reference to the murder.

After leaving Abosso once more, as I had some El Mineh men with me for some time afterwards, I always slept with a loaded revolver in my hand.

Later on I camped at the old Mines of Prestea and Broomassie, which tradition reported as having been good. After clearing away the jungle and tracing up the old works, a shaft was sunk at either place which re-discovered the old mines, and led to the opening up of them. The Prestea is turning out to-day about £20,000 worth of gold per month. Tarquah and Abosso are two similar camps, and many hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold have since those pioneer days been won from them. I have as far as possible in relating incidents and experiences of my life avoided any descriptions of mines or their workings, as when a mining engineer once starts on this subject, he enters a field that is not, I think, of much interest to non-professional people; but I will mention here an incident as throwing light on how the ancients worked in hard stone without the use of explosives.

The shaft sunk had reached a depth of 135 feet, when we struck the old reef of gold stone in the bottom of it. The Chief of Essaman, the village near by, came with a long procession to make a petition, the first part of which was that if the gold reef was blasted the new method would frighten the gold in the rock and it would run away. I was to let them do as the traditions handed down from the past told them how to do it.

The second part was that as soon as we had broken the reef

would I discard my boots, as the gold fetish did not like leather, in other words it was unlucky; so I gave them leave to use their own method and that I would not put on my boots at first entry into the mine. They then cut and made up dry wood into a number of little faggots, and heaped these on the bottom where, setting fire to them they burned for three days and nights, replenishing the faggots from time to time.

Next they poured water down and after about another three days it was sufficiently cooled to go down, and I did so minus my boots. They had got my blacksmith to make chisel shaped tools, which they fastened to the end of stout sticks. The quartz or stone of the reef had been cracked and shivered, and into these cracks they drove their chisel edged tools and then levered out the stone. In this way they broke down the rock to a depth of about two to two and a half feet. They then came up and a big fetish custom was carried on in the village after which they made no further objection to our continuing to work it in our own methods. This was the beginning of what is now a large mining establishment at Prestea. The village of Essaman had then a population of about 300, now it has some 7,000. A railway has since been built to connect it with the Tarquah Seconde line also built since. Cold storage enables the employees to have fresh meat, and the conditions of life are to-day entirely changed.

As the fire had destroyed the lower part of our timbering in the shaft, I was anxious to replace the "sets" as we call them, as soon as possible, but my carpenter, whose job it was to get them out, took it into his head to worship the Tanoe River. This river is a very big fetish even up to and into Ashanti. For two days he sat all day in the sun, covered with a piece of white calico sheeting. At the end of the second day I said to him "Coffee" (that is Friday in Fantee), "what for you worship Tanoe River and no work." His reply was, "Massa when you go Tanoe River, you good man so he no hurt you, but I fear him plenty, I no good man so I worship him, he kill one white man." "When he kill one white man"? I asked. "Two moons ago, two white men come Axim, go Tanoe River, canoemen tell them you no go river white clothes, Tanoe say all people go black (dark) clothes. Then they say, 'You go canoe we no wear black clothes, we no fear fetish, he humbug.' Then that night one man he go die and that other man he fear go river, and he run away to Axim and go big ship. So dem white man he sabbe Tanoe River big fetish."

I had, too, a good reputation with the natives, which was due I think to the following reason:—

The natives before drinking anything always poured a little of the fluid, whatever it might be upon the ground, as a libation to their fetish. I always did the same, but at the end of my drink, the real reason for which was to pour out the last dregs, lest the house boys should use the cup or glass to drain what was left in it, but they took it that mine was a libation, and so I was a good white man. Near this place I found some wild coffee trees, growing in what had once been an old clearing. As the coffee tree is not indigenous to the coast, the inference I drew from it was that the Dutch or half castes had at some time been here. Lower down the river, tradition has it that near "Booteboy," the Dutch built a fort to protect the gold trade from these mines, but I could never find any trace of it.

Although Tarquah was not far off, none of the women had ever seen a white man, but a good many of the men had done so. At first the former all fled out of the village, afterwards when I gained their confidence by giving the more venturesome children sugar, they came in and no matter what I was doing, they followed me about, my white skin being the attraction.

I remember once sitting at a small table having my evening meal in the open, with a crowd of women standing in a semi-circle at a respectful distance. One came up behind me secretly, reached forward and ran her hand up my arm, my coat being off and shirt sleeves tucked up. Away she fled like a young hind, shrieking at the top of her voice. Regaining the semi-circle I noticed all the women examining her hand most carefully. I suppose they thought I was painted, and were looking to see if any trace had come off on the girl's hand.

Whilst here a goldsmith from Tarquah came on a visit and he made some very pretty gold trinkets and rings for me. The native jewellery has almost always the signs of the Zodiac upon it. I got him to melt down a number of three-penny pieces, and to make two napkin rings out of them, with the signs of the Zodiac upon them, and I have them to this day.

Their method of making wire was ingenious, though a very tedious one. First they ground up fine white clay under water, then allowed the bulk to settle, poured off the upper portion, and repeated the process. This takes a few days. The very fine clay thus settled is then worked up into a bulb in which gold dust is placed, then round a thread of hard wax, a pipe leading from the bulb is made. All is finally dried and the bulb placed in one of their small wind blown clay furnaces, the charcoal lit and blown up with a pair of native

bellows, when the gold, melting, runs down the small stem-like tube, the wax having melted and run out. Then it is broken when cold, and a rough thin gold wire is extracted from it. Next it is sand-papered down with a leaf that grows in the bush, which has all the properties of sand-paper, and is largely used as such even on wood-work.

I believe that I was the first to send to England and order a draw plate, which is now generally used by the goldsmiths on the coast.

On my return to Axim before finally sailing for England I had a most unpleasant experience on the river. I was going to camp one night at a station called Tumentoo, but as it was getting dark we somehow missed the landing leading to it. I was in a canoe and my boys unused to rapids. As we approached Hell Gate Rapids, I explained to them that as they neared it they must paddle for all they were worth, as unless the canoe has a greater velocity than the river, steering power is lost. As they drew near they got frightened, and stopped paddling, and we shot right on to a ledge of rocks, with the river shooting down on either side of us. It was a long time before I could get the boys to shoot her off and trust to luck, but it was the only thing to do. It looked certain we should be swamped. Away we went, we travelled in circles, very nearly capsized, half full of water, yet we safely passed through them. It was getting dark and a heavy tropical storm came on, we could see no landings, the boys shouting, but no return answer from any village. The vivid lightning lit up the banks, still we could see no landing, and on the banks was only thick jungle. About midnight we heard our cries answered ahead of us, and some natives came out with torches made of bamboo. Landing safely, soaked to the skin, I found only two huts; turning all out of one into the other, I put my boys in the empty one, and slept in my wet clothes in the other amidst the men, women and children. At dawn we were up, and up river again, for I had my main camp at Tumentoo waiting for me, and had to return. Not until 4 p.m. did we get back, tired and hungry, for I had had nothing since the previous day, save two or three bananas, and needless to say I was glad to get back and get into dry clothes.

Starting down the river again I made a detour off it, and marched inland to a place called Chericum-Tumpoor. Here we found, hundreds of old native shafts that had been used to work out an alluvial gold deposit. On the way back I got caught by another downpour and arriving at a place where we ought to have found a village, we found only its ruins. I was dead beat, and soaked, the only shelter was an old hen coop about the length of

a man, mounted on posts. Into this I crawled after throwing off all my clothes. I never in my life spent such an awful night, for the chicken lice which I had not reckoned on swarmed over me. I survived it but I don't know how; my poor boys too were squatting in the torrential rain.

Next day I crossed the river and went inland to some supposed site of old mines. Here I nearly lost my life, for in crossing a swamp we lost the ford. Gradually all were sinking in the morass, getting deeper and deeper. I called a halt, and for an hour or more the boys yelled as loud as they could until at last some natives heard us and steered us on to the ford at the bottom of the swamp, which our guide had missed by only a few feet. That night as my clothes were soaked, I lay on a bamboo couch without them by a small fire on the ground near me, and went off to sleep, but was waked up by rats running over my body. I slept no more but sat by the fire which I had built up.

Bonnat alone knew the whereabouts of the mine for which I was looking. No reward or persuasion could induce the chief to show it me. The tradition is that the Dutch worked it, and one day an earthquake came and closed up the mine. Both the Dutch men and many native miners were killed in it. Now it is a big fetish and they won't show anyone the place. They had near by, a big round hole which they pretend is the place, but there is no sign of any old refuse or reef there. We had made a plan to re-open the mine some day, and had I located it, it was my intention then to have attempted it.

On my way back to Axim I stayed at the mouth of the Ancobra to send my outfit round by surf-boat. The boat got upset, and one of the crew taken up by a shark. Most of my belongings were tied in so I lost very little.

As I was walking into Axim, through the little cemetery, I heard a voice in the twilight saying in a broad Irish brogue, "Is it yourself or your ghost," "It is myself," I answered, and the Commandant of the fort who was speaking told me as we walked back that it was reported I had been carried off with fever. O'Brien, for such was his name, soon afterwards died himself. Sending for me one day I found him in bed, he said he had an attack of gout, his feet had been getting daily more painful. I said, "You are too young for gout, let me see your feet." "Indeed," he said, "I will do nothing of the sort." I said, "It might be Jiggers." "Jiggers," he said, "and bedad, what are they?" It turned out his feet were infested with them, and in a very bad state. I sent a messenger to the Governor of Cape Coast Castle to send a doctor down. Instead

an order came for him to go down in a fishing canoe. By this time he had an attack of fever, but he insisted on going. He was carried down and laid on a mattress in the bottom of the canoe. This tall, fine, handsome young Irishman went off thus all alone. I was too bad a sailor to stand the swell of the sea, or I would have gone with him. As they were carrying him from the canoe to the castle he died. The "Jigger" is a ground flea that was introduced about this time from the West Indies, or South America, its home. It burrows just under the toe or finger nails, and lays there a small sac of eggs about the size of a very small pea. This begins to itch very much like a chilblain, and if not attended to gives much pain, and breaks out into a festering sore. This plague has since crossed Central Africa, and has almost reached the East Coast. The method of treatment is simple, a flat bladder about the size of a pea can be seen in its early stage, then take a sharp pointed piece of stick, such as a match, pick round it, breaking away the white skin and give a small squeeze when out comes a little sac of eggs, then put some tobacco juice on the wound, and no further consequences ensue.

After winding up my affairs at Axim, I once more bid goodbye to the Coast.

I went on board feeling very fit, though a bit run down from a few attacks of fever, but half way up the coast I went down with "Black-water Fever." At that time it was only known in the Gaboon, a French settlement lower down the coast. Now it has, with the "Jigger" spread all over Africa, and is very common. I often wonder if the "Jigger" has carried it.

A friend of mine on board died. I knew he was ill, and asked my steward how he was. He hesitated, and said "better." The doctor it appeared had told him not to tell me he was dead. When the doctor came in I said, "When are you going to bury H——?" "This evening," he said. Then going out of my cabin I heard him round on the steward for having told me, but it was himself who had done so. At Funchal they carried me up in a Madeira chair, and sat me on deck. Some passengers came off, amongst them a young girl with her friend to see her off. I heard the latter say, "Look at that man, doesn't he look awfully ill, I am sure you are going to have a funeral, I did hope you were going to have a jolly voyage home." By the time I reached Liverpool, I was able to toddle off with the help of a stick. On the landing stage I said goodbye to the young lady I had got to know, as she used to come and talk to me, and as I said goodbye to her I added, "Will you give a message from me to the friend, I think you called her

Jenny, you left in Madeira, that there was one passenger in particular who was very glad there had been no funeral on board." She begged me to explain, I don't think she remembered the episode, but I felt sure her friend would, and I left it to her to explain.

Thirteen years afterwards I returned to Prestea on a short trip. Great changes had taken place. The Ancobra river was a busy one, great rafts of mahogany were being floated down it for the Liverpool market. I had formerly brought specimens home of this timber, and thirty-four other samples of wood but could not get timber merchants interested. A Jamaica negro afterwards started the trade, which is now a very big one.

I did not visit Tarquah again, only Prestea, and went up the river in a fine steam launch, met old friends, and my former boy Jack Sally, grown to manhood, and who had learnt to read and write, and was acting as clerk. Our meeting again was accidental and with pride he showed me his books. The boy himself came to me from a cannibal clan, and when he left me had promised to go to the missionaries at Cape Palmas and learn to read and write.

Four years after I left the coast, two of us made out a list of forty-four or forty-five white men that we had known in my first year there, including ourselves, and out of that list only four of us were left. Of these many had died from pure climatic causes, others from drink or accidents. Cameron and Burton in those days read a joint paper before the Society of Arts, making out that the climate was by no means so bad as was generally supposed.

A very venerable gentleman, a retired army surgeon, opened the discussion somewhat on these lines :—

" Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

" With one leg in the grave, and the other out of it, for my doctors have given me only a few months to live, I have made it a solemn duty to come here to-night, even if it hastens my end, to warn the audience against believing in such a description of the climate as has been given you by the two illustrious travellers.

" My experience brought home to me it is a deadly one. In one expedition alone I saw forty men die from disease out of forty-four. I warn any one here against going out there, or inducing any friend to go. It is as deadly a climate as any in the world. It is my solemn duty to raise my protest against this misleading paper," and he sat down. Then there arose a Mr. W—, a very handsome man, magnificently built, with silver grey locks and beard. " Mr, President, Ladies and Gentlemen, with all due deference to the gallant gentleman who has just sat down, I make

bold to state that had he prescribed my remedy, he would have brought all his men back."

Everyone was almost breathless to know what this remedy was.

He went on :—" I flatter myself," he said, slapping his hand across his chest, " there is not a finer specimen of humanity in this room to-night than myself, yet I have lived forty years and over on that coast, and the remedy? I will tell you on my honour it has been a bottle of brandy before 11 a.m. every day of my life." The contrast between the two speakers was great. The story Mr. W——, gave of himself was, I believe, a true one, a case probably of the survival of one whom nothing could kill.

Sir Richard Burton himself was a man who could drink like a fish. Drink had no effect on him, but he did not drink so far as I knew him, save in company. It was a matter of indifference to him what he drank I believe. If water was there he was quite satisfied, if liquor it was the same.

I remember Captain K——, of the ss. *Senegal*, telling me an episode on the voyage out to the Coast when Sir R. Burton was on board. At dinner one night some traders, or " palm oil ruffians " were boasting of the amount they could drink. Burton called for three soup tureens, filled them up with every sort of drink to be had on the wine list, champagne, beer, stout, claret, burgundy, brandy, whisky, gin, and liqueurs, mixed them all up together, then turned to the men and said, " Gentlemen I have been listening to all you have been saying, I invite you to drink glass for glass with me "; which they did until all were under the table dead drunk. The captain said he had to call in stewards and sailors to get them off to bed. Afterwards Burton resumed the conversation with the captain, and retiring to the deck sat talking with him until 2 a.m., never showing the slightest sign of having taken anything too much.

Burton told me one day, the West Coast languages were the only ones he could not master. I put my foot into it by saying as he was not so young as he was, he could hardly expect to add to his already long list of languages. If there was anything he disliked it was to be thought old. On the Coast his hair and beard were greyish, in London jetblack.

Cameron I offended, for he brought out a Merryweather's fire engine, and was going to hydraulic a mine behind Axim with it, a very, very poor one just showing traces of gold in a pan. I told him if he stood on top of a hill and used a garden watering hose he would get about as good a result. This was too much for poor Cameron, too bluntly put, and he never forgave me.

I met while on the coast two other interesting men, one whose name I forget, the discoverer of the source of the Niger, and the other a Mr. Blyden, a Liberian black, but a great scholar, and a well known Arabic one. With all its drawbacks of climate and bad food, West Africa had a peculiar fascination. That part of it, from Seconde to the Assini River, was a *terra incognita* a few miles inland, and over a greater part of it, absolutely so, from only a mile inland.

Before finally saying goodbye to West Africa, I will jot down two incidents of medical treatment I experienced from the hands of a fetish priest and a priestess. Coming into a village one day with a splitting headache, and scarcely knowing how to stand, I met the fetish priest of the village, an old friend of mine. On telling him my symptoms he offered to doctor me, and I accepted. He going off, presently returned with some small seeds in the palm of his hand, I fancied they were tobacco seeds. Taking some of these he placed them under the lid of one eye, and rubbed the eyelid gently over the eyeball for a minute or two. Afterwards my eye streamed with matter. Then he proceeded with the other one in like manner, and again my eye simply streamed, not much with water but with matter. In ten minutes after this operation my headache had completely disappeared, and my head was as clear as a bell. On another occasion I came into a village very tired, overheated and exhausted. I lay down on the clay floor of a native hut, when I felt the cold from it strike right through me, and very soon had a burning fever, accompanied with vomiting and purging. I sent for the fetish priest, who happened to be a priestess, as I had no medicines with me. I told her to get some medicine, with a caution that if I died I would come and humbug her and the village ever afterwards. I was almost in a semi-conscious state when the old dame, a veritable picture of an old witch, entered with a bush in her hand off which she stript the leaves, and put them and some water into a clay pot, which she placed on a fire she had kindled in a corner of the room. Some of this decoction I can well remember she took in a small gourd, came over to where I was lying, and with one hand held up my head, while with the other she forced the boiling fluid down my throat. I was too weak to resist her. Later on in the afternoon she returned and repeated the dose. By sunset I was immensely relieved, and before daylight the attack had passed off leaving me weak, but with a scalded mouth. For days I could eat nothing, and only with difficulty could I drink a little cold rice water. The remedy was heroic, but effective.

There can be little doubt these fetish priests have a great herbalist knowledge of medicine, and we might learn much from them, but they will not part with their secrets. No promise of rewards will make them give them up.

On my way home we had a Mr. T—— as a passenger, a judge from Lagos. Formerly he had been a trader, but having been educated for the bar had later on entered Her Majesty's service. When I was recovering from fever he regaled me with stories of his life in Dahomey, and I will give them for what they are worth. They read more like stories concocted in the brain of a fever-stricken man, but he stoutly asserted they were true. As stories, whether true or not, they are interesting.

He had been many years ago the owner of a small factory at Whydah in the Kingdom of Dahomey. For years he had a Portuguese in charge, then sent a young English clerk down to take his place, but something he had seen caused him to throw up his position and go home. T——. then went down himself, and took charge. After dinner one night, whilst talking to his sub-agent, with three candles burning on the table, and a large oil lamp lit in the adjoining room, with not a breath of air stirring, a bright moonlight night outside, suddenly one candle went out, then the next and the next one. When the second one went out he exclaimed, "What's the matter." Then the lamp went out? Thinking it was due to some unperceived physical cause he relit them. Shortly afterwards the same thing happened again. Feeling frightened he and his sub-agent went out on to the verandah. Before going he relit the candles and they did not go out again. As he sat in a Madeira chair in the verandah, he saw a man standing in the compound below, against a tree. He was a white man dressed in white trousers and a flannel shirt with a red sash round his waist, in which was a dagger with a prominent handle to it sticking out.

Going inside he got his revolver, and coming out asked the man who he was, but got no answer. The man advanced towards him, T——. then cautioned him again but he still came on. T——. fired two shots at him which took no effect. T——. was now thoroughly frightened. The man coming up to him pulled out his dagger and raised it to strike him, when he exclaimed, "Holy Mother of God, save me." The man then desisted, looked him straight in the face, turned, went down the steps and out through the doors of the compound. T——. followed but found the doors locked. Some nights afterwards almost the same experience was gone through but no candles were burning. T——. determined to dig up the com-

pound, as he had an idea that in some way this apparition was connected with the compound. They found nothing there, but long afterwards, close to the tree the man stood against, they dug up a coffin with a skeleton in it (he did not say if it was that of a white man), and with it was a dagger.

He described how every year at the feast of harvests, or Yam feast, all the prisoners were taken out, tied in round baskets and placed at the bottom of a dry moat. Overlooking was a wall on which the Chiefs sat, not the King, for it was by law death to him ever to see the sea. Then the executioners appeared, and the one who could in the shortest time cut off the most heads, received a large reward.

Many similar stories he recounted. The latter one was probably true, as Dahomey, before the French occupied it, was well known for its abominations of fiendish cruelties. It was in this country the King had three Amazon regiments, known as red, blue and yellow caps; as each regiment's headgear was so adorned. None of these women were allowed to marry, the culprit who did so suffered death.

My reason for giving up West Africa was, I foresaw that to keep up a continuity of managership of any mine, would be almost impossible. And so it has proved on account of the enervating climate, with the difficulty in consequence of getting managers to remain long in the country. So "Adios" to dark, but fascinating West Africa.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE GOLD COAST TO MOROCCO.

TRIP TO MOROCCO. Once again I found myself at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, waiting for a steamer to take me to Mogador. I reached Santa Cruz just at the time the New Bedford whalers gather there on their biennial visit ; they come from all parts of the world, the Antarctic, Japan Seas, and Arctic, etc. This port being a free one they refit here, while steamers from the United States ship their oil and carry it back to that country. I put up at Comacho's hotel, and found several captains with their wives there. There was great excitement as each day passed, and much betting was going on as to the arrival of the other whalers, whose captains had wagered to be there within certain dates.

I had an invitation to go on board some of the whalers and spent many pleasant hours there.

My surprise was great to find that on some of them, the captains had their families and governesses. Their cabins were fitted up with swing beds, heavily loaded with lead, so as to steady them, libraries and pianos. But the sailors had very poor accommodation provided for them. I was lucky enough to see one morning a whale sporting in the bay, and the attempt made to "cut her out;" it proved a failure but was none the less interesting.

During the few days I spent here, we made up a party to go out in brakes to "Lagoona," a town about half-way across the island, and where the annual fete of the island was being held. Here a very large concourse of people had gathered. The gentry and peasantry of the island mingled with each other, the latter dressed in their very picturesque gala costumes. Roundabouts were in full play, and booths with their peep shows were doing a big business, while stalls with all sorts of sweet meats, luscious fruits, were also doing a big trade. Many kinds of fruit drinks we all freely sampled, besides some of the stronger kinds. As the evening wore on hundreds of Chinese lanterns were lit, and massed military bands struck up a national jig. Immediately the great

throng resolved themselves into couples, and as one looked down over the crowd the aspect was that of a human sea rising and falling in rhythmical waves, a very pretty sight. At the end, fire balloons and fireworks were sent up, after which the crowd dispersed. Lagoon itself is a pretty town, with a fine Convent, of Moorish design. Whilst in Santa Cruz I discovered a Padre I had once travelled with on the West Coast. I had played him a trick, and he remembered it, for I one night took a skull, draped it at the head of some pillows and to represent the body covered a bolster with a sheet and put it in his berth. The skull he took and pitched out into the saloon, and there as the ship rolled first to one side then to the other, so the old skull would clatter from one side to the other of the saloon. No one would venture out to pick it up fearing the Padre's vengeance. The old Padre swore vengeance on me, but nothing came of it. He invited me to attend service at the Cathedral that night, when he said, "You will see all the *élite* of the town," and I did. As I passed the font where one of the Priests was blessing the people I held out my hand. At that moment I heard a voice say, "Muy malo" (very bad): it was the Padre's, and at the same moment I received a gentle cuff across the ear. On looking round to see where it had come from I saw my friend in fits of laughter, and in English he said to me, "My son, I have at last got even with you." I could only laugh too, for he had me fairly, but it was an amazement to me that such a thing could take place in a Roman Catholic cathedral. For the moment when struck I expected the whole crowd to round on me; but he said something in Spanish, and they all laughed as they passed on. In the evening a military band used to play in the Upper Plaza, and the *élite* promenaded up and down, the ladies by themselves and the gentlemen by themselves—not a good custom to our way of thinking.

Saying goodbye to my American friends with whom I had had "a real good time," I left one evening for Las Palmas, where I was to meet a little French steamer that traded across to Mogador. Next morning I arrived there to find she had not yet called. While waiting here the outward African mail boat came in, and a doctor from her landed here, going to Cape Jube, where an English company were trying to divert the Sahara Morocco caravans to that port, from which they were later driven out. I very nearly lost my steamer for I went with him for a long ride into the country, and coming back when about four miles from town I sighted her. I galloped in and only just caught her, for she had no cargo, and had only stopped to land mails. As it was the captain had to wait

while my boat was pulling out, and on going on board he rounded on me in his best French slang.

On the second day we anchored close in to Lanzarote, a small volcanic island with no water. The inhabitants have to go two days sail for it to the mainland. Notwithstanding the island grows maize, and our steamer was to take a cargo of it on board. Camels were the only beasts of burden to be seen on it. Here I transhipped on to another steamer going direct to Mogador, where I landed after about thirty hours steaming.

I had introductions to a Moorish merchant, who spoke English well, and who paid annual visits to London, a very fine handsome specimen of a Moorish gentleman. He was engaged in the olive oil and goat skin trade. The object of my visit was, at his request, to make arrangements to travel with him to the interior to examine some reported rich argentiferous mires. Once every twelve to fifteen months, an immense caravan comes into this port, comprising many thousands of camels laden with oil carried in skins, and goat skins, the latter for the Paris market, and also with bags of almonds. I was fortunate enough to witness its arrival, and as far as one could see the caravan was stretched out from the back of the town in numerous small camps.

They also bring down bags of lead ore, which are used by the Moors for dyeing their eyelids, or at least by the fair sex. It was this ore that when assayed in London proved to be very rich in silver and carrying gold. My Moorish friend had for a number of years carried on investigations as to whence it came, and had sent an agent up to report, with the result that he reported many mines working for lead in the mountains, supposed to be the Atlas range.

This led to the Sultan granting an English firm a concession for it. We proposed to put ourselves under the protection of the head of the caravan, a Moorish chief well known to my friend, and to come back with it on its return journey, fifteen months hence. We were to have a few soldiers as a guard, but these looked such ruffians I hoped to be without them. This was in broad outlines the idea, but much to my disappointment when I had only been there a few days it was all knocked on the head, by the Germans who on hearing of this concession, demanded an equivalent in an agricultural concession. The Sultan cancelled the mineral concession, paying some indemnity by mutual consent.

During my stay in this city I met with a few exciting adventures. Just after landing I very nearly walked into their most holy of Mosques. Seeing so many Jews in the neighbourhood I mistook

it for a synagogue. Had I stepped over the threshold the populace would have torn me to pieces; and as it was they believed I had this intention, and were very roughly hustling me about, when a little half-bred Moor, who spoke English, acted as interpreter and got me out of their clutches.

The consul told me such was their fanaticism and their veneration for the Mosque, that he believed they would have torn the whole building down had a Gentile defiled it. As there was no hotel I had got a room in the Moorish quarter, for my Moorish friend was unable to put me up. Here I used to sleep alone. One night with the candle still burning, having laid down my book, I heard a rustle, and looking down on the floor saw a villainous Moor, with a big curved knife in his teeth crawling along the floor towards my bed. I had no revolver, nothing to defend myself with. I quickly made up my mind to wait until he was close to my bed, and then jump up with my hand under the pillow, as if getting my revolver. He evidently did not know I had seen him and thought I was asleep. The ruse came off and he fled; not however by the door which I had bolted, but to my surprise at the end of the room he passed between the end of the wall and that running at right angles to it, where a small gap had been left which I had not noticed. I did not sleep again that night.

Afterwards I recognised him in the street, had him arrested by a Moorish friend who was with me at the time, and taken before the Governor, who promptly sent him off to prison, and whose fate I am in ignorance of to this day.

It was arranged for me to make a trip into the country, and with an escort of soldiers and a friend I had met there, an Englishman, we started.

On our return as we re-entered the sand dunes which lie outside the city, I happened to look back, and found my escort and servants were out of sight. I just then caught sight of the minarets of the mosques of this Eastern town and rode on. As I entered a kind of valley with a range of dunes on one side, and another on the other side I sighted a large crowd of mounted Moors on the top of each ridge. They appeared to be firing at each other, but I put it down to Moorish play. Riding towards one range, some men rode out as if to meet me. Not liking things—for at that moment a party from the other side came out to meet me—I put spurs to my horse and raced down the centre of the valley. I heard the bullets whizzing by and saw some strike the road ahead of me. I had received a note from a messenger sent out to meet us, to take a different road back, but on learning that it was a very

much longer one I paid no attention to it. Afterwards I found out the reason.

Some country tribe had come down on the town people, whom they considered to be pro-French. It was when the French occupied Tunis, and they were really fighting, though at the time I was not sure that they were not trying to scare me. The first party I had gone towards were the country people, when the opposite side came out to my rescue. I had a narrow escape, the wind was blowing hard at the time in one's favour or I should have probably come to grief in the ordinary course of human affairs. My friend had an even narrower escape, for when trying to overtake me, he turned but managed to elude them.

On my return I put all my belongings on a steamer in port bound for Marseilles. Leaving all I had there, money included save some small change, I went ashore to say goodbye to my friends. As the purser with the ship's papers was on shore and sitting in a window opposite to the house I went to, I thought as long as he was on shore the ship would not sail. Soon afterwards however, a report came that the ship had sailed. I went over to see the purser and found it was so. What had happened, was, one of those very sudden gales had sprung up, and the ship had to weigh anchor and get out to sea immediately. For several days she was cruising outside, then she disappeared. After six weeks she turned up again, for running short of coal she had had to run for Gibraltar, sickness broke out on board whilst there, and she was kept in quarantine. Fortunately for me the papers being left behind she had to return. An old Jewish lady, a friend of my English friend, took me in. Staying with the lady was a venerable rabbi from Jerusalem, who was distributing funds among the poor on behalf of one of the Rothschild family. His fearful long graces at meals spoken in Hebrew, gave me the impression he repeated the whole book of Psalms.

I was during this time invited to the festivities given in honour of a Jewish boy coming of age. His parents were prominent in the Jewish community here. A boy in the Jewish faith comes of age at the age of thirteen. It was a very grand ceremony. In the morning the boy and all his family relations and friends attend the synagogue. The law in the form of two big rolls was carried in front of a procession round the synagogue, the boy following immediately behind. The law was then read aloud, and some prayers said. My English friend nudged me and said, "Prayers come on now, kneel." I knelt and discovered I was the only person kneeling for all were standing. When I discovered my friend's trick, I

laughed so, I had to remain kneeling, covering my face till I recovered. After the prayers all in the synagogue went up to the boy and shook hands with him.

Then there was a procession. The Jewesses, veiled like the Moors, were also present in richly embroidered gold dresses, costly beyond description, and said to be heirlooms. In the evening there was a big dinner. As I entered the house and passed through the outer court I was startled by the most terrific thrills, or shrill cries. As I afterwards learnt the women have a way of putting their tongues to the roof of their mouths, and uttering the shrillest cries. These betoken joy—they scared me.

The ladies were seated in side rooms with wide double doors open, so that we had a good view of their dresses, which consisted principally of rich purple and crimson coloured velvets, embroidered with the most massive gold embroidery, and with stomachers similarly embroidered and mounted with sparkling jewels. Even their slippers were richly emblazoned with gold patterns worked on them, while over their heads were thrown light gauzy silk veils, worked in fine gold tracery.

Entering the reception room only men were present. Waiters handed liqueurs round, and all stood with glass in hand while a Rabbi said something, when the glasses went to their mouths as I thought, to drink their contents so I quaffed mine. My friend came across and told me I should only have touched it with my lips, and handed it back to the waiter; so my glass being refilled the whole audience meantime waiting for me, I did as I was bid. All were so solemn I dared not laugh, nor look at my friend for fear I should do so, for my situation was comical.

Then followed an endless repast while Moorish musicians discoursed their plaintive music on strange kinds of stringed instruments. After a capital dinner we shook hands with our host, wished his son every happiness, and retired.

The next day being the Moorish Sabbath we saw the Governor returning from the Mosque. At the close of the religious rites, a man from the top of its minaret cried in a loud voice:—"There is one God and Mahomet is His prophet." This was repeated twice and at the end of the third cry the Governor and retinue issued forth and mounted their horses; waiting outside for him in the square, facing the Mosque, there were drawn up a long file of soldiers, the most ragged looking ruffians, dressed in different tattered uniforms, and each armed with a long Arab gun. As the Governor passed along their line they all bowed with their faces to the ground, and then rising straddled along after him.

My Moorish friend used to introduce me to his friends, and I learned to squat and cross my legs Turkish fashion. At first I used to get most dreadful cramp in them. When calling one left one's boots at the door, and put on a pair of Morocco slippers, bowed to one's host and squatted down by his side on the floor spread with mats; then little tables were brought in, a few inches in height, and put down by one's side, filled with all kinds of sweetmeats, and with coffee or tea flavoured with cinnamon.

Being an Englishman cigars were usually offered me, and not the Turkish pipe (Hookah). Thus some pleasant days were whiled away. We used too to be invited to some of the lovely gardens privately owned in the suburbs of the city. Surrounded by high walls no one from the outside could have guessed at the wealth and beauty of the flowers inside. I also visited a large factory where the girls were sorting the almonds into their different grades. This was the first time I had ever seen any Moorish women unveiled, unless in a quiet street, and that happened more than once when a pretty face would pull aside her veil and pass a laughing smile. These girls were of course of the peasant type, with plain features, but pretty bright eyes, and finger nails stained with a bright henna coloured dye, and eyelashes and lids dyed black.

The buildings are flat-roofed, and uninteresting outside, but inside, the better class of houses have large and spacious rooms, and are well furnished after the Moorish style. The town itself is walled all round with big gates, and with divisional walls dividing it up into quarters also provided with gates. At sundown all gates are shut, and there is no egress nor ingress.

The English Consul's wife was very ill the whole time I was there, so I saw little of him. He was very kind to me as far as circumstances would allow. Both he and his wife were great on sport. Not far outside the town walls there were plenty of quail to be had for the shooting.

At last our good ship came in, and after a very happy few weeks spent there we left for Gibraltar. On the way we called in at Massagan and Casa Blanca, and at the latter place spent a day ashore.

The Moorish ladies here were much more closely veiled than at Mogador. Their feet are very curiously ornamented, dyed either yellow or red, but leaving strips of the natural flesh exposed, thus giving the feet the appearance of having been tattooed in stripe like patterns. The boys had all the head shaved with the exception of a small patch on one side of the head which was left

to grow, from the centre of which a small plait of hair hung down, giving them rather a smart appearance.

At Mogador the head dress of the men was principally the white Arab turban, but here the Turkish fez prevailed. The better class of Moors dress in long white cloths folded loosely round the body, and sometimes covering the fez. The poorer folk dress in a long white robe made of bath towel material of rough country make, with a hood or cowl hanging at the back, and very commonly covering the head. Some again wore loose Zouave-like pantaloons with an embroidered waistcoat, surmounted by a close fitting jacket, well cut away in front.

We went for a little walk into the country and met many Moors riding on beautiful donkeys, and passed some superb Moorish horses. The camels are mostly used as pack animals.

In a Moorish café where we partook of several little cups of delicious black coffee, flavoured with cinnamon, and musicians twanged some plaintive tunes to us, there were paintings all round the walls of horses, and of men hunting, resembling in their character some of the relief sculpture panels seen in the British Museum, or on the old Egyptian monuments, showing that the world in these parts still continues much as in the long past ages. Some of their pottery, especially the smooth dark red clay specimens, is of very artistic design, the forms being especially lovely. I bought a large number for a few piastres, and had them packed in two cases, which I shipped home and afterwards distributed amongst my friends. At the same time I bought some of the gold embroidered Moorish slippers and gave them away; but I found the very much less costly gifts were more admired. I think it was whilst here I came across a camel and donkey ploughing together, and afterwards met them going home together, the camel with the plough across his back.

Our captain introduced me to an American who had spent many years here. He told me that the feast of I think the Passover was just over, at all events it was not a Jewish feast but a Moorish one, when all Europeans have to keep indoors for that day, as if they issued out they would be stoned to death. At mid-day a sheep is put down in the market place, a line of Moors is drawn up on either side of the street leading to the Mosque, each armed with a stick. Any man that can pick up the sheep with his teeth, and carry it to the Mosque about 200 yards distant, running the gauntlet of a flogging as he passes between these lines, receives a reward that is a fortune for life to any poor man.

The agonies of the poor wretches who endeavour to run the gauntlet can well be imagined, some die after it, but someone usually succeeds in obtaining the reward.

Just after I returned home a question was raised in the House of Commons about some Gibraltar subjects of ours who, locally called along this coast "Rock Scorpions," had been ill-treated and badly beaten here. No one in the House knew where Casa Blanca was, and the Librarian had to be asked.

Thence we went on to Tangiers in terrible weather, where we stayed two days. I had an introduction to the Belgian Consul, who I found had a perfect museum of Moorish objects of one sort and another, a very unique, and even costly collection. His house too, built in true Moorish style, was furnished in keeping with it.

The Moors claim the old mosque, to be the oldest in the world. I visited the gaol where the prisoners were chained to the walls, or to great cannon balls, which they had to drag after them if they wished to move about. All were dependent on outside friends to feed them, as no food was supplied them. Two Greek house-breakers looked very forlorn and with a hopeless expression on their faces. I could not help giving them a little money, though their case was a very bad one *viz.*, robbery with violence.

Outside the town we witnessed some splendid horsemanship. The Moors are fine riders, though not pretty ones, for they ride with such a short stirrup lifting the knees high above the saddle that they look hunched up; very different to the Red Indian who rides bare-backed sitting straight up in the saddle, and with legs straight down, yet both in their way are splendid horsemen. The Moor, like the Indian, swings himself down below the body of the horse, and can fire underneath it, but then he has a saddle to hold on by.

Tangiers is well situated, on high ground overlooking the straits, and ought to be an outpost of Christianity instead of Moslemism. The latter may, and probably is an advance on barbarism, but from what little I could gather of Moorish life, they are a people practically without God or hope. In the repetition of words there is one God, the outward form, but both it and barbarism seem to leave the people in superstitious fear and dread. Of the barbaric tribes of West Africa I can speak with some authority that it is so. Of the Moors and the effects of their religion I am on less firm ground in interpreting their condition.

At Gibraltar I left the steamer and stayed there a few days. I had a return of my old African fever, so did not get about much. I was on my way to Madrid before returning home; so leaving my hotel early one morning I made my way by ferry, and with a peon

carrying my baggage reached Algeciras, after crossing the neutral lines that separate Gibraltar from Spain. So much has been written about Gibraltar, this rock fortress rising so steeply out of the sea, that I refrain from any description of it.

The week before a deadly duel had been fought between two Spanish officers, one a captain, the other a lieutenant, on the neutral lines. Each tied by one wrist to the other they had fought with daggers, and in the morning they were found both dead, covered with numerous wounds.

At 8 a.m. I secured the last seat in the coach going to San Fernando. The coach itself had no floor, but instead a rough net rope taking its place, into which the baggage was piled, and we had to find places between it for our feet. Away we went for twenty-four hours over hill and dale. My fellow travellers were of the peasant class, and throughout the journey the odour of garlic pervaded the coach. During this ride of twenty-four hours we were held up some four or five times in the most out of the way places by Custom House officials, and on each occasion all the baggage was taken out and searched.

Leaving Algeciras at 8 a.m. we passed through wild and picturesque country. About 3 p.m. we passed Trafalgar Bay, and as we proceeded the roads got worse and worse, the jogging was dreadful, my legs jammed in between the baggage getting bruised. Towards evening we entered the Sierras of Granada amidst the most glorious scenery. As night set in the stars came out brightly, and it proved to be a wonderfully clear bright one. About 10 p.m. we descried a town far off on the hills to our right, in the distance it looked like a snow-capped hill, but as we approached, it revealed itself into one of the snow white towns of Southern Spain.

During that night I covered many miles jog trotting alongside the coach, for my legs were getting so bruised and grazed I could stand the coach no longer, it was, too, very cold, and the running kept me warm. Leaving the town on our right my inside sank within me as I had fully expected we should stop and get something to eat there, for we had stopped nowhere during the day, and I had brought no food with me. The peasants offered me strong garlic sausages, but even after the awful food I had eaten in Africa it was beyond me to touch them.

At 5.30 we arrived at San Fernando, where the train from Cadiz for Madrid was due. I had just time to pass the Customs and catch it, not a single minute to spare to buy any food. I got into a comfortable carriage and fell fast asleep. I woke up towards evening, and at 7 p.m. we stopped on a railway bridge ; outside

it was pouring in torrents of rain. Afterwards I discovered that the passengers had walked over it to the station at the other end, and had had their supper. It was then too late and I went supperless. Next morning we arrived in Madrid about 6 o'clock; I went to the Hotel de la Paix and had to wait breakfast till 8 a.m. I had been more than forty-eight hours without food. The guard of the train had secured two bottles of beer for me, and that was all I had had. I was not so hungry as I thought, but at the 11.30 *à la fourchette* breakfast I was ravenous.

I only spent a short time here and took the opportunity of visiting the splendid picture gallery with its Murillos, and other old masters. I put in all my spare time here, so that I had little opportunity of seeing Madrid properly. I was, though, much disappointed in both the town and people, the latter looked small and sickly, especially the men, who had a very washed out appearance.

Leaving for Paris in the afternoon the following day I awoke in the most lovely mountainous country, so different from the uninteresting country round Madrid. We were now in the Basque Provinces, the people we passed at the railway stations were very fine physically and a well built race. The Basques have a proverb that no one can ever learn their language, unless it has been imbibed with their mother's milk.

Arriving in Paris I went to the Grand Hotel, and reached there with exactly half a franc in my pocket. I looked up some of the old West Africa directors, and in the evening I dined with three of them and went to the Opera afterwards. They wanted me to go back to West Africa for them, but I had finished with the Coast for ever as I thought, though thirteen years afterwards I was persuaded to go back on a visit only.

My Prestea supporters on my arrival home wanted me to return to the West Coast for them, but I had had enough of it. In the meantime they had sent out an expert who had been chosen to report for the Indian Government on the Indian Mines, and who I was glad to hear had more than confirmed my report, going much further than I reckoned to be wise.

From some of them I obtained a roving commission in Canada and the States. The Canadian Pacific at that date was only a little west of Brandon. I was to make my way to the Rockies, and report on the prospects of mining on the eastern slopes; then to work my way into Montana, and get information there, relative to certain mines, and English owned ones in particular. Afterwards I was to visit the Nanaimo Coal Mines in Vancouver Island, and to report as well on mining prospects generally on the

British Columbian coast, and then to go to Denver City, in Colorado, on certain business which took me subsequently to New Orleans. On my way home I revisited the scenes of my former exploits in North Carolina. The programme was a tall order, but one after my own heart, as it was likely to be very instructive. But with one or two exceptions I shall not refer to "shop," in other words mines, my own especial business. In one particular case I shall do so, as I think few if any of the original shareholders know to this day, what led to that mine, whose shares had fallen to three shillings and sixpence per share, standing within a year or eighteen months afterwards at £7 to £8 per share and so continuing for several years afterwards. Thereby hangs a tale and a most interesting one, I think, but of that more anon.

CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS "THE GREAT LONE LAND" TO FORT MCLEOD.

Again I found myself in New York, and from there went to Chicago, and thence to Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. Having finished my business there, and having too spent an interesting time, making new friends, and learning much as to business ways, etc., in the States, I went on up to Winnipeg, where I stayed some time, getting to know people, learning the ways and ropes of the country, and what was generally doing in the further West. As the weather got warmer I made preparations for my Western tour.

Beyond Brandon the railway was still in the hands of the contractors, and no one, unless a very big wig, could get a pass over it. Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, was already a large city, and likely to become a Canadian Chicago of Western Canada, though at that time it was passing through a severe crisis. The Gas Works Company was in bankruptcy, and the city in darkness. The big boom of 1880-1882 was over, and many real estate companies were in a very bad way. So confident had the city authorities been of the continued extension of the city, that miles of plank side-walks had been extended beyond the city confines into the surrounding country. It boasted already of many magnificent buildings, and had at this time already attained the size of a large city, risen as a miracle out of the black mud of the prairies. The streets were still unmetalled, the black, rich greasy mud of this part of the country had to be waded through in order to cross the streets, and they formed a strong contrast to the wealth displayed in the shop windows, and where the shops, in Canadian parlance "stores," almost vied with those of the West End of London.

How to reach the Rockies was the problem. I saw an advertisement "miners wanted" for the Rockies, "none but miners need apply." I disappeared for a few days, grew a stubby beard, donned an old miner's suit, and was engaged to go out with a gang of about twenty to thirty men. A free pass was to be given us, and we would be signed on at the other end to some of the contractors. My

friends in the city were astonished to see me turn up the evening before I left, looking with my unshaven appearance like a tramp.

We were allowed only our blankets and twenty-five pounds weight of baggage. My gun and cartridges and a few books I confided to an employee of the Railway Company who was going out on a visit to the end of the line to check up stores. We started off very comfortably in a third class carriage, but after a run of about fifty miles, we were all turned out and put on a construction train; part of us sat on top of a car loaded up with sleepers, and myself and the rest of the party on a car loaded up with rails. On the second day out the sleepers on the car which was in front of us, came down with a run, and with it its human freight. No one was seriously hurt but a few were badly bruised. The sun at mid-day was heating up the rails to such a pitch we could hardly sit on them, and we all suffered from the heat but had to stick it out. At nights we were all turned out on to the open prairie and camped as best we could. Food was supplied to us from a cooking galley near the end of the train.

One bitterly cold night a deputation was made to the chief of the construction train to be allowed to cut up some sleepers with which to make a fire, but he surlily refused. We determined to make one for ourselves, but could find no axe. One of the men had discovered that in the only hut near by, the telegraph clerk's (operator's) small shanty, there was an axe but he had refused it. He was sitting with his back to the door, and hanging by his side was a Colt revolver; at the top of the room was the axe.

I undertook to get the coveted weapon. Stealthily with my boots off I crawled along the back of his chair. I was afraid every moment the click of the instrument would cease but fortunately for me it kept on until I had got away with my prize. With it we soon had a roaring fire going and many a sleeper was wilfully burnt up that night. Next day we continued our bumping along over a line unballasted, until at last we came to the end of it, though the earthworks stretched for many a mile beyond. Here we found a large and busy camp. We learnt we had to make the rest of the way on foot with a light cart to carry our provisions and kit bags, and this meant about 100 miles trudge before the camp to which the party were destined would be reached. Early on the morning after our arrival the men set out, but myself and another man, who it had been arranged should accompany me, were left behind, for we had gone in the night to another camp, where I met one of the railway contractors who knew some of my Winnipeg friends, and there had decided not to go on with the rest of our party.

Here I picked up two young English boys who had come out to see a bit of life. They agreed to join me. The contractor, who turned out to be a trump, fitted me out. I bought of him a light spring waggon, with a pair of good horses, a plentiful supply of flour, bacon, tea, sugar, coffee, condensed milk, a few cans of salmon and fruit, sundry cooking utensils, tin plates, cups, knives, and forks and an axe.

Before leaving this busy scene I will briefly describe the work going on here on this narrow thread of a road being drawn across Canada's far stretching plains and mountains, to connect up the Pacific with the Atlantic, and ultimately to lead to the peopling of this great "Lone Land"; an epoch-making piece of construction work. At the end of the iron track itself "graders" were away ahead on the "track" laying down the rails. Clouds of dust in the distance sweeping across the prairies indicated the whereabouts of the camps engaged in throwing up the earthworks. As one advanced along the earthworks, numerous little wooden pegs left by the engineers showed to the graders, or foremen, the dimensions of the strip-like mud pile they had to build to. Ahead of these again were the engineers surveying and putting down more and more pegs.

To break up the ground teams of horses with ploughs were to be seen heading the mysterious looking and steadily advancing brown coloured ribbon of earthwork, while immediately followed numerous teams of horses dragging behind them "horse shovels," which scooping up the broken soil were casting it up to form the railway embankments. These horse scoops are not unlike a large iron dustpan, with instead of one handle, two at the back, while on the front are eyes, to which the hooks at the end of traces harnessed to a pair of horses are attached. The driver holds the handles, and the horses go forward by word of command as he dips the scoop into the ground, which is then filled, and dragged forward to the spot where it is to be emptied, when letting go the handles the scoop turns over, and the soil is deposited. Gangs of men follow, levelling the surface thus thrown up to that indicated by the pegs. The bank is then ready to receive its "ties" or sleepers. A train laden with the exact quantity of ties or rails and spikes for a given length of earthworks moves up slowly in the rear. Here a number of pair horse waggons are loaded up, and their contents are then deposited along the earthworks at indicated spots. As the sleepers are laid down the rails are brought up and laid upon them, a spike or two are driven in to hold them temporarily, followed by a party of spikers

who more permanently fasten them down. The ballasting is only done far away back in the rear. Sidings are laid down at given intervals to allow the trains as they unload to pass each other, and return on their long journey homewards again to load up rails and sleepers.

About every five miles an extra siding was used for cars to house the officials and workmen employed by the Company, while those employed by contractors lived in camps, the tents of which were almost daily moved forward, as the track steadily did the same.

Everyone knows his place, and all is carried on without any bustle or confusion, and yet the *tout ensemble* gives the impression of a bustling scene of hurry and scurry. After passing the engineer survey parties scouting ahead, we realised the silence of this great "Lone Land" so aptly designated by General Butler, who a few years before had crossed these prairies after the Riel rebellion. As we pressed on we entered a zone over which a prairie fire had lately swept, the ground was black and scorched, and the hot dust soon parched and dried our skins. That night we camped by a slough teeming with vegetable and animal life, which our tired horses lapped up, but thirsty as we were we refrained. At last after a few such treks we came in sight of Calgary, situated in the forks of the Bow and little Bow rivers, where they meet and debouch from the mountains on to the plains. In the background rose the majestic Rockies.

Here I determined to make my headquarters during the summer. Leaving the hot, dusty, alkaline plain, we rushed down the banks of the river to its cold clear waters; then crossing the river by a ferry just built we camped about a mile up from the crossing under some cotton trees growing in a nook, as if made for a picnic party. Calgary is now, I believe, second to Winnipeg in size, boasting of wide spacious streets with "sky scrapers" lining them; then consisting of only a small Hudson Bay trading establishment, a North Western police camp, a big store, and a similar structure in which were installed two billiard tables. There was no liquor bar, for all liquor was prohibited, and could only be obtained by licence on special occasions. These were the only buildings, and even the land itself had not then been surveyed. I sent up North to Edmonton a letter to a party of Government land surveyors there to ask if there was any means of getting this area surveyed, but my answer was that it would be months before it could be undertaken. Meantime no one could take up land unsurveyed. Had it been surveyed a dollar an acre would have been the price for it.

At the time of my arrival it was not known that the railway was to pass this way; it was fully believed that the Pass had been found some forty to sixty miles north of this place; but it was evident to me a township would be formed here sooner or later. It was the natural site for one on "river bottom" land at the foot of the mountains, and if Edmonton to the north, and the United States to the south were to be ever connected by a railway this place was bound to be a junction. Edmonton was then opening up and many emigrants going up there, as it was reported to be a rich farming district.

We had no sooner crossed the river and were preparing to camp when heavy rains set in. We had secured a small tent with our outfit, but we were too late to get any dry grass to form a bedding. So in the afternoon I called on the Commandant of the Police Camp and asked him if he would allow us to have a little hay for this purpose from one of their fine hay ricks. He turned out to be a crusty old fellow, could scarcely be civil, and absolutely refused to let us have any. That night I determined to have some, the ricks were within the compound, surrounded by a strong stockade about 8ft. to 9ft high. A sentry was on guard, whose beat was alongside them, but at the back between them and the Commandant's house.

I got the boys to come to the foot of the stockade after dark while I climbed over, and watching the sentry I pulled out at intervals sufficient hay, which I carried to the boys. Pushing it to them through the posts of the stockade they carried it away. It was a risky business, but a successful one; for that night we slept comfortably bedded.

The North West police are a very fine body of men, well mounted, and with uniforms somewhat gaudy, but which appeal to the Indian. The head-dress is a white helmet, the uniform a bright scarlet jacket, black trousers with a broad golden stripe down them, and when not wearing helmets, forage caps with a braid round them to match. Many of the men have been in some of our best cavalry regiments. They are really a splendid force, and have been very successful in dealing with the Indians, who respect them greatly. They are too, trained in all the dodges of the Indians, and outposts of two or three are found all over the country, standing as lonely sentinels, noting all movements of Indians and suppressing any attempt at whisky running.

Some time after we had been camped here a party of emigrants came in and tents began to spring up; a few put up sign-boards outside in large flaming letters, such as "Happy go Lucky

Hotel," "Strike it Rich Hotel," and underneath "beds for the night." The majority of these people were passing through, a good many for Edmonton, and a few prospectors going up into the mountains to search for hidden treasure. Later came railway men, for the edict had gone forth that the pass up through this valley was the one through which the engineers had discovered a way across the snowy ranges beyond.

Then was heard the sound of saw and hammer, and the first beginning of Calgary commenced as they ran up framed buildings for the army of workers coming on in the rear. A site was chosen for the large workshops that later arose, and by far the most important between here and Winnipeg. Before I left the first train arrived, and crossed the river into the future Calgary on a temporarily constructed bridge. A party of Indians came in who had never seen a train before, and sat down on the side of the track. As the engine came in, gaily decorated with flags, letting off steam and ringing its bell, these red or copper coloured faces never turned a hair or even passed a remark to each other. When it had passed they slowly arose, walked back to where they had tethered their horses, and were lost as they rode away on the far horizon. Whither they had sprung from, or whither they were going, no one knew, unless it was the police.

In the mountains beyond, the fallen timber was so great that even the hardened prospector was coming back, as the work of packing in food and supplies was too hard, and the better plan was to wait until the railway had opened up a trail from which to work.

We had secured four riding horses, and four pack ones, as I had determined to make my way into Montana by following the only trail that led that way, one the Hudson-Bay people had used for years on their annual expedition to buy and bring up cattle for food supplies.

One afternoon one of the police rode up and warned us there were horse thieves somewhere in the neighbourhood; Cochrane's ranch had lost some, and some of the settlers coming in. So at night we picketed our horses close to our tent, and each took a turn to keep watch. The night after our warning was a pouring wet one. I was preparing to take my turn, when the one on watch came up, and we all four had two or three minutes animated conversation, then going out into the dark and wet, I went over to where the horses were tethered, but they had gone. Just at the moment while we exchanged these few words prior to my going out, the thieves, who, unknown to us, had been watching, seized their opportunity,

and were off with their booty. We reported immediately to the Police Camp. In the morning we traced their trail going south. and there was no doubt they had got clear away. Ten days afterwards some of the police rode into camp with a mob of horses and some prisoners, and amongst the horses we discovered our own. These horse thieves are most desperate men, for to be caught stealing a horse meant fifteen to twenty-one years imprisonment. In the States in a mining camp of these days it meant lynching. I have seen a crowd in New Mexico returning from lynching a horse thief.

The time came for us to commence our trek. The Hudson Bay people heard that the Nez Pierce Indians, whose country we should have to cross, were restless, and they advised us to hurry up. The night before I left I went across to the billiard saloon and sat at the far end of the room watching three half breed Canadian Indians playing billiards. The one near me was marking, at the other end was a party of cow boys and new comers. Presently a man came in and pulled out a bottle of whisky, where he had got it from was a mystery. He spotted me as he came up to the top of our table, and called in a loud voice to me to come and have a drink, which invitation he repeated twice. I shook my head, and with that he picked up a ball from off the table and shied it at me with his full strength. Missing me, it hit the marker in his "little Mary," and he went down like a stone to the ground. One of the other two half breeds taking the thin end of his cue brought the thick end with tremendous force crack on the head of the thrower of the ball; he too dropped like a stone. Immediately the cow boys and others joined in a general *mêlée*, revolvers were going off and it seemed as if half of them would be shot. Not wishing to be put out of the way so ignominiously, I crawled away up under the billiard table across to the other one, and in this way reached the top of the room, and then made a bolt for the door.

As chewing and spitting were common in those days I was in a deplorable and horrible state. I ran across to the Police Camp and reported, when they came over and put the riot down. Afterwards it was found that the thrower of the ball had his skull fractured. The Police surgeon the next morning told me he thought the man was dying. The half breed hit by the ball was sick, and probably had some slight internal injury, and a third man had had his throat cut, but no one else was hurt save for a few bruises; the astounding part of the whole fracas was no one had been shot. I could scarcely believe it, it seemed impossible, but it was so.

Before saying goodbye to Calgary, which in a few weeks only had risen from a mere beginning to a busy camp, I will give a

few extracts from letters written from there, which attempted to portray the life there, and prophesy of the future.

"Coming back to the site of our old camp, we repitched our tent, but as we had had a rough time of it during the past few weeks, I concluded I would treat myself to hotel life that night, and sleep once again in a real bed. Wandering over to the collection of new tents I selected 'Happy go Lucky Hotel,' and enquired if there was a spare bed to be had for the night. Turning into it by a very dim light I discovered an unoccupied bed in one corner, actually with sheets, which on closer examination did not look clean ones, but being very tired I was not too fastidious. Taking off my outer garments and placing them under my pillow, with a small revolver, which was perhaps quite unnecessary, I turned in.

"In the bed opposite me I espied an individual who had hitherto appeared asleep, casting an eye upon me, the barrel of a six shooter gleamed from under the corner of his pillow, an unpleasant sensation went through me, but recollecting that I was in a similar position, I concluded that my neighbour was similarly taking me in, as I was him. After a sound and refreshing sleep the first thing that I did was to feel for my clothes under my pillow, for before going to sleep I had had a presentiment that I might find them gone in the morning, and might have to issue forth in Indian garb. On rising I found the hotel only 'bedded' their guests, and did not feed them. So I returned to camp. The sun was up and shining brightly, and an autumnal freshness in the air, although it was summer, so invigorating that the previous days' hardships were all forgotten and life was all joyousness. It was a truly lovely morning, the little town sprinkled about with its white tents, and shanties in course of construction, a striking picture of pioneer life, as it lay nestling at the mouth of the valley leading up into the great mountain ranges beyond, sheltered itself on either side under the bluffs of two low ranges of hills, while at their base was the swift Bow river, and the smaller one the Little Bow. Just opposite their junction lies a small island covered with cotton trees, which after the hundreds of miles of treeless plains is, as the emigrant approaches them, a soul-refreshing sight.

"At the upper end of this island there is a ford on the Bow, across which, as I walked to my camp, a troop of rough wild-looking Indian horses (or 'Cayuses'), were being driven by some youths, who kept cracking their snake whips, and who with their broad brimmed cow-boy hats tilted well back, seemed as full of bubbling spirits as the little beasts they kept yelling and shouting at. As

the horses got out of the rushing elements which had more than once threatened to sweep them away in its turbulent water, they all faced about and stood quite still gazing around them. Then as if a multitude of devils had entered into them, they turned suddenly and went off in a bee line, as if never going to stop again, snorting and throwing up their heels, then as if a new notion had seized them they pulled up with a jerk, threw themselves down and rolled in the grass, when the youths coming up, once more sent them forwards, and away they raced until lost to sight.

"Life has already commenced in camp, numerous railway men are hanging about the tents waiting for their early breakfasts. Cowboys with their six shooters strapped to their sides, and cartridge belts filled with formidable sized bullets peering out of their cases are swanking about with their huge Mexican spurs, as if all the world belonged to them. Here and there a few Indians are squatted with their scarlet blankets drawn tightly round them, to keep out the crisp morning cold, with faces painted with bright vermilion, looking on the scene so full of life, and so prophetic of all of which it is the foreteller, with apathetic gaze. A party of surveyors with theodolites, and other impedimenta are setting out for the mountains, with a few Indians packing their provisions and blankets, following on their trail. Overtaking them was a shaggy-haired, and unshaven little man, with top boots, and with clothes that looked as if they needed a London carpet beater to cleanse them; and with a note book in hand he stopped to speak a moment or two. He is the head of the party, and under his rough uncouth appearance bears all the traces of a well-educated and refined gentleman. They are going up on the survey of the new route but very recently discovered, and along those awful precipices and wild rocky slopes, of the perils and hardships they will have to face, only those who have wandered in the Rockies can have a faint idea.

"Throughout all the great Canadian plains parties of surveyors are systematically plotting thousands and thousands of square miles, parcelling them out into sections and quarters, so that when the settler comes along there will be no waiting to have his section surveyed. By a simple registration and payment of small fees he is able to pass into possession at once. Far away from where the present tide of emigration reaches, and is surging to, these, like the ripple that precedes the great advancing wave, work away from break of day to sunset, in the silence of the Great Lone Land. They are unobserved, forgotten, but the pioneers of the vast

expanse which will surely be peopled, with its cities and villages, before many decades have passed away.

"As I write a small party of Indians are arriving, and are going to camp near us, Crees I think they are. I will describe them as they proceed to camp. In front comes the lord and master, jogging along on one of that peculiar breed of horses, which are about the height of a good sized pony. Dismounting he takes off the saddle and bridle, and has turned the horse loose; next he squats down, unties a dirty roll made from a piece of skin, takes out a steel, flint and tinder, a plug of tobacco off which he whittles a pipe-load by the aid of a huge knife, lights his pipe and just once in a while when one would think it was going out he draws a whiff, mutters something to those who have in the meantime come up, without ever turning his head towards them, giving, I conjecture, directions. A young brave who I think must be his son joins him and follows his father's example. There comes along a poor-looking animal on which are mounted two young squaws riding cross legged, one behind the other. Trailing from either side are the poles of the tepee brought together and tied behind the horse. In the fork thus formed are thrown the skins of the tepee (Indian tent). On these sits a wrinkled up old squaw holding a baby, then follows another horse on which are packed the household goods, and followed by a third on which are mounted three dirty looking small children, each holding on to the other. The first arrivals have already pitched some few tepees, but these latter ones are evidently the household of the first arrival of all. The young squaws dismount and unpack. At last that uncombed, dirty looking, black haired, vermillion painted warrior rouses himself, clad with a gaudy blanket wrapped round him, and an embroidered pair of pantaloons, or rather only the legs of such, but on his feet a beautiful pair of beaded mocassins, he staggers up and saunters slowly over to the squaws, and as slowly assists in placing the poles of the tepee in position. He resumes his former attitude of contemplation, and relights his pipe while the squaws proceed to stretch the deer skins round the poles; these they lace up so tightly that only a small door for ingress and a hole in the apex are left as openings, out of the latter of which the smoke escapes. Each covers an area of a circle 7 ft. in diameter and stands 9 ft. high. A cluster of these nestling together by the side of the rushing, sparkling clear waters of the Bow, with different groups of copper-coloured savages clad in their gaudy habiliments and paint, form quite a novel picture seen at not too close quarters. But on closer inspection the disillusion is complete,

the tents are dirty, inside hover clouds of smoke, the children run about dirty and naked, the only charm about the squaws is that of youth in the young ones, while the older ones are wrinkled, prematurely aged, worn, and even repulsive looking. The men form a strong contrast, physically fine, but ever painted and dirty looking, with bits of bone, fur, or beads hanging to their long black plaited hair. So much for our new friends."

"Calgary itself makes a fine site for a town, and will one day, be to the Rockies in this northern part of them, what Denver City is to them in Colorado."

Our everyday cooking life in camp here, or on excursions is a monotonous one. Our staple food is bacon, bread and tea, varied with a few mountain trout or prairie chickens. All is done in a frying pan. Someone will ask how you can bake bread in a frying pan. Try it in your garden; recipe: to each tea cup of flour add a tea spoonful of baking powder and mix well, but do not rub between the palms of the hands, just lightly with a spoon. Then add some salt, first dissolving it in water, mix till of the consistency of dough with the hands as lightly as possible, be sure and don't knead it, flatten out to a circular cake, and place in frying pan then tilt it up before a prepared fire, from which blackened embers should be picked out. For a large party make in the same way, and put into a flat bottomed iron saucepan with flat iron cover, then place the saucepan in a good bed of hot ashes, and cover the lid with the same, and after about twenty minutes the bread will be baked. Stick a small stick into the bread, if it comes out clean it is done. Before putting the lid on, the saucepan should be placed for a short time sufficiently near the fire to warm it and allow the dough to rise. If camped for any time a stock pot is a capital thing to have simmering on the camp fire, into which put the remains of any bones of any birds you can shoot in the neighbourhood. The details of the above recipe look simple enough, but in practice a good many batches of bread are lost before one can be sure of always turning out a successful one.

After a time a baker came into the camp. He excavated what we would now call a "dug out" and made an underground oven, and was soon doing a big trade. We got lazy and patronised him, and very good bread he made. One day he got drunk and next morning the amount of expletives that were used in camp—for all had to turn to and make their own bread—were as numerous as the blades of grass around us. After a short absence on returning to what we called home, we once more made camp. It was pouring in torrents, and we were wet through, even our blankets were sodden.

We turned in early, rolled up in them, with a candle burning we lay around it smoking our pipes, when we spied two fingers gently pulling back the flap of our tent a few inches, then two eyes peering in appeared; the apparition was startling. Putting out the candle and drawing a revolver my Winnipeg friend sprang out, and discovered two Indians. What business had they here at this time of night we wondered, they could not speak a word of English. We could make out one word "Camko" which we took to mean tobacco. Of this we gave them a little, relighting the candle we lay down again, when what was my horror to see those two dirty-looking creatures creep in and squat down on the end of my blanket. Then they coolly began cutting up their tobacco, and slowly reached out for the candle, and lit their pipes by it. These Indians had not the charm for me of the noble Red Indians one reads of in novels, but here they were in all the stern reality of life sitting with their long matted black hair, one with a ragged blanket around him, which looked as if it had never been washed, a dirty pair of some white man's trousers, or merely the legs of them, for the Indian seems to have a particular aversion to the most essential part of that most useful dress, a filthy piece of red cotton around his loins taking its place. The other had on an equally dirty and tattered old shirt with a pair of chamois beaded leggings, and capping all two greasy battered old billycock hats, which they seemed especially to value. As they sat and shivered in their wet rags one could not help but pity them. Gesticulating to them "to get," I cleared them off, and swept around where they had sat. Again one laid down with visions of prowling Indians, and seeing one's scalp hanging up in some wigwam, but I was soon asleep and we saw our friends no more. We had about this time a spell of very wet weather and had great difficulty in getting our fire to burn by which to cook; such are the vicissitudes of camp life.

August 11th, 1883, was a red letter day in Calgary, for the first passenger train steamed into Calgary, and some prominent Eastern men came in on it. Professor Dawson, Principal of the McGill University, the well known geologist, was amongst them. They were on a tour only and soon afterwards returned home.

A few days after this event a telegraph line came into camp, and opened an office from which I sent the first cablegram from Calgary to Europe over it, and the first paid telegram to Winnipeg. The waves of civilisation have set in during the short time we have been here. Already the city to be has commenced to arise, and soon camping in tents will be a thing of the past. Around my tent

are a colony of chimonks, a pretty little species of prairie dog, now so tame they come right up to it. A few more years and they will, I expect, be found only as stuffed specimens in future museums. The Canadian Government let me say, before bidding adieu to Calgary, are surveying all those vast prairie lands, and dividing them up into districts six miles square. Each district is subdivided into thirty-six sections. A section comprises 640 acres, and is again divided up into 160 acre blocks or quarter sections. Through each section runs a broad north, south, east and west road. Thus each quarter section has two public roads on its outer boundaries and is the smallest area a settler may take up. Land is sold for \$1 to \$5 in the far west up to \$50 in the east, according to its fertility and proximity to the railway. Every alternate section along the railway belongs to the railway company, and the intervening ones to the Canadian Government.

The settler may pay outright for his land, or in instalments spread over a number of years. Agricultural firms in the same manner let out the necessary farming implements. In a few years a hard working settler can own his own farmstead. Anyone with a capital of £200 to £300 is a capitalist with a bright future before him, provided he is prepared for a few years' strenuous work. Moderate land will yield about twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. The climate is always bright and invigorating, hot in summer but arctic in winter; all agree that those vigorous and in good health coming from the Old Country do not feel the cold as might be expected. Western Canada is in my opinion the poor man's paradise. It has so many opportunities for him, likewise for the young of the better classes, but for people of comfortable means at home, and of settled habits, the life is probably too strenuous, and they should remain at home. The solitariness to the young man is a great danger, as he is apt to ride over to some settlement for company's sake, and before long, if he does so, he will find himself passing his time away playing cards, and gradually, so alienated from his work, as to be fast going, or gone to the dogs.

As we were now towards the end of August and already in the early mornings experiencing white hoar frosts, it was time for us to push on, for we had about three weeks journey across the prairie, skirting the eastern slopes of the Rockies in order to reach Helena in Montana.

The night before starting we rode over to say goodbye to some friends camped a little way up the valley. As we rode back by the light of a magnificent moon, the whole camp as we entered it lay hushed in the deepest silence, nothing was to be heard save the

dismal hoots of the coyote, a species of jackal, and the rippling of the waters, with here and there the flapping of some tent which had been left slack, as a cold frosty breeze flew over the camp. Just visible amidst the dark shadows cast by the moon at the foot of the bluffs, where the Indian tepees were pitched, sat three of these braves over a smoky fire, and I wondered what these children of nature were discussing. Wending our way to our little tent, we tethered our horses outside, and as I lay down within, all sorts of dreamy thoughts and fancies crossed my brain. I built up pictures and fancied I heard these braves still sitting over their fire, recounting tales as to how they had killed and scalped the first few pioneers in these lonely parts, and then of how slowly but sullenly they had been driven back; of great buffalo hurts, of the feasts that had ensued, of fierce and bloody fights among themselves; of cruel tortures endured without a murmur—whilst even now they might be planning an attack on some small party to scalp and plunder, it might be on ourselves—and then the remembrance of the cut-throat looking Indians, who a few nights back had prowled round our tent in the pouring rain, brought me back to my senses as from a sudden nightmare, and there with the flap of the tent open, I looked upon the cold peaceful waters of the Bow rolling on, with the bright moon casting its silvery rays upon them, and so fell asleep.

Bidding Calgary goodbye one fine Sunday morning, and escorted out of camp by many friends we had made there, we bid them, some two miles out, all adieu, and so set out with a good send off on our lonely journey. Fort McLeod, a Hudson Bay post, was the only station between us and the forty-ninth parallel, forming the boundary line between Canada and the United States; whilst off our track between Calgary and Fort McLeod, were two ranches just starting up, but as yet unstocked with cattle.

Our journey occupied three weeks, as we skirted the Eastern slopes of the mountains, with occasional journeys off into them.

At noon we stopped to rest our horses and had our first meal of prairie chickens and the trout we had caught in the rushing little mountain torrent of Pine Creek. During the afternoon we passed through the Black Feet reservation whose numbers are computed to be about 30,000. Last winter there had been some anxiety about them, as they threatened to break out, but an R. C. missionary had gone out single handed and brought in the recalcitrant chief, the cause of the trouble, to the authorities, and the trouble ended. The R. C. missionaries working amongst the Indians are from all reports estimable men very different from their *confrères* of

Central America, as we shall see later on. Though the section of this tribe on the United States side of the line has broken out many times, hitherto, there has never been any rising on this side. That evening we sighted Sheep Creek at sundown in a little copse of cotton trees, circled by low bluffs at the foot of which ran a small stream. W——. went off fishing, while we lighted the fire, and came back with a great piled up plate of trout. In the meantime we had cooked a good batch of bread, and were all sitting round a blazing fire discussing the friends of the camp we had left behind. W——, and myself took it in turns to keep watch that night for our two English boys were too tired to do so. Thus the days passed as we steadily rode forward. The mountains on our right were, especially at sunrise, a magnificent sight, as the sun cast its rays upon them, brilliantly lighting up their snow clad peaks, and revealing their many hidden glaciers.

We came across one of the derelicts of the white race one day; in a kind of broken down log cabin was a white man who had evidently come from respectable parentage, living with an Indian squaw, with not even the charms of youth about her, and a number of little half breed children. These solitary individuals sought a precarious existence by the cultivation of a small patch of ground, and what the prairie and rivers gave them in the way of sport. The man himself was morose and uncommunicative, and was openly glad to see us depart.

On another day, soon after starting out, we met a cowboy driving a spring cart drawn by a pair of horses. He told us his ranch was about fifteen miles ahead of us, and that he was going up the valley near by to bring in a load of fire wood. His language was that of a cowboy, but that of one who had not long acquired it; he was distinctly a new chum, notwithstanding his attempt to pass off as a native born cowboy. Beneath all his exterior he was a gentleman, and gentleman born. We called in at the ranch, and spent a pleasant couple of hours with the boys, and from them learnt that our new chum was the son of the Earl of Cork.

En route we took our time, made excursions off our route, and had some splendid shooting and fishing. Prairie chicken and duck were in abundance, and both trout and salmon-trout, which were too easily caught as they gave little play.

One evening as we camped at sundown, W—— as usual had gone fishing, and our two English companions—and excellent ones they were too—always willing, but a bit green, had gone out to collect buffalo, "chips" for the fire, while I was attending to the horses. As I finished hobbling and tethering them, suddenly two Indians

appeared before me. I was fairly startled for they seemed to have arisen out of the ground. The prairie around us was as flat as a pancake, with neither bush nor tree that could have hidden them and not a sign of human life had we seen. Two fine young fellows they were, but as usual with matted hair hanging over their eyes like Scotch terriers. By signs I understood their camp was about four hours ride ahead, and that there were fifteen tepees there. I noticed they were not so quick at catching a sign as the negro races are, quite contrary to all I had read or expected about the Indian, and this proved not to be exceptional in their case. The conversation with these two was carried on something after this fashion. Wishing to know how far their camp was off, one laid one's hand on one's cheek, shut one's eyes, and inclined one's head to the side. They answered by pointing in the direction, and to where the moon would be if we rode on to reach it. Then sketching a tepee on the ground I opened and shut my fingers. They answered by holding out five fingers, shutting and opening the hand three times. I bought, before they rode off, a white wolf's skin from them for some trinket, it may have been a knife. Smoke arising in the distance indicated the presence of several lodges in the neighbourhood.

Four days out from Calgary we sighted Fort McLeod, which lay in a ravine with a small river running through, and which falls below this outpost into a larger one namely, the Belly river. The Fort consisted of a few wooden huts and stables strongly palisaded around to a height of ten feet. The Hudson Bay company, with two or three small traders and about sixty North-West police, are stationed here. About sixty miles down the river an enterprising English company are opening up a coal seam, the coal from which is sent down the river in scows. Lady Burdett Coutts is said to have been the pioneer in financing the concern. Large numbers of Black Feet were camped in the vicinity, and the trade going on with them appeared to be a very considerable one. This is the last outpost, the boundary line being about five short days' journey ahead of us. We learnt there was a horse ranch a few miles from here, but notwithstanding the presence of the North West police they suffer from the depredations of horse thieves, white men, who cunningly alter their brands, and get away across the border with their spoil.

We were cautioned to keep a good look out on our horses or we should lose them, as a band of three desperadoes were suspected of being in the neighbourhood. The Indians too are cunning at the same game, but not so daring. As we preferred to be in the open

we camped that night well beyond the stockade, but soon after falling asleep the man on the watch woke us up to tell us that some Indians were prowling round. Soon afterwards two Indians and their squaws came in, and begged some bread and tea off us. In order to keep on good terms with them and not risk the stealing of our horses, I, being bread maker, got up and made them some bread and tea. They then sat after their meal smoking and passing remarks to each other evidently amused. Falling off to sleep, when I got up to go on watch I found them alongside of me fast asleep. Next morning one of the boys from the horse ranch came in and spun a few yarns. One of their number had been missing for two days, and they had been out most of the night looking for him, but they did not seem much perturbed, saying he would turn up in time.

The two English boys rode on ahead to St. Mary's about twenty-two miles, and when we arrived we found they had a good fire going and some prairie chicken they had bagged on the way there, and with a good dish of trout caught in the river we were soon supping off it; but our delightful repast was interrupted by a swarm of flying ants. They came over us in dense clouds, and some of the horses got restive with them, as they filled their eyes and mouths. We took off our coats and put them over the horses' heads, and while each held his horse, we ourselves were nearly suffocated and blinded with the ants. They simply choked us and we had hard work to hold on to our horses; besides which they bit us, not badly, but sufficiently for us to feel it uncomfortably. As far as one could see the whole prairie presented the spectacle of a dense cloud of rising ants, and not until an hour after sunset were we clear of them. Hitherto we had all four been a most amiable party. That evening we were all irritable and falling out with each other, when someone amongst us remarked how cross and disagreeable we had suddenly got, and that perhaps it was due to the ant bites. There could be no doubt about that, we all agreed, and once again we were a family party. In these parts there is one very noticeable and remarkable phenomenon; everything at a distance becomes magnified, a clump of grass looks like a small bush, a small bush looks like a horse or an antelope. Distances too are most deceptive a mile seeming to be three. There were some days when we could find no fresh water, as all the streams are very alkaline. This is accounted for by the prairie fires; which leave behind them the black alkaline ash of the grass which every downpour of rain dissolves out, and every rill flowing into the streams, turns them into alkaline ones. The

horses suffered much and there were two days which were especially bad, and the outlook became serious; but "all's well that ends well" for we came suddenly on some unexpected springs, where we rested for a couple of days. On the way we had passed a series of large alkaline lakes on which there must have been many thousands of duck, some of which came into our larder, also a few curlew.

About six miles from the springs, at the foot of some low hills, we crossed the forty-ninth parallel into the United States. The only artificial mark was an old cast away camp sheet iron cooking stove.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORT McLEOD TO MONTANA AND VANCOUVER.

About another twelve miles beyond it we descended from one of those high prairie plateaus down a long and rocky precipitous road running through a deep valley, once the scene of glacial action. Huge granite blocks were strewn over it with countless thousands of stones scattered about ; whilst evidences of the grinding polishing action of the ice were plentiful in the rounded off and deeply grooved domes over which the great glacier had travelled, and lower down as we followed the grooves and striations left by the great ice plough, we came upon the small hills or moraines composed of rocks, stones, dirt, which the great carrier laden with the *dèbris* fallen upon it had deposited as it melted away in the warmer valley. On one of these domes we camped at midday, and there one lay, and in imagination repictured the mighty glacier that had once filled this valley, slowly but imperceptibly sculpturing it out into its present form in the long past aeons, and yet but a fragment of the time this world of ours had passed through in its vast geological changes, until at last man appeared at the end of time. Insignificant as he may appear as to size, a microscopic atom relative to the material world, yet in his spiritual aspect he is as vastly greater than all animate nature, as the material universe is to his bodily form. The aeons and aeons of the preparation of this world portray to my mind the stupendous importance of the event of man, endowed as he is with immense latent powers ; "in the image of God created He man," and if true, as I verily believe, does it not explain the reason for these inconceivably geological aeons which are in their immensity as nothing compared with spiritual revelations revealed to man, man able, through the Son, to enter into the thoughts and intentions of God Himself, all pressing on to the time when He shall deliver this kingdom up to His Father, when God shall be all in all, an event which may yet be aeons ahead of us. Man measures everything by the distance he can walk, by the average length of

his days on earth:—With the Infinite there is neither distance nor time, how can there be? If we think of Him as the intelligence who wills, and purposes, we get away from the material thought into the more mystic one of state or being—in other words the “I am.”

The average man unable to interpret the geological records written in rocks and stones as above described, sees nothing but a dry, rocky uninteresting valley, a picture of how the purely materialistic mind sees nothing in the life that is around it, and of which it forms a part.

Returning from my dreams to earth again. For three days we had been aware that there was some “outfit” ahead of us, and as the tracks were getting fresher and fresher, we were getting up close to it. As we again began to ascend on to one of these high prairie-like plateaus, and as the sun was setting casting its rays on the crest of the hill, we caught sight of smoke going up beyond. Cautiously we pushed forward lest they might be Indians, for we were anxious not to come too near them, but by good fortune they turned out to be an “outfit” camped for the night, and we were not long in joining it. Now what is an “outfit” may be asked. It consisted in this case of a number of waggons and mules with their drivers, who were returning from Calgary where they had been tearing in provisions from Helena, Montana. This one was made up of three sets. Each set consisted of four covered waggons hitched together one behind the other, the front one being the largest, and each of the others diminishing in size in telescope-like fashion. When loaded up each set is drawn by twenty-four mules, but when returning empty, all the sets are hitched one behind the other, and the whole drawn by fifty, the remaining twenty-two mules and a few spare ones following behind. As may be imagined the sight of these “prairie schooners” with their white canvas covers is one nowhere else to be seen but in the far West. The teamsters were a rough good-natured crowd who invited us to a really good supper, largely made up of canned goods. We sat up late listening to their stories of prairie life, and as we were going off before sunrise bid them goodbye. I have since often wondered how they fared, for as will be seen later they were trekking straight for the Nez Percé Indian country, whose tribe had broken out and were on the war path.

That evening as the sun was just setting behind the snow-capped mountains we came upon one of Dame Nature’s lovely pictures. Before us lay a deep broad valley through which coursed a small but deep rippling river, lined on either bank with ash, maple and

cotton wood trees, which had cut its way through a deep drift, leaving great irregular but perpendicular many hued cliffs on either side of it, worn away into every conceivable shape and form. On the opposite side was a large Pegan Indian encampment, with a log built store standing in the midst of their tepees, while a little further down the river was a small saw mill. This and the store we afterwards found belonged to Joe Kepp, a half breed Indian. Beyond was the rolling prairie, on which were grazing herds of Indian horses, and a few cattle. Smoke was curling up from the Indian fires as they were preparing their evening meal, and it hung heavily over the camp. The leaden colour of the clouded sky as it gradually deepened on the eastern horizon into a dark bank of threatening clouds, gave a mellowness and softness to the landscape; the foreground thus portrayed was a delightful picture of restfulness and peacefulness. As we descended into the valley, the ground cactus in flower and numberless marigolds added to the charm. On our side of the river the grass was poor and scanty. Dismounting we sat watching this evening panorama spread out before us, and discussed the merits and demerits of camping on this side or the other. Our horses were tired and needed a rest and a good feed, and the grass was tempting on that opposite side, but not so the Indians. We decided to keep the river between us and them, and it was not long before we had watered and tethered our horses, and had a big fire going. After a good meal we lay around smoking our pipes, and watched the forms of the Red Skins across the river flitting about their fires. The ford across the river was a difficult one, so we had no visitors that night. Awaking early we found ourselves already the centre of attraction, for several Indians had already crossed the ford and seated themselves in front of our tent. None of us had slept soundly, for these Indians were entirely unknown to us, and every little disturbance in the trees caused by a gentle breeze blowing had awakened us, and brought to our vivid imagination, images of the braves crawling through the bush or scrub surrounding us with tomahawks and knives to kill and scalp us. That night we had arrived so frightfully tired and fatigued that we had decided to risk it, and not mount guard over our horses as was our habit. After breakfast, which we had to prepare not only for ourselves but for our visitors, we saddled up and rode over to visit the camp. Joe Kepp, who spoke our own tongue, we found in his store. From him we learnt this camp was one belonging to the Pegan Indians with whom he traded. We enquired what on earth was the use of a saw mill here, but he told us that as timber was scarce, the ranchers hidden away

in the slopes of the mountains, two and three days away from here, sent over to buy plank from him. Again we plied him with questions why had he put his mill so far away from timber, the answer was simple ; the Indians cut the logs in the mountains, and floated them down the river, and as he did a good trade with them for furs here, he put up his saw mill near by as he had to run it himself. Hanging up in his store were two horrid scalps of red skins, of which he was very proud, the Indian blood thus showing itself. His story was that the Cree Indians had made a raid on this camp about four months ago. There had been a fight in which he secured his scalps, but nevertheless the Crees had got clear away with half the Pegan horses. After this a troop of United States Cavalry had been stationed here to protect the camp, and had only gone back to Fort Benton a few days previously.

Joe was an interesting man, and gave us much interesting information about the country around and its possibilities. During the morning four cowboys rode in, all armed with Winchesters and Colt revolvers. From them we learnt more particulars about the fight, for from Joe we learnt the Crees had left eleven scalps behind, but he did not tell us the Crees had got away with nine Pegan scalps. These boys, fine specimens of the Western cattlemen, had come over from a ranch some two days' ride away, and were busy making purchases of tea, sugar, flour and bacon. Nice boys they proved, genuine Westerners, and we spent a couple of hours with them, listening to their stories of Indians. But they gave us some rather alarming news, rumours of which we heard in Calgary, namely, that the Indians showed signs of great restlessness, and might break out any day. They advised us to retrace our steps. Joe said, however, while he thought an outbreak was brewing, it would wait until later in the autumn, but, he added, "it's going to come off." We invited the boys to stay over a day at our camp, but they had to get back. On the Eastern slopes and valleys of the Rockies the country is well suited for cattle, as the snow is not so deep as on their Western flanks, neither is the climate nearly so cold as further out on the plains; this is due to the warm wind or "Chinook" coming from the Japan current on the Pacific side, and which blowing high up the Western side of the Rockies drops down on their Eastern slopes, and thus climatic conditions are less severe than on their further side.

From Joe I bought a fine buffalo robe ; buffaloes still roam these plains but are rapidly being exterminated, and will soon only be preserved in Zoological Gardens and the National Park. We also

obtained from him a supply of bacon, sugar, flour, tea and a few tins of peaches to replenish our larder, which was beginning to get rather low, for we had not counted on our Indian begging visitors. Outside the tepees the squaws were all busily working with a kind of little hoe-shaped instrument, the edge of which was sharply ground; with these they chipped off the hair from the buffalo hides preparatory to turning them into soft leather. Some of these instruments were very interesting, having carved bone handles. I tried to buy one but no one would part with one. The squaws seemed to be the only beings who worked, and incessantly kept chip, chip, chipping away on the skins.

The camp was an interesting one, and we decided next day to move across the river, and camp about a mile beyond it, as the grass was better there than on our side. Towards evening five Indians rode down past us, and as they passed we noticed they were not Pegans. All of them had hats, and more or less European clothing. Forging the river they crossed to the Pegan side, tied their horses up under the shade of a clump of trees, laid down behind some bushes, took out their pipes and coolly lay there smoking them, with faces turned towards the Pegan camp. I made the remark at the time they seemed to be a suspicious crowd, but as they had ridden so boldly by us, and crossed the ford in full view of the Indian camp, I thought no more about it, but as the sequel will show they were Cree Indians scouting, and taking in the position of the Pegan tepees, and the number of their horses feeding a little distance from the camp.

Next morning we moved across and pitched our camp about a mile down the valley. In the afternoon W—— and myself rode out with Joe and picked out a few horses, making a swop with the Indians for some of our own. I had an amusing experience, as one of the Indians riding bare backed a wild looking little nag, wanted me to ride him to prove how strong it was. Accordingly I did so and got a longer ride than I had bargained, for he galloped off across the prairie to another troop of horses, and with lasso in hand singling out one he picked for a trade with us. Galloping back alone I nearly came off, for riding bare backed was a new experience.

After a good deal of palavering we finally settled on our bargains having swopped our old horses for fresh ones. On the whole the Indians got the best of it, but from our necessities we got the best, as we wanted to push ahead with fresh horses and not tired ones. A week's rest here and a good feed would have set them up again, but this we could not afford. Camped that night we

tethered our horses close by. Joe said our horses would be all right, no one would touch them, and we could all go to sleep, so we turned in early after a pow wow, when we decided to spend another day here before going on. The horses were restless in the very early hours of the morning. I woke the boys up, and we all turned out to mount guard over them. After an hour the others retired, but I remained up watching them, hidden in a dark corner. Daylight came and I turned in. After breakfast we went fishing, and coming back we saw all the Indians coming out of their camp on foot and armed. We hastily saddled the horses, there was no time to pack the others. I rode toward the Indians with injunctions to the others that if I waved my handkerchief to ride off, meaning that things were wrong. When I got within hailing distance, Joe called out there had been a raid by the Crees, and when my men came up Joe sat down and laughed, while the Pegans looked on amused. What had happened was, the Crees had crept into the Pegan camp and had taken them by surprise. Leaving a sentinel before each tepee the rest of them had gone off, and rounding up the Pegan horses had driven them off, the sentinels then making their escape. The Pegans hearing the Crees already in their camp dare not stir from their tepees, so they were left with all their horses gone. They took the matter very stoically, though it meant much to them. Joe had sent a boy to our camp to see if we were all right. Finding no trace of us, for we had gone fishing, they had all come out, thinking possibly some of the Crees might be lurking behind some low hills just behind us, to see what had happened to us. They then asked for the loan of our horses as they wanted to follow their trail. W—— and myself joined Joe and five Indians to whom we lent the remaining six horses, and we went off across the ford, having first taken a wide sweep round to see that none of the Crees had stayed behind, or were still lurking about. We followed their trail going north for about two to two-and-a-half hours, when we came to the decision that they would not camp until they had put such a distance between them and the Pegans that the latter could not overtake them on foot that night. We each carried a rifle, and our Indians kept a sharp look out on the trail to see that no party had gone off it. Coming back to camp the position was solemnly discussed, the outcome of which was that the Crees from across the boundary were the culprits, and that the United States Government would insist on compensation from the Canadian Government. It was a fortunate thing we had crossed the ford, for if we had still been camped on the other side, Joe and

the Indians thought that they would have very probably stalked us and cut our throats lest we should give an alarm. There had been no fight as in their former raid, and at this the Pegans were much chagrined.

Next day we re-started on our journey. Joe and the Hudson Bay people had told us that some twenty miles before we reached the Milk river the trail divided, one trail going North Eastward which, if followed, would bring us to a very difficult ford, and save us some forty miles, but unless we could pick up an Indian guide we were advised not to follow it.

Two days after leaving the Indian camp we found our trapper's axe which was usually placed under the sling ropes outside the pack of one of the horses, missing. W—— volunteered to go back for it, and we rode on slowly, arranging to camp a little off the trail, where we had sighted some scrub and promised to keep a good fire going as a signal in case he did not get back until after dark. 8 p.m. came then 1 a.m., then 2 a.m., but no sign of him. Early morning came but still no sign of him, and as by 10 a.m. he had not turned up, I saddled up and followed the trail back for four hours, when to my surprise there was W—— just saddling up. It appeared that after recovering the axe he off saddled, hobbled his horse, and let it go out to get a feed, but on coming to catch the brute, in spite of its hobbles it could still go faster than he could. By the time it was dark he was so tired out he lay down and fell asleep, and did not wake till 9 a.m. His horse then was nowhere to be seen, and he had to go off and track it up on foot, and when I came on the scene he had only just succeeded in catching it and bringing it in. By the time we reached our camp W—— was fairly exhausted, for he had been for over twenty-four hours without food, and had had a hard tramp after his horse. After a good meal, for the other two boys had secured some duck and fish, we were all in the best of spirits again, while W—— kept us in roars of laughter describing his many attempts to catch his horse. Next morning a white man and his wife, each with a pack animal passed us. They had come from the ranch somewhere in the mountains ahead of us, and were making for Calgary. The Nez Percè Indians they reported were very threatening, and thought we stood a good chance of getting caught. They had themselves cleared out for fear of them. This was not pleasant news, but we all four determined to risk it; as a precaution we only lit a fire at mid-day and with as little smoke as possible. We kept careful watch on the trail for any signs of Indians being about. We were now right in the middle of their reservation, and thought it peculiar that we saw no signs of them anywhere.

Coming to where the trail forked, the boys took the one leading by the safer ford as we all agreed to do. I suddenly swerved off on the other one and shouted to the others I was going to take the shorter trail. We had all agreed to take the longer trail. What possessed me I don't know. We had hitherto been a very united party, but this was a bomb shell to them, and they all decided they would not risk the upper ford, though I promised to make the attempt myself first. I was firm, and had made up my mind I would go alone, so I promised if I got across all right and would be well ahead of them, to camp somewhere where the trails met again and await them. We repacked the horses and put my division of stores on my pack animal. I tried to chaff them and especially W—— for he would have an extra horse to pack, as the two others had never learnt the knack of packing, which is quite an art in its way. In packing first take the sling ropes and sling the packs in them, then throw a long rope over them formed into a series of loops, making two figures of eight diagonally across them. This is called the "diamond hitch." Finally one places one's foot against the side of the animal and draws with one end of the rope the whole taut. About two hours out, as a grass fed horse at starting is blown out, it is necessary to stop and repeat the latter part of the operation. An old horse when being packed deliberately blows himself out, but he gets an extra pull on the rope.

Bidding them goodbye I trotted off, but some three hours after as I stopped to rest the horses at mid-day, on looking back, there were the boys in the distance following me up. On coming up they were all very sulky. That evening we came to the ford, and I ventured across first. In crossing a deep ford the idea is to swim on the down side of the stream, with the right hand holding with a firm grip the mane of the horse, and with the left keep swishing the water into the animal's face, and so keep his head from facing down stream; to the tail of my horse I tied the pack horse.

The ford proved to be not half so bad as painted, and only for a very short distance had the horses to swim. The others followed and all safely crossed. The water was icy cold but had the effect of cooling down the hot blood of the others, and all were in good spirits once more. In order to lighten our packs we had left our small tent behind, and for two or three days we had bad weather.

One night there was toriential rain, and we had a bad time of it, the nights too were cold, but the clear bright atmosphere is so bracing and invigorating that it left no after effects. Mid-day the sun was still very powerful, and more than once we might have

been seen sheltering under a bank or scrub bush in Adam's attire with all our clothes spread out in the sun to dry.

After a few days we began to enter some settlements recently begun. From them we learnt that at the lower ford a body of the United States cavalry were surrounded by the Nez Percè Indians. They were entrenched and eating their horses waiting for reinforcements to come to their assistance from Fort Benton, about two hundred miles distant, and situated on the head waters of the Missouri. The settlers had stocked with food places of refuge, and had their scouts out watching against any surprise raid. The first sheep ranch we came across was very nearly the cause of ending my life, for it so happened I was riding one of the pack horses that day, having packed my own riding animal to give the former a rest, as his back had begun to show signs of tenderness, or the first signs of a sore back. Coming suddenly on a large flock of sheep my own horse, which had never seen sheep before, took fright, galloped off, and threw his pack, when the trapper's axe, curiously enough, instead of falling out, got caught by two half hitches round it to the end of the sling rope. Away he went with the axe slinging round him, first cutting into his flanks then bouncing on the ground, and again and again swinging round his body, each time cutting into him, then turning he came straight for me. Jumping off my horse and sending him off with a cut of my whip, I lay flat on the ground with my arms covering my head, while the poor beast circled round and round me with terror and the axe bounding, bouncing and swinging round in every direction, and how I escaped was a miracle, as it hit the ground close to me several times. At last from loss of blood my pet horse came to a standstill, trembling all over while blood poured from his wounds. Sorrowfully I drew out my rifle and shot him. There was nothing else to do for he was terribly hacked about. We then had to scour around picking up what was left of the pack the contents of which had been scattered about in every direction. As our stores had greatly decreased we had no difficulty in finding room for what was left on the remaining pack horses.

At the ranch we found a young New York man who had come out to these wilds about two years previously. Threatened with consumption he had come out West where he joined another young fellow on a trip round Montana. Arriving at this run they had settled here and started sheep ranching on a small scale. They were doing they told us exceptionally well. The New Yorker too had completely recovered his health. They told us how common it was for shepherds going off with a flock of sheep alone, sometimes

for months, to go mad, through the exceptional loneliness of their lives. For example they had for themselves two flocks of sheep away off in the mountains, each with one shepherd only, and had not seen them for three months, but were expecting them back at any time. Think of the lonely, monotonous life, no wonder it was no uncommon thing for these men to lose their reason. Such is life on these frontiers.

At last we reached Helena, the capital of Montana. Here the newspaper reporters interviewed us, and when we told them we had crossed the Nez Percè Indian country they did not believe it, and thought we were pulling their legs. Our first night here we put up at the hotel, and in the evening went to the theatre. Those who wanted seats had to carry them there. The audience was mostly comprised of miners and prospectors, a rough crowd. The play was "Lord Dundreary." Lord Dundreary was a person who dropped every "H" possible, and put in as many as he dropped where he should not. All in the house including ourselves shrieked with laughter, and we all enjoyed the play immensely. I am quite sure every miner present thought he had seen a real live English Lord, and not a London Cockney, but whose acting was really good.

Helena was at this time a typical Western Mining town, as may be divined from the fact of our having to carry our own chairs to the theatre. Next day we went back a mile along the railway, and put up at a boarding house where the railway officials boarded, kept by a German and his wife with two grown up girls who waited on us. After a rest here I left my companions for a short time, who had decided to stay here until my return. I had a special mission to carry out. Up in one of the gulches of the Rockies was a large mine that had recently been acquired by an English Company, and for a very big price. Something was wrong with it, for the gold was not forthcoming as estimated. One of the large shareholders, who lived in India, was very anxious and suspicious about things, and had deputed me to find out in my own way what I could. On going up to the camp I found the manager was away taking a holiday. Discovering where the mine foreman lived I went to where he boarded, and soon got friendly with him. He asked me what I was doing there, and I said, "Oh! when does the manager come back, as I have a letter to him, he might offer me a job." The thing that happened was, keeping up an animated conversation I went his round with him, when it suddenly occurred to him he had gone against orders to allow strangers in the mine. Anyhow having once admitted me, I used afterwards

to accompany him, and in this way I found out all I wished to know. I called on the manager when he returned, asked for a job in the assay office, which I knew was fully staffed, and again got the information I wanted. I then cleared out and went back to the boarding house which I found my friends were loathe to leave, so much at home had they made themselves.

Before leaving I had to fit myself out in decent clothes such as they were, to see certain people in town about the mine I had been secretly inspecting. The indirect result of my visit was, a commission of enquiry was sent out from England, and within a year the shares which had fallen to about three shillings and sixpence had gone up to eight pounds, a figure about which they stood for many years.

The northern Pacific, two days before we reached Helena, had just been completed, and the golden spike driven in at the junction of the east and western sections.

From Helena we went on to Missoula. The scenery on the way is very magnificent. Missoula itself is situated on the Clarkford river, and forms a distributing centre for the rich farms distributed round this fertile valley. A camp of flat head Indians near by greatly interested me, for my father in the early forties brought home from British Columbia in one of H.M. ships, a young boy, the first of his tribe to come to England. At the time it created in the medical world a great deal of interest and discussion as to what effect the compression of the skull might have on the brain. The youth my father described as very intelligent, and by the time they reached England after eighteen months from leaving British Columbia, he had learnt to speak English well. The winter of their arrival the boy contracted consumption, and a few months afterwards died in Haslar hospital. The tribe bind the skulls or heads of the babies so tightly until they grow up that the forehead assumes an elongated and sloped back shape, giving their features a most strange aspect.

From here I had to go to Portland, and thence on to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. I had traded off my horses at a fairly remunerative price. My three companions decided to accompany me as far as Victoria, whence the two English boys returned home. We secured a passage on a calaboose or conductor's van on a night freight train going west. Leaving Missoula we entered a deep gorge, and over a high wooden trestle bridge, the highest in the world, being 220 feet in height. On either side of it a huge forest fire was burning, lighting up the dark night into a scene of weird splendour, a grandly wild and impressive one.

The tall trees up the steep sides of the mountains were all glowing or ablaze. The cañon through which we passed is known as "Hell Gate Cañon," now not an inappropriate name for it. Great alarm was felt on account of the danger to the trestle bridge. Next day found us travelling through a desert sage bush covered country.

At Ainsworth on the Snake River, we were delayed some hours at the bridge then in course of building there. A stern-wheel steamer ferried the train over, four cars at a time. The camp was composed of a hard-looking crowd, all engaged on the bridge, in which almost every nationality seemed to be represented, even to a large number of Chinese.

A little after leaving Ainsworth we struck the Columbia river, and alongside of it we now commenced to run, and as evening closed in we obtained some delightful peeps as we travelled high above it through a succession of deep basaltic cuttings. Next night we reached Dallas, and here we stayed over to catch the steamer going down the river. Next day our journey down it was one idealistic panorama of mountain, forest and water. The river flows through perpendicular basaltic cliffs bounding it on either side, a sheet of green transparent moving glass. High peaks rise up in the background, covered with tall fir or pine trees, while salmon were jumping high out of the water in every direction, and duck swimming about in great numbers, as if no noisy steamer was approaching them. Except for the noise of the steamer the stillness and peacefulness of this fairy land was indescribable. I fixed my pipe on to the end of a small pipe from which steam was issuing to clean it out. The captain came off the bridge, stumbled down the ladder, and the engineer was called. It turned out the steamer was steered by the means of a very small engine that ran the rudder chains and the exhaust on which my pipe was fixed caused the steering gear to throw out. The captain discovered the pipe, threw it overboard, and finding I was the culprit fumed out blasphemous volleys until his breath failed him to say more. I do not know which was worse, to hear his volleys, or to be wrecked. Once cooled down this aspect of the episode seemed to amuse him. At the Cascades, which are a series of rapids, we left our steamer and travelled by tram seven miles down alongside them, where we met another steamer awaiting us. On the left bank of the river a few miles back, a big forest fire was raging, the smoke from which clouded the whole atmosphere. We put in at one place to take in some fugitives from the fire. They reported the total loss of their settlement consisting of nine houses, fourteen barns, with their

cattle and most of their horses. Poor things, they were in great distress. Some alarm was expressed for the safety of the Clicatats, a tribe of flat heads, who were in the mountains near by, as the fires looked as if they had swept round and cut them off. That evening rather late we arrived at Portland, Oregon; from here we left by steamer down Puget Sound; the steep basaltic shores had now disappeared, and low lying ones, clad in a covering of fir and pine forests, took their place. At a place called, I think, Kalana, we landed, and travelled by cars to a landing outside Tacoma, where we expected to find a steamer going to Victoria, Vancouver Island. A dense fog had delayed it. W—— and myself started after supper to walk up to Tacoma, and on our way back we experienced a funny adventure. On the way up we had noticed two deep drains cut alongside a new road under construction, and from the further one we now heard the most extraordinary sounds of some animal in distress. We discussed what it could be, and all that we could think of was that a sheep had fallen into it. Getting through the first drain, we approached the second one, and from out of it the sound seemed to come. I jumped down leaving W—— standing on the side, struck some matches, and finding nothing clambered out on the far side. The sound then seemed to come from what looked like a rock in front of me, and I went forward to see, when I heard W—— call out, "It's a bear." The moment he thus exclaimed I could in the dim star light make out a bear standing right in front of me. I kept my presence of mind and stepped backwards one step at a time, but I forgot about the drain behind me. Into this I fell backwards and as I hit the ground I imagined it was the bear on top of me. Finding I was at the bottom of the drain and unmolested I scrambled out and began running. W—— had disappeared, into the second I went head over heels, and got badly shaken. Again scrambling out I made my way down to the wharf, where I found W—— talking to some men, who calmly informed us the bear was chained. "Chained or not chained," I said, "I was within an ace of his embrace," but was greeted all round with laughter. I was plastered from head to foot in mud, and must have looked a sorry sight, at all events I felt it. After cooling down—for I had run or stumbled along down the hill for all I was worth, imagining the brute was behind me, for my falls had shaken out of me any little nerve I might have had—the comical side of my adventure struck me, and I don't think I ceased laughing over it for a week after the event, and even to this day I laugh when I think of it.

About 6 a.m. our steamer came in and took us off. As we

passed along close into the shore the autumnal tints surpassed anything I had previously seen. The maples, dispersed amongst great fir trees were in their gorgeous hues of every shade, varying from yellows to reds. The contrasts seen against the clear transparent waters of every shade of blue were very fine and lovely.

Victoria was in its early development, and though still looking crude, and typical of a frontier town, had all the elements that go to make a fine one out of it. Three miles away is the fine harbour of Esquimault, now our naval station with its houses and stores. I remember my father telling me of the days when he sailed into it in one of those fine old wooden frigates, that the only habitable house on shore was the Hudson Bay Company's, and of having slept the first night there on a bale of blankets. Quite close to the town some very good deer shooting was to be had for the trouble of hunting them up.

Here we bid goodbye to our two English boys who were returning to England, boys of the right sort of stuff to make fine men. W—— and myself left the steamer for Nanaimo, where are situated extensive coal mines, which supply both the British Columbian Coast and the United States Coast, as far as San Francisco, with coal.

My client in England wanted to find all he could about them, hence my journey to them. As we skirted in between the numerous islands, with their rocky shores and inlets, the voyage was a most enchanting one, the water, so clear and transparent, lent an added charm to the beauty of these islands, and the varied colours of the seaweeds which covered the rocks surpassed anything I have ever seen. After about 120 miles run we arrived at the colliery, whose inhabitants consisted largely of Chinese and Indians. My visit from a professional point of view was an interesting one, and I obtained all that was necessary. Before turning my face homewards I determined to make a canoe trip up the coast and amongst the islands as far as Comox. For this purpose I purchased an Indian canoe and laid in ten days supply of flour, tea, bacon, sugar, etc., after which we started on our way. During the fortnight to which our trip extended, we had many vicissitudes. The first day out it rained nearly all day, afterwards we got a head wind and had to lay up for a couple of days. On shore we shot grouse, on the sea we caught salmon. Here I must tell a story against myself as not being very sportsmanlike. We were trolling with a spoon bait for salmon, when we hooked what I called out to my companion must be a whale. Our frail canoe

spun round, rocked to and fro, and both W—— and myself were exerting all our ingenuity to keep it from upsetting. As we were about two miles from the shore and would have been unable to regain our canoe, I ripped out my knife and let my whale go. Shortly afterwards a seal kept coming up on either side of the canoe, and looking at us with its beautiful eyes so humanlike, I had not the heart to shoot, nor could my companion, though our guns lay at our sides. Paddling along the shore the water was so clear and transparent that every nook and crevice beneath it was plainly visible, while fish were jumping in every direction, wild duck and geese flew overhead in great swarms, and on one occasion the sun was literally obliterated by them, as if by a big black cloud. Coming round a headland we suddenly came on two Indian girls paddling a canoe. Directly they saw us they shot in between some rocks, where we saw them jumping ashore, and as they scrambled over the rocks, they sang as they ran some wild Indian song, and with their long black hair streaming down their backs, they formed just such a picture as one reads about in novels.

Camped one night near a party of Indians, I heard a gun go off near me in the middle of the night, and jumping to my feet I found W—— had shot what he thought was a wolf, but on going over to view the body, we found it was one of the Indian dogs. As the Indians love their dogs almost as much as their children, we thought it better to decamp, so picking up the carcass, we put it into the canoe to throw overboard later on, and put out to sea again.

My African fever had of late begun to come back on me, and one day, while camped by the banks of a small stream with the salmon running up it in shoals, and with a strong touch of malaria on me, two little black bears came out of the woods on the opposite side of the stream, and began with their paws swashing out the salmon, and eating them. Had I not been feeling so bad, I could have easily shot the two. W—— had gone away. Next day we set out again, but my fever preventing me from paddling, we put in to an island where we espied a small house. The solitary occupant was a woman only nine months out from Nottingham, England. Her husband worked at a logging camp about three miles away on the mainland opposite, and came across to see her two or three times a week. Two pretty little girls and a rather ugly baby boy comprised her family. Her husband who had taken up a homestead here, had already built a very decent frame house, and had started the beginnings of a farm. Evidently he was a man bound to get on, with the true old adventurer's spirit in him.

In the little parlour she placed a mattress and some pillows

for me, and covered me up in blankets. After a few hours the fever passed off and as the sun went down, we all sat round the table, and had a real homely English tea, for in the meantime she had made some bread and cakes, the former cut in thin slices and buttered with butter of her own making, and we all, including the children, thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The poor creature was overjoyed to sit and talk to some of her own people again. She seemed to be quite happy and looking forward to the day when they would have a little farm of their own, and be able to employ a hired hand or two, that seemed to be her ambition. I often wonder how they succeeded. The little island was called "Denman," and this family formed its sole population.

The following day, after a night's good rest, we bade her goodbye, and felt sorry to leave her in so lonely a place.

On another occasion, we had a different reception. Hearing of an old English gentleman, brother of a well-known English admiral, we made a point of going out of our way and calling in at the little island he lived on. On stepping ashore, I met him as he came out of the wood, and greeted him saying, "I had a couple of recent monthly magazines if he would like them," wherewith he replied, "I neither want you nor your magazines, nor any other visitor, so to H—— with you." We found out afterwards he lived with a number of Indians, and never communicated with the outer world, save to send a canoe down to Victoria once every six months with a trusted Indian, to bring back his half-yearly remittance from home, and clothes. Personally, he looked well born with a not unkind face, and was to my surprise dressed quite sprucely, and looked more like an old squire in his own grounds.

Reaching Comox, I determined to return by a small steamer, as I still had, more or less fever upon me. W——decided to return to Victoria later, where he expected to join friends from Winnipeg, so I bade him goodbye. On the way back, we had some specially beautiful peeps of the delightful island scenery, while Mount Baker, on the mainland, clad in snow from base to summit stood as if a great sentinel guarding the country. In some of the coves into which we penetrated, the bottom of the sea was carpeted with starfish of every conceivable colour, red, pink, grey, yellow, orange, even black, and one kind the most exquisite of all, was of a deep rich purple. In other places were great forests of seaweeds, with their long cylindrical roots growing up to the surface, ending in broad ribbons, flowing gracefully over with the tide, indicating to the mariner the direction of the currents. Again in other places, lying at the bottom of the sea could be seen the rocks on which were

well grooved marks and striations, so plainly visible, that written there was the story of some mighty glacier that had long, long ago cut its way through this now sea covered valley. The scenery too, on shore was beautiful; amidst the firs and pines were Wellingtonias of gigantic height, the autumnal tints of the maple trees scattered through them gave colour to their sombre greens, while the rocks along the foreshore were covered with lichens with similar tones of colour, the most humble of vegetable products, challenging as it were their more lordly and gigantic neighbours, to vie with them in wealth of colour.

On the way down we often passed large canoes paddled by Indians carrying produce to market, some coming from as far north as Alaska. It was about this time that those magnificent sunsets were being witnessed in Europe, of which the newspapers were so full, supposed to have been caused by the fine cosmical dust cast into the atmosphere by the eruption of Krakatoa. Here night after night those wondrous sunsets were most marked; the inexpressible touches of colour, and marvellous sheets of cloud effects almost gave one the impression that heaven was about opening out to earth. One such sunset as we came down in the steamer with the magnificent colouring in the foreground of the great island I shall never forget; all nature seemed hushed in it, the fish alone seemed unimpressed, as we heard them jumping and splashing about as we lay at anchor off a small settlement. Before leaving Victoria, I went over to the mainland. Vancouver City had not even been located then, and no one knew the future site of the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Westminster was then the capital and town of attraction. I bought some land along a deep inlet with a good wharfage front, and after holding it for some years sold it at a fair profit; the idea had been that it might perhaps turn out to be the site or continuation of the above terminus, but this did not prove to be the case.

Before returning to Victoria, I went up to Hastings and Moodyville, where I went over some very large up-to-date saw mills. Amongst some of the enormous logs I measured one, 112 feet long, and 28 inches square, with not a knot in it larger than one inch in diameter, and remarkably free even from small ones. This particular log had been bought by the Chinese government, and was waiting to be shipped to China.

CHAPTER IX.

VANCOUVER ISLAND TO FRISCO, AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

ON arriving back at Victoria I found the fortnightly ship sailing to 'Frisco had broken down, and there would not be another for a fortnight. A steam collier going down offered to take several of us, and we shipped on board her. There being no room in the little cabin to sit down to our meals, we had to stand round a table on the centre of which was a large dish, with boiled legs of pork and mutton, each hacking off a portion for himself. As we came on deck afterwards, we found ourselves passing down the San Juan Straits, whilst on shore the Olympian snow-capped range of mountains were very plainly visible. It was somewhere near or along that range my father in the forties was camped with 100 marines, afterwards increased by fifty, the first regular soldiers landed in British Columbia. There he built a small fort and stockaded it. It was at the time when the Hudson Bay Company, and the United States Western Trading Company were at loggerheads with each other, and the latter were trying to stir up the Indians against the former.

My father's orders were to take measures against the Indians for the Hudson Bay's people's protection. He succeeded, however, in conciliating them, and spent nearly two years hunting and fishing with them. Everyone of his men he taught to ride, and they were veritably, as he used to say "horse marines."

He brought home, as before stated, a flat-head Indian boy, and two Wapiti deer, both of whom were the first specimens of their kind seen in England. One died soon after reaching England, the other he lent to the Zoological Gardens for three months, while he went home to Ireland on a visit. His man-servant who had been with him, and to whom the animal was greatly attached went up to see it. When the creature saw him it cleared at a bound the enclosing railings, and coming up to him tucked his head under his arm. Three days after the man left it was dead, it had refused both food and water, and literally had pined to death. The man was on

furlough himself and no one knew his address, so that it was impossible to communicate with him. My father used to say he was greatly cut up, so fond was he of his pet, that he had refused a handsome offer for it from the Zoological Gardens, and had only reluctantly lent it to them.

He was a great lover of animals and used to tell us as children stories of his pets. One I remember was of a tame brown bear he had in his camp out here that was also a great pet with all the men, when some of the sailors coming up to see the soldiers on a visit, gave Bruin a lot of gin, which he drank greedily, but which killed him. Bruin was given a full military funeral, probably the only Bruin that ever had this honour; my father needless to say was away from camp.

In dealing with the Indians, one of my father's first and great difficulties with them, was that his sergeant-major had a much more gorgeous looking uniform than his own, and they therefore concluded he must be the white men's chief.

It took us four days to reach Frisco, with a heavy gale against us the whole way, four days of misery, for one was terribly cold, drenched through with the seas that broke right into our deck cabins, and we suffered horribly from *mal de mer*.

The entrance to the harbour by the Golden-gate is very fine, but so well-known I will not describe it, save to point out that there is a very old interesting fort that is easily passed by without being noticed; it is a facsimile of Fort Sumter, Charleston, North Carolina, from which it will be remembered sounded the first gun fired in the war of the North and South.

By the time I reached my hotel, I had a raging fever on me, a regular attack of African fever, but which passed off after twenty-four hours under the blankets. Unfortunately, until my arrival home later on, I was constantly getting these attacks. I had matters which kept me here in California for a short time. A visit to Sacramento and the neighbourhood was of professional interest only.

San Francisco is a busy, fascinating city. The park is well worth a visit; it has been reclaimed from a barren waste of sand dunes, and is now quite a paradise of gardens; hundreds of thousands of loads of soil had to be transported and laid down where it is now a marvel to see the trees and shrubs growing. On the rocks beyond it the famous seals and walruses come up out of the sea and are to be seen basking in the sun. All visitors go through China Town. It is like a small part of China transported across the seas; here one sees the Chinese in

their national garments, the same work-shops, stores, malodorous atmosphere. In the theatre there were the same orderly crowd with their hundreds of pig tails, the most prominent features of the audience; while on the stage there was no attempt at scenic decoration, a few musicians made a din of indescribable sounds, with the clashing of gongs, and in between the intervals a comparative silence reigned, from out of which came weird sounds from their two-stringed fiddles, a peculiar kind of guitar. The dresses of the actors were superb, wherein mandarins and high officials were represented, and as the scenes quickly changed so the actors accommodated their representations to it, by quickly changing their garments on the stage. A play will thus go on for days together before it ends; it is in fact the telling of a long drawn-out story, which always has some moral, a living pictorial depiction of life, a kind of cinema display produced without the art of films. Sometimes the story is told in dumb show, at others the actors speak, when loud falsetto voices, very grating on the European ear, prevail.

Opium dens amongst the poorest were more plentiful than anything I have since seen in China, while in the luxurious Chinese clubs of the rich, ante-rooms were provided for members, who were to be seen in all stages from that of preparing the little opium balls so dexterously handled and placed on the bowls of their pipes, the inhaling of deep draughts of its fumes, to that stage where they lay in dreamland, unconscious and dead to everything around them.

The endless rope tramways here are an endless source of wonder to the Chinese, and as they express it, "he no pushee, he go all same Hellee."

Whilst in 'Frisco I had some important negotiations with the United States Government Departments, involving many telegrams passing between the Government offices here on my behalf, and Washington. In these negotiations there was any amount of red tape. I had thought hitherto that all red tape was a function of our government and peculiar only to it. On the other hand, the courtesy and desire to help one through its mazes formed a strong contrast to our own subordinate iceberg bound like officials, who have to be thawed first before papers can be got through their intricate lanes of troublous waters. My visits were numerous, and most of them only to fill in what seemed to be useless forms, but at no time did one lose patience; on the contrary, it was almost a pleasure to go there, so pleasant and cheerful were the officials.

One could not but contrast the slowness of their methods and

ways, as compared with negotiations with the American commercial men, who are so prompt, so quick to size up the salient features of a proposition, and equally quick to come to a decision.

From 'Frisco I had to go to Colorado, and thence to New Orleans. Saying goodbye to the Palace Hotel, I little thought as I left it, and at that time supposed to be the finest hotel in the world, its end was to be destroyed years afterwards in the great earthquake, or that the greater part of that fine city was to be similarly demolished.

As I was fond of experiences I had taken my ticket to Ogden on my way to Denver on an emigrant train, and I will briefly refer to the trip thus made. In the first place, it meant taking blankets and a few days commissariat supplies with me. Provided with these I boarded my carriage, the benches of which were of plain deal, but could be turned down so that at night one could stretch oneself out on one of them. My more immediate companions just behind me were an old German and his wife, with a very fair pretty little girl with them. Both these people were very burly, and when the old lady stood up, she filled the whole of the gangway, woe betide any one who got jammed between her and the seats. With them they had a large basket, from out of which she produced all kinds of eatables, numerous pies, cakes, sausages many and varied, cans of fruit, beers and wines; that any basket could hold such an astonishing amount of supplies amazed me. Quite two whole benches were piled with them, and they were all very carefully re-sorted and repacked. At night they rigged up a most ingeniously constructed double bed with their numerous bundles and the famous basket, and provided with curtains, pillows and blankets, the old lady, for she did all the work, formed out of the latter a closed compartment; but how those two bulky creatures and the little girl fitted themselves into that small enclosure, only they themselves could tell us. For the four days of our journey their only occupation seemed to be that of eating and drinking. Their stocks of food were like the widow's cruse, which never gave out; above all how they stored all their household goods, stores, and themselves into that small space was a conundrum I tried in vain to solve; for at the end of the journey more wonderful, still, nothing seemed to have diminished. The old lady re-sorted all her belongings and repacked them, when to my utter surprise, the pies, cakes, etc., seemed as plentiful as ever, and as they were going on to Chicago, she had no doubt provided for the whole journey. But as I said, how did she manage to pack so much into so small a space?

In front of me were two young lads, bright and healthy young fellows, returning from a three years whaling trip, full of stories of their experiences. At every station as we got up into the snow-line they used to get out and engage in snowball fights. Opposite me was a family, father and mother, with three fine little boys. The mother was a virago, and the father a brute. One night they woke us all up, the cause of the trouble being the little fellows were playing and not going to sleep. The woman seized one by the hair of the head, and literally lifted the child up by it. I fully expected to see him scalped; the father got a rope and thrashed the little kiddies. The children shrieked, so did the mother with anger, while the father swore. The whole carriage was a pandemonium, the passengers interfered, and after a lot of strafing, and a few blows, all quieted down. The rest of my travelling companions were all interesting, and with the exception of the above family, we were on the most friendly terms, played cards and shared our food together, discussed politics, Englishmen, and when the journey came to an end I was sorry to say goodbye to them.

On the journey up the Western foot hills of the Rockies we gradually crawled up them, sometimes running along the side of great steep precipices down into whose valleys we peered. A little narrow gauge railway seen curving round the valleys indicated the vicinity of some mine, while a line of flumes, with their heavy trestles winding for miles and miles around the sides of the hills were bringing in the water from some far distant torrent, to deliver its contents in great hydraulic jets against high banks of auriferous gravel, and striking them with the velocity of a cannon ball, tore and ripped them up, and these were again washed down into long stretches of sluice-boxes, where their precious contents were deposited, while the main volume of gravel and stones were swept along to some distant valley there to empty its contents. The scenery was grand and impressive as the train creaked and groaned up the dizzy heights of these great mountain solitudes. So sharp were the curves that at times the grating of the wheels against the rails could be distinctly heard. Having climbed to a height of 6,700 feet we descended on to the great Alkali Humboldt plain stretching away to Salt Lake City, a desolate, dreary looking country, bounded on either side by a snow-clad range of mountains.

Running along the great Salt Lake of Utah, we arrived at Ogden where I bid goodbye to my fellow passengers, and left by the narrow gauge Rio Grande Railway. At Salt Lake City we waited for a few hours and I paid a visit to the Mormon temple. The

city itself is a well laid out one, with tree lined streets, and water running in rivulets on either side of them. Years after, on re-visiting it in the height of summer, the cool shade of the trees and the sound of running waters, after coming off the heated alkaline plains, brought home to one how refreshing they were to the weary dust laden traveller, and that the city stood as an oasis of delightfulness in the desert.

The early tales of these Mormon settlers, of their vast treks across the plains, of their desperate encounters with the Red Indian, have already filled many volumes. From the city to the Eastern Plains the mountain scenery is varied, and worth a brief notice.

Leaving the city we passed by numerous farms dotted over a rich plateau, and soon afterwards we began to climb again, passing through Spamah Fork Cañon, with its steep sides towering many hundreds of feet above us, and after passing out of it we reached Wassatch Summit, 7,464 feet above sea level, the little railway station of which is situated amidst a lonely sea of surrounding peaks. Thence we travelled on through Pearce River Cañon, the sides of which rise perpendicularly to an immense height. Standing prominently out are three peaks surrounded with castle-like summits, between which the railway passed, giving to this portion of it the name of Castle Gate. This section of the railway is particularly weird and interesting. Further on the railway entered another magnificent cañon. As we entered it a grandly wild scene met us. On the one side was a rushing mighty torrent, clear and transparent as crystal, in places burying itself under the snow, and in others forming ice bridges over itself, where the foam and vapour from its numerous cascades had become frozen and solidified, with here and there a beaver dam, whilst on either side the cañon's perpendicular walls lost themselves in the clouds above us. In the midst of the majestic scene, one of Nature's sculptures, the hardy prospectors' little log huts would be passed located alongside the banks of the torrent.

Further on Gunnison, one of Colorado's large mining camps, had a special interest for me, but I will not refer to mining more than I can help, though the object of all my journeys and visits was connected with mining. Leaving Gunnison we commenced the ascent to one of the wildest, most desolate of peaks and the descent to the valleys surrounding us. It was snowing and blowing very hard, yet the atmosphere was bright, clear, and exhilarating. It is here the waters pour down their melting snows in summer, part to the Pacific Ocean, and part to the Atlantic Ocean through the Gulf of Mexico. Thence onwards we descended until at a height of

4,000 odd feet we entered the Grand Cañon, down whose centre runs the Arkansas River on its long journey, gathering up waters as it flows to join the Mississippi. In some places the width of the valley is so narrow that the railway has to be carried above its waters on a bridge, suspended from steel girders whose ends rest overhead on the sides of the cañon, which reach up 3,500 feet to 4,000 feet above it. Debouching from this cañon up which I had once driven before the railway came we reached Cañon City. Here I paid a visit, during a short stay, to the State prison.

The American system of imprisonment is less severe than our own, the cells more comfortable, and the prisoners have greater liberty within the prison walls. One person was pointed out to me who had shot his own brother, and some three other men all at different times, finally ending up by killing a boy with a knife, stabbing him to the heart. In England he would have been long ago dead, but here this poor wretch lives, perhaps to end some other victim's life in days to come.

Leaving Cañon City I passed through Colorado Springs, risen since I was last here into a city with large hotels, and a population drawn from all parts of the world on account of its curative properties in cases of phthisical diseases.

Going on to Denver City, I soon finished my business there, but before going home had to go on to New Orleans, by way of St. Louis. In winter time the run across the plains is uninteresting, dreary, and monotonous in the extreme. Running along the banks of the Missouri, great rafts of timber could be seen from the train floating down its muddy waters, river steamers were passing up and down with their harsh hoarse cries, and puffing out great clouds of smoke. The echoes resounding along its reaches were almost uncanny, such as one could easily imagine its antedeluvian saurians might have been giving utterance to when basking in the sun on its mud-lined banks.

My visit to St. Louis was disagreeable in the extreme, it was blowing almost a blizzard, and so cold that only the inside of its buildings interested me, and not their outside.

The run down to Columbus where one crossed the Mississippi on a ferry was a rough one. The old Iron Mountain Route was in those days noted for its bad track, added to which our conductor insisted on so overheating the car, that even the Americans complained, used as they are to their hot carriages. The conductor paid no attention when one man rather blasphemously asked him if he "was getting up the first performance to hell." I never in all my travels remember such heat, and yet outside a general protest

no further notice was taken, and we all endured it. The last twelve hours ride had made a great difference in the aspect of the country, we passed through cotton fields and sugar plantations on every side. The landscape was more wooded. Many old plantations were now covered with dense forests of pine trees twenty to thirty feet in height, black faces shading off in all browns to white were the prevailing features of the human race. At each station little nigger boys boarded the cars with oranges for sale. As we approached nearer to New Orleans itself, a change came over the architecture from that of the North, it was now no longer the square, ugly frame house of that country, but one much more artistic in design, each with its little piazza. The houses too, are whitewashed, and most of them have green jalousies with little gardens surrounding them, the latter so prominently absent in the Western States, and then there were the quaintly built cabin huts of the negroes.

At Mobile, we changed cars again, and stepped into those that were to take us to the great City of the South. As we ran now almost due east pleasant looking southern homes became more frequent, surrounded by orange groves.

Now and again we passed through lagoons and inlets of the sea, over which are driven long pile constructed viaducts. The air too became warm and agreeable, the sun shining brightly as if to welcome us back to the South again, and one's heart warmed at the general appearance around, the almighty dollar life gone, where there is no time to go in for such luxuries as gardens and piazzas; here people spend their time in more comfort and ease.

In the North, there is not even time to spend a quiet half-hour or more over the mid-day repast, no, the Northerner bolts his food and suffers from dyspepsia. Witness the huge stand up lunch bars of Chicago's restaurants, where hundreds gobble down their food like dogs rather than human beings. Not that time to this extent is of such real importance, no, it is all because a man must appear to be in a bustle and hurry, or people say his business is not doing well. The slow Englishman the Northerner despises: he will say, "I do more business in a day than you would do in a week"; but my idea is a Northerner wastes more time in business in discussing everybody's else's business, politics, etc., in a day, than an Englishman does in a year. They are prompt, make up their minds quickly and when once they get to business, it is more rapidly carried out than with us, but it is the getting to business in which they lose so much time. Here one is in the land of the *dolce far niente*, an atmosphere of calm and peacefulness. I went to the one and only hotel, St. Charles. I arrived, dusty, dirty, in old clothes, hair

needing cutting, feeling like a Western ruffian, but after a bath, a complete change, hair cut, a shave, and boots brightly polished by a little nigger boy, I emerged with an air of a Southern gentleman. After an afternoon's business, I completed all the objects of my long tour in Canada and the States, and was free to go home. I went back to my hotel, ate a good dinner, and afterwards, as they say in this country, "You bet I slept elegantly."

Taking a walk out on the Carolton Road, I don't know when I have enjoyed a walk more. The road is lined on either side with quite big shady trees, and I was glad to avail myself of the shade, for though it was winter, the sun was powerfully beating down its rays. The Villas, or "Quintas" along this road are charming, with their pretty gardens filled with flowers, and sub-tropical plants, palmettos, bananas, orange trees, and palms growing in abundance. The "Piazzas," both around the ground and first floor, are supported by columns of various designs, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian. They give the houses a freshness, even a dignity, to which is added a certain feeling of homeliness, not found in the North. There is a sense of refinement about them that adds greatly to their appearance.

The roads are mostly broad, with tram cars running down their centres, and on either side separated by a broad belt of grass, are parallel roads for general traffic. In the city itself the side roads are used for horse tram cars. The end of the Carolton Road ends at the mouth of the Mississippi. The banks of the river during the past few years have been carried out by walls into deep water, and now alongside the levees where there used to be only ten feet to twelve feet of water, there is twenty-seven feet, and large steamers can berth alongside them.

The scene on this point of the river is full of life, as it empties its great volume of water into the Gulf, carrying with it immense quantities of driftwood and débris. Huge rafts of timber on which the raftsmen have built small houses are coming down it, having at last reached their haven, after their long, slow, and tedious journey, and immense barges are nearing their destination, laden with the products of the interior.

The city itself has many fine buildings, built of granite, which has been brought in over great distances. The Customs House is a fine building of its kind, while the Cotton Exchange is amongst the most beautiful. There is an absence of sameness about the city, all kinds of architectural styles are seen, even to Norman and Moorish.

At night the streets are well lit by electric light, and present a

busy appearance as some crowd to the amusements, others to their shopping. In the Old Market part of the town, if it were not for the black faces, one might well imagine oneself in some old French town, the streets are narrow, the houses distinctly of French origin, but the markets are commodious, full of fruit and vegetables, and every kind of meat, birds, and poultry.

On the wharves are immense piles of cotton bales, barrels of sugar, and hogsheads of tobacco, waiting to be shipped on to the numerous steamers wharved alongside. A merry crowd of stevedores with very black faces are flitting about amongst them, laughing and joking; they seemed gay and happy, and ever ready to give a saucy answer if spoken to.

A noted trip to take is to the cemeteries, some three miles out. Here several cemeteries lie close together, and are prettily and tastefully laid out, the principal one being very handsome; "the city of the dead" it might indeed aptly be called. Every grave is a vault over which are built magnificently sculptured monuments. Round them are well kept and pretty little gardens, while the grounds themselves are nicely laid out. In the evenings the *élite* promenade here amidst its tombs, while a band plays. Near them is the Mississippi river rolling by into the ocean, typical of the end of the journey of the dead buried here.

I left for North Carolina, after a very enjoyable three days here, to revisit the scenes of my first experience in this country, and to look up old friends. *En route* I passed through Birmingham, a new city, lately sprung up, and one that may in time rival its English namesake with its great wealth of hæmatite (iron ores), limestone, and coal. Atlanta City, the capital of Georgia, was also passed by; it had been destroyed by General Sherman about fifteen years previously in his celebrated march through Georgia, but has again sprung up, and is now far larger than the old city.

On my car was the most chattering talkative young woman, she never ceased, and became a nuisance to all in the car, with her loud and resounding voice. At dinner one night she asked the steward if the tongue on the table was a canned one. "Yes," he replied, "and a good one too, for of all canned goods a bad tongue is the worst of the lot, and soon lets you know it."

After two nights and two days I arrived at my old town of T——. Walking into the hotel I found Uncle Jack and Aunt Emma much as I had left them, and though a few years had passed I heard the old man call, "Why here is Mr. Mac come back to us all again." I found the old faces still about town. L—— an old friend came up to see me directly he heard I was in town; I found that he was

married again to his fourth wife. I had that evening a grand reception, and was quite the sensation of this quiet little place, to the inhabitants of which I had gone into the unknown, and had suddenly appeared out of it. After two days I went on to the H—— mine, where an old R.S.M. friend of mine was manager, and S—— my old mill foreman, was in a similar position there.

I spent three very happy days with them. I revisited my own old mine and renewed old friendships. On the ride over some fifteen to twenty miles, my mule baulked, and nothing would make him go on. I was miles from anywhere, it was 3 p.m.; after using spur and whip, a whisp of dry grass fired under his tail, it was no use, and I had to give in about 4 p.m. So I tied him up to a tree, and camped under another tree. About 7 p.m. he began to get restless, but I kept him there till 10 p.m., then untied him and mounted, when he went off without further ado, and carried me into camp.

Returning to T—— I spent another day there, and then left for New York *via* Washington. At the latter place I stayed to visit the Smithsonian Institute, where I spent a most instructive day. Arriving in New York, I booked by the s.s. *Celtic*, a White Star Liner sailing for home.

I bid goodbye to America once more, my brain full of thoughts of her, destined perhaps, and not unlikely to become the greatest nation in the world, with her resources so immense, and with her striving energetic people. A nation as yet in her youth, she resembled a young man full of vitality and ambition, and hidden latent forces, whose future has all the elements of greatness if directed aright.

The cities and towns and lands are all more or less alike, a mass of right angles and squares, lacking individuality, which points rather dangerously to a nation whose utilitarianism may lead her into pure materialism, but her splendid educational system, so far in advance of our own, tends to produce such high standards of mental development, that they may be expected to neutralise this tendency, and lead her into the higher paths where her moral influence may become dominantly great. If she continues to reproduce the old statesmen of the Lincoln and Seward type, who stand as pinnacles far above the average man, their dominating personalities must continue to raise and elevate this wonderful conglomeration of different tongues and peoples into an entirely new and great type of a nation.

On the people themselves it is difficult to generalise, but what is striking is that these many different nationalities have already been welded into one great mass, an extraordinary sameness prevailing

throughout them wherever one goes, with distances so great, with interests so diverse, with conditions of climate so varying, one would have expected to find marked individualism amongst the many different states, but it is not so. This salient feature is not only remarkable, it is miraculous, tending to a great future for this already mighty Nation. I verily believe that nowhere is to be found so great a percentage of really clever, true and lovable people, and on the other hand so many thoroughly obnoxious ones. The genuine old American of long descent is like a piece of old world porcelain refined with mellowness of age, and priceless; the most boastful and loud of expression are, I have long come to the conclusion, chiefly made up from those of comparatively recent English descent. If one wants to find America of the past seek not for it in her towns, or cities, but look for it in the old settled country districts, and there you will find not only America of the past, but also old England of the past, and more of it than is perhaps left in England itself.

In the towns and cities amongst the commercial people the women are decidedly superior to the men; the former are well read and interesting, the latter become so immersed in business that they do not as a rule keep up their education by reading other than newspaper politics. Hence the conversation is almost always on one or the other of these two subjects, the almighty dollar side perhaps prevailing.

Going on board the *Celtic* I thus summed up my impression of the country I was now leaving on a voyage that was to be memorable, if not historical. Forty-eight hours from Sandy Hook, as we sat in the smoke room, warm and comfortable separated by an inch plank door from the bitter cold on deck, an ominous rumble was heard accompanied by a vibration of the whole ship from stem to stern. "What has happened?" we heard on all sides, and into the cold and dark outside most of the smokers rushed, but it was fully half-an-hour before word was brought back "the main shaft is broken." We sat up late to hear what our chances were, but one by one we retired, hoping daylight would enlighten us. Next morning we congregated again in the smoke room, and silence reigned. I made a stupid remark, asking, if "anyone could strike up the song, 'Shall I ever see my home again,'" and I was immediately squashed with the most cynical remarks. A brilliant idea struck me, I went down to the barber's shop to get news, and sure I was right, for he informed me the Captain had given orders to get up sail, and make for port. The barber reckoned if the breeze kept up we should sail back at about four knots an hour, and that it would take six days. He further informed me we had a

cargo of provisions, our ship was a good one, and was generally most cheery and communicative. I returned to the smoke-room and redeemed my character with the news. From hence on I always saw the barber each day, and he was always very cheery.

We got blown up North, and speculation became rife as to whether it was an expedition for the relief of Greely, who was supposed to be lost in the Arctic. The barber informed me that the shaft was broken in the thrust-block, that the screw end of it was jammed, and consequently, as the screw could not turn or run loose, the ship could not be steered, the drag in the water from it being too great. Most alarming of all, if the shaft slipped back she would rip up the steel tunnel, which carries the shaft, in which case we should have gone to the bottom. I told him he was not in a cheerful mood, and he replied, "It was not likely to happen, and our ship would carry us through all right, even if we had to spend a year on board." I asked him about the danger of icebergs, but here again he was comforting, for he suggested if we got on the lee side of one, we should moor alongside of it, and wait until we sighted a steamer to take us in tow.

At first I think we got driven North for about two days in a heavy gale, the breeze having increased to a gale, then the wind shifted and blew South, but with increased violence. Again we crossed the track of steamers, but without meeting one and got blown down nearly to the Bahamas. On the eighth night out we sighted a German Hamburg Company's steamer bound for New York. A volunteer crew manned a boat, and in a very rough sea boarded her. She refused to stand by us, but offered to take the passengers; this our Captain refused as it was too perilous to attempt the transfer. She promised however to report us.

The next day the wind increased to a howling gale. On the tenth night out a heavy sea struck us, and set the propeller running, and from now on we got steerage way, and as the gale was blowing steadily for England we bowled along in fine style straight for home.

Day after day, we kept our gale and for the first time in my life I was fearful lest it, a gale, would abate.

Each day as the passengers came on deck they would, when they greeted the Captain, ask him if he thought we should sight a steamer that day. One morning as I was up early on deck, the Captain, a rough old salt, said, "Stand here opposite the companion way, and see what a lot of damn fools there are amongst them," and it was then I noted that more than half so expressed themselves.

All alcoholic liquors had come to an end on board. The Board of Trade rules would not allow the liquor to be broached, though it was permissible to do so for food. Two old toppers nearly died, one

was in fact given up by the doctor, and all for the want of a bottle of brandy lying hidden but a few feet away in the hold. So the days of suspense passed by without even sighting a steamer until the morning of the fifteenth day, when we sighted one on the far horizon, but she passed without seeing us.

The following day, a mutiny broke out amongst the passengers, an indignation meeting was held, and a deputation sent to the Captain to express their feelings in ornate language that he did not fire minute guns to attract the attention of the steamer of yesterday.

The Captain explained the Board of Trade did not permit it save in the case of imminent peril, which he did not consider we were in. Anathemas were freely given vent to on the Board of Trade, and behind the Captain's back that he did not consider us in any great peril. The majority discussed this phase for days afterwards, contending that as our good ship was not in complete steering control we were in deadly peril of being driven ashore if we got near land.

The captain was held to be an incompetent, obstinate blockhead by a good many, and the feeling against him was given vent to at every mention of his name.

On the twenty-first day out the gale had abated, a heavy swell taking its place, when late in the evening an Italian tramp was signalled and blue lights showed her up. She ran alongside of us within speaking distance. She was bound from Genoa to New Orleans and promised to report us. Some passengers begged the Captain to let them go on board, but the swell was too heavy. Next day great indignation was expressed against the captain for not making an effort to let those go who wanted to, but the meeting was broken up with the cry of "steamer coming up on our starboard side." A boat was lowered, the purser left to go on board with the object of seeing how many passengers the captain would take and land them at Plymouth. The steamer itself was a little steam collier. The purser returned and reported only four. Many of the passengers went almost raving mad, they would go into the coal bunkers, anywhere, pay any price.

The purser made a second trip but the collier's captain was obdurate, he would take four at a fair price, and not one more.

So those who wanted to go, the captain sent into the saloon where they drew lots to see who would be the four. The four were offered big sums for their places, by others who had lost, but the captain would not allow it. There was great indignation again, and almost open mutiny.

On the twenty-fourth day out we were again in the track of the

Atlantic liners. Towards evening a Hamburg American bound for New York signalled by blue lights, and she promised to report us in New York.

The following day we signalled another, the passengers wanted the captain to get her to take us in tow, but he was obdurate, he wanted to save salvage claims.

On the twenty-sixth day, at ten p.m., the Cunard steamship, s.s. *Polynesia* signalled us bound for Liverpool, and soon afterwards a National boat bound for New York.

On the twenty-seventh day we were awakened by the steward that the s.s. *Britannic*, bound for New York, our sister ship, was in sight. Our captain went off to her and arranged for her to turn back and take us in tow. For breakfast we once again were feasting on fresh food brought over from the *Britannic*. It certainly was a pretty sight to see this ship rolling her great body to and fro, puffing and blowing off steam as she loomed up out of the early morning darkness. A tow line was connected up between us, and slowly, once again we got under weigh. The breeze had died away, but a very heavy swell caused the rope to break, when another hawser was brought into play.

In the early morning of the thirtieth day we were off Queenstown, the sea tugs sent to look for us, and some of H.M. ships had all missed us. We landed our mails on to a tug, and continued our journey with a tug lashed on either side of us, another waiting on us, and the *Britannic* still towing. Some of our wealthy passengers chartered a tug to go into Queenstown, and bring out a couple of cases of whisky. On overtaking us and landing them on board of us, they were found to contain ice only, and on a cold bitter winter day, too! The captain was again abused, as the cause and as having played a dirty game on them, and he was freely anathematised.

Off Liverpool, the *Britannic* cast off, and we were towed in by the tug boats. The old salts watching for us did not recognise us, as our captain had practically re-rigged our good ship, and that in a gale of wind. The *Times*, next day, came out with columns lauding our captain to the skies on his great sailorlike qualities in having so altered and changed her rig. I wonder what the mutineer spirits thought when they read it.

The old captain was a rough "old salt," uncommunicative, but a genuine good sort at bottom, for many a time did I walk the decks with him, one of the very few passengers so honoured. Thus ended my voyage of thirty-one days from New York to Liverpool in the s.s. *Celtic*.

My medical brother and his wife met me at Liverpool, and glad I was to see them, for I was very run down with repeated and continued attacks of ague. He packed me off with a letter to Sir Joseph Fayrer, as he said "we English doctors do not understand these tropical diseases." Sir Joseph pommelled and examined me all over, then told me he would, under my brother's direction, clear me of all fever within six weeks, by means of a heroic remedy, but with a promise from me that I would, on my word of honour, not give it up until the end of the course. I believe this remedy was arsenic increased in strength every day for three weeks, and then as gradually diminished for the next three weeks. On putting down my two guineas the dear old gentleman said, "Oh! make it one, for anyone from West Africa is not on the two guinea fee basis." I went through with his remedy, and as he said, I found it a pretty heroic one, but it drove out all my fever, which I had had for several months, though curiously enough I had been previously quite free from it for about a year after leaving the coast and arriving home, until it came on again, in Vancouver, possessing one of the healthiest climates in the world.

CHAPTER X.

TO CENTRAL AMERICA.

GETTING rid of my African fever, I once more arranged to go abroad. My destination I found to be Nicaragua, where I was to go out as *locum tenens* to relieve the manager and allow him to have a long holiday after several years of tropical service. Leaving England in a Royal Mail boat I was again to experience a breakdown. The day before the accident a nigger boy fell from aloft on to the deck, but cat-like, jumped up and was none the worse for it, otherwise there was nothing of interest to record until suddenly one afternoon, when well within the tropics the engines ceased their dull thud and a dead silence supervened. It was a long time before the cause was made known, when it was announced the slide of the low pressure cylinder had broken in two. All night the engineers tried to start the ship on the high pressure one but with no success, and morning found us rocking on the "bosom of the deep."

That evening, as I sat on deck after dinner talking to a Major A——, a young coloured man came up and asked me if I was Mr. Major. I replied, "No," and he then asked me "if I was a Freemason," and went off without waiting for an answer. A few minutes afterwards there was a cry of "man overboard." Nothing could be seen of him for the night was dark, no one had seen him go over, but many heard the splash, and surmised it was a man overboard. The captain had a muster of the passengers and crew, when it was found that the man who had spoken to me was missing, and he was never seen again.

For six days we drifted, and on the sixth we were only twelve miles from where we broke down. The ship's engineers having failed to devise any means of re-starting the engines, the captain called a consultation of all passenger engineers on board, of whom there were several, among them a French engineer going to French Guiana in Government employ. He was the only one who could make any suggestion, but with a proviso that it would probably be a failure, though there was a chance of success. The chief

engineer took the view it could not be done, the captain over-ruled him and put the Frenchman in charge. For three days and nights they had been working on this valve which had been hauled up on deck, and had now been put back in its place, a great mass of metal weighing several tons. All was ready to turn on steam, but as a precautionary measure the passengers were moved back into the stern of the ship. Then came the period of suspense as we heard the noise of the steam warming up the cylinders. Was it going to be a success, our very lives depended upon it, for we were in the region of calms, and out of the track of vessels. The suspense was great, and then to our huge relief our good ship began to move, but alas! the engines once more ceased to work, the silence was intense. I had been somewhat perturbed that perhaps I was the Jonah on board, but fortunately the fourth officer was put down as the Jonah, as he had recently been on board the *Dart* when she was lost. After about twenty minutes, we again heard the hiss of steam in the cylinders, then the propeller began slowly to revolve, and we gradually moved forwards. After about five minutes' steady progress, a spontaneous three cheers rent the calm still air of the ocean, which were wafted away in the far distance, when another and another broke out for our good Captain Jelecose, and for our good chief engineer, who richly deserved it, as notwithstanding his opinion, he had stood by the repairing of the slide night and day, and then yet more cheers for the French engineer.

Everyone looked cheerful now, and at dinner the popping of champagne corks became monotonous. Next day we were still very slowly making for the Island of St. Thomas, a Danish island, and two days afterwards, we found ourselves at anchor in its harbour after a voyage of nineteen days.

The view from our deck was very pretty; shut in by a circle of hills the harbour forms a very secure anchorage, in which lay every description of craft, Danish, Norwegian, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Haytian, and ourselves, English.

Nestling at the foot of the hills and opposite to the harbour is the little town of St. Thomas, looking very lovely with its white-walled and red-roofed houses, with a background of the light green acacia trees which principally clothe the hills rising behind it. There were, too, along the beach a few clumps of cocoanut palms waving their feathery leaves like so many plumes in a cool delicious breeze, which had sprung up after a morning of intense heat. In the distance, patches of lighter green amongst the general acacia foliage indicated the existence of small sugar plantations.

The town itself, on going ashore and walking through the streets,

had every appearance of being well kept and very clean, though the negro part of its population bore evidence of being extremely poor. Major A—— and myself were the only passengers who climbed the hills at the back of the town, and which form the dividing ridge running through the island. The heat was intense but we were well rewarded on our arrival at the top with a delightful cool breeze, and a magnificent view of the Bay on the further side. Split up into a number of deep inlets, the arms of the sea in the brilliant sunshine presented a most magnificent display of colour, in their central or deeper portions the water was of a rich deep purple, shading off towards the shore into every deep tint of blue, until as it approached the shallows it swept along in huge rollers of the most intense ultramarine colour, and then curled over, assuming, as it did so, every shade and tint of green and then breaking into one long line of snow-white foam.

Shoals of fish seemed to be everywhere leaping and jumping out of the waters, while numbers of pelicans were splashing in and out after them emerging with their prey in their great beaks.

For effects of sea colour the West Indies surpass almost any other part of the world. The variety of fish round this island is great. Agassiz, the naturalist, found a greater number of species here than at any other spot he visited. In the afternoons from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. a Danish military band played in the gardens. For four days we remained here waiting for the slide valve, which had been taken ashore to be strengthened. During this time a Danish gunboat came in, and the R.M.S. *Eske*, which arrived to take off our passengers bound for Barbadoes and the Guianas, and to these, one night, we gave a fancy dress ball, and kept up dancing till daybreak..

Leaving St. Thomas, we sighted San Domingo the following day. The Island of Hayti is divided up into San Domingo on the North East, or Spanish half, and Hayti on the South West, or French half, both Negro Republics. Running along the coast of the former, which is very high and hilly, very plainly visible was an interesting example of the uplifting of the land, as beach after beach was seen to rise in so many terraces one above the other. Occasionally we passed signs of life, shown by the ascending smoke of some village hidden away in the dense forest.

On the third day we anchored off Port au Prince, the capital of French Hayti. The town nestling at the foot of the encircling high hills with a calm blue sea in front of it, looked restful and peaceful, but on shore we afterwards discovered a very different state of things prevailing, for half the town was in black ruins. It

had just passed through one of those periodical revolutions when its former President Solomon had been overthrown, and had escaped to Jamaica. Before departing he had given his troops leave to pay themselves back by burning and sacking the town. The destruction was only stopped by the landing of English, American and Spanish marines. The filth and wretchedness of the place was indescribable. The English Consul-General residing here declared that the people were fast relapsing back into fetishism, and even to cannibalism, that if anyone knew the secret signs, human flesh could be procured in the markets.

The captain of our ship who had come ashore in the morning endeavoured to induce me and a young Englishman to go off to the ship in his boat, but as we were spending the whole day here we decided to come off in the evening. He warned us we should have difficulty in getting off. As it happened, we were the only Englishmen who had left the ship, and when we sallied out to the wharf to go off to the ship, it was evident we were in for trouble. A crowd of angry negroes demanded exorbitant sums to take us off. We appealed to some military officers standing by dressed in all sorts of uniforms, some with cocked hats, and all with spurs put on upside down. They decided against us. At last in desperation I said, "I will give five sovereigns for a boat," the steamer was then whistling for us, "but how do I know if I give it to you, you will keep it, and ask more, and then not take us off, it is all we have between us. But," said I, "you take us to that buoy," pointing to one about half-way to the ship, "when we reach it, I will give the boatswain the five pounds, and if I don't, then he can bring us back." After turning out our pockets and showing them it was all the money we had left they agreed, and with four men pulling us we arrived at the buoy. There I gave the boatswain the five pounds, but when we got near the ship I pulled out a hidden revolver from beneath my shirt, and demanded it back, but it was refused. I then said, "I shall count ten, and if it is not handed back, I will shoot," and I meant it too. I counted up to eight when it was handed over. Even then I had not perceived why the boatswain had given in, as he was safely hidden behind the four other men, but they had seen a boat's crew from the ship coming towards us. As the captain told me afterwards he saw there was some trouble on board of us, and had ordered his men to man the ship's boat and go to our aid. On gaining the gangway, these negroes followed us up it, demanding their right fare, a dollar each, but I said, "No, you tried to cheat us, now we punish you." The young Englishman with me was very frightened, it was his first

voyage, and he begged me not to insist on asking for the five pounds back, he would pay the full amount but once on deck he laughed heartily over the episode. What he feared was they might throw us overboard to be eaten up by the sharks, an idea that had never crossed my mind. Negro-like, when they found they were done, and that the sailors ordered them down the gangway, they only laughed instead of cursing us as most white men would have done under the circumstances. After dinner we sailed, and early next morning, we rounded Port Royal, where lay an English Guard Ship and gun boat.

In another half-hour we were wharfed along the Company's siding in Kingston Harbour. The Company's agent brought the news our good ship the *Mosell* was to lay up here until a new slide valve arrived out from home, and that the passengers bound for Central America would be shipped in a small cargo boat expected in at any time, as it happened three days afterwards. Up in Jamaica's lovely hills, in the far distance, we could see the camp of the 64th Regiment which had relieved the Scots Greys, who had just left for Egypt. Had we known the cargo boat would not arrive for three days more, we should have gone up into the hills where the climate is very English, and have got away from the dirty insanitary town, where not even a decent café was to be found. The foreshore with its grove of cocoa-nut palms hid behind them the depressing looking town, while everywhere else Nature's contrast with its entrancing scenic displays made one wonder why man could not have built something different, something in keeping with it, and not this squalid miserably built conglomeration of houses. Years later, when one heard of the terrible earthquake and overthrow of Kingston, one wondered if it was not retribution for building so wretched a contrast to every vista around it. The second officer on board had not seen his father for eight years, who was an invalid, and lived up in the hills, and though he constantly came in and out of this port, he had never been able to get a week's leave to go up and see him.

Whilst here the principal conversation amongst the white inhabitants seemed to be the question of the European bounties on sugar, and how our Government was allowing their own sugar industry to be crushed out.

At last our cargo boat came in and took us off. I found the captain knew a cousin of mine at home, and had a house close to his. This cousin I had not met for years, until I accidentally met him at Southampton before sailing. Had he known I was going out on this boat he would have come on the same ship, as he was about to go out to see his brother who was planting in British Guiana. As things

turned out, it so happened, he left a week after our steamer did, and he, with the ship he travelled on, was never heard of again, nor any trace of her ever discovered, another of the ocean's mysteries.

After leaving Jamaica, most of us were violently sea-sick, it was a horrid experience to leave our fine old ship for this little wretch of a boat, that rolled almost everything out of her.

On the third day out we sighted Colon or Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama, and soon afterwards moored alongside the Company's wharf. I was now to spend a few days on the Isthmus, as my English employers were interested in the Canal the French were building at this time, and wanted such information as I could gather for them; but my introduction to Colon I shall never forget, and scarce even now believe it was possible for humanity to exist and live in such a place. The town was built on a swamp, the houses built on piles, and constructed of plank. The one main street facing the sea alone had a passable road up it, all the houses in the side streets were approached by plank walks, the roads up them were wanting, all the filth of the place was thrown into them. For years past the refuse and rubbish had been collecting and filling up the swamp beneath, tin cans and empty bottles floated in the foetid muck, the stench and odour from this abominable cess-pool was beyond description, too frightfully horrible even to contemplate, and as the sun began to wax stronger and stronger, the morning I landed, so the distillation from these sinks of decaying filth increased in volume, until one's olfactory nerves ceased to struggle against them, and one's whole interior became conscious of these poisonous fumes. Crowds passed along the slippery narrow walks, slippery on account of the slimy filth that covered them. They were a villainous conglomeration, composed of every tongue and nation and people, never was there collected so cosmopolitan a crowd not even seen in Port Said's palmy days. Alongside of Central American Indians, the aborigines of the Isthmus, jostled Negroes, Chinese, Peruvians, Chilians, Japanese, Americans, Greeks, Armenians, Indian Coolies, Turks, English, Spaniards, Jews of all nationalities, and the French.

As I walked along the street towards the hotel, two corpses were carried by me on stretchers, the people pushed against the carriers, and never even cast a glance at the spectacle.

In the early morning, the town crier went round the town ringing a bell and crying, "Bring out your dead." Then the corpses, swathed only in a piece of coarse calico, were to be seen carried out and followed by a procession going to the railway line, where stood an open truck on which to lay them; thus laid out on it, they were

carried to the cemetery, several miles out. There a common grave was dug each day, and there they laid the dead. This cemetery went by the euphonious name of "Monkey Hill," where a vast throng has been buried, and where too, day after day, it goes on receiving its dead. One marvels that yellow fever, cholera, typhoid, typhus, or some kindred plague has not wiped out the place. I wrote at the time :—

"It is a busy town, for here the wage-earners working on the canal on this side of the Isthmus, come to spend their money. Shops are plentiful and do a big business, and at night dance houses, gambling saloons, theatres, roundabouts, are kept fully going, the haunts of vice are open, and wide publicity given to their whereabouts. The whole atmosphere partakes of one where the spirit prevailing is let us be merry for to-morrow we die.

"The entrance to the canal is a few miles to the north, and along its shores are scores of great dredges waiting to be erected, but that will never be the case. In the canal itself are many of these monsters at work, and many more on their way out from France and Holland, but many more will arrive out than will be erected. The whole plan seems to be to get through the huge amounts of money still left, the expenditure is enormous, and to everyone, who lives, money pours into their pockets, without stint ; spend money, order more and more machinery, but spend money seems to be the motto of those in control ; and why is all this vast expenditure being carried on so recklessly, so lavishly, it may be asked ? The reason was not far to seek. The engineers know the canal can never be completed on the lines laid down for its construction. The financiers dare not tell the public in France the whole scheme is impracticable, it cannot be carried out, and the only way to save a fiasco of so terrible a description, is to face the lesser one, and go into liquidation or bankruptcy.

"It is evident to anyone who spends only a few days here, that it is so, it is all but too obvious. And why cannot the canal be completed on the lines laid down ? The reason is well known out here, namely, that the Chagres River has to be crossed and recrossed in several places if the canal is to be finished as a low level one. This river will rise as much as forty feet in a night, and to deal with this flood is impossible. A huge lake was proposed to take its waters, but this soon filling, would still leave the problem unsolved as to how to deal with these great volumes of water. A long earthwork dam is in course of construction to dam back the river, with the hope it may be turned and find its way out somewhere through the dense jungle on to the Pacific Coast, but even the route it might

make for itself if the dam itself were practicable, has not even been surveyed to prove if it is feasible. The dam, too, can never be built as an earthwork in a region where the tropical storms come down at any time, there being no fixed rainy season, so that the earthworks are perpetually swept away almost as fast as they are made. The engineers freely discuss all these matters openly, and one only hears Oh! a way will be found yet. De Lesseps, who is not an engineer, has been taken in, he compared the project with the Suez Canal, his conception was good, but his data were bad. His son though, as an engineer, ought to have known. The local newspapers are said to be subsidised to keep concealed what is thus generally talked about, and further the enormous death-rate. In the building of the railway across the Isthmus, it is said that for every sleeper laid down, an average of a life and a half was lost. On this basis, where so many thousands more are at work on the canal, the loss of life must far exceed it."

Leaving Colon, that filthy abominable putrid hole, more fitly to be designated as a branch of hell on earth, I travelled to Culebra, where the gigantic cutting through these hills is one of the most formidable pieces of its kind in the world. A visit here was well worth the experience gained from an engineering point of view. But to return to the railway itself. The trip across to the traveller unacquainted with the tropics, as it winds through the jungle and forest, now alongside the river, or threading its way between swamps and lakes, is a revelation, for he finds himself suddenly transported into the midst of a luxuriant growth of vegetation with all its weird forms and shapes, and it must be an astonishing experience, for the whole trip across is like a moving panoramic picture of tropical life. Many picturesque camps with well-built bungalows for the French officials working on the canal, enliven it. A death-like silence seems to reign over a greater part of the district thus passed through, with its dismal swamps and forests, but to the newcomer the novelty of Nature's wonders hides perhaps the pall of death that seems to hang over this land.

From Culebra, I went on to the town of Old Panama, arriving there one night after dark. There was no sort of vehicle to be had, but a negro offered to pilot me to the hotel, "The Grand," which I hoped might prove to be equal to its name. I had to leave my baggage in the station. In the dark we passed through streets famed for their pitholes and sloughs of despond, and happily I escaped falling into any of them, for as I retraced my steps next morning by daylight, it was a marvel I had not done so, and for that I have to thank my trusty guide. In broad daylight it was only

with the utmost care I picked my way through these pitfalls. The hotel proved to be large, commodious, clean and comfortable. Waking early, on looking out on to the street, I beheld a long line of men, who as I afterwards learnt, were waiting their turn for cocktails at the bar of the hotel. Facing the hotel, is the cathedral, with two square towers on either end of it, each surmounted by a spire. The spires are covered with oyster shells on the pearly surface of which the sun shines in glistening rays. In front of this queer old specimen of early Spanish American architecture, were drawn up two lines of Colombian soldiers, standing at attention while a band played. The soldiers were all in neat blue uniforms, with magenta facings, and French shakoes for headgear, a very different set to those I saw in Colon, where they were dressed promiscuously, in all sorts of uniforms, some in civilian garments with shakoes on of all descriptions, and a villainous looking crowd they appeared. Not so these, they were quite smart, and neatly uniformed.

At lunch I met a fellow passenger, a Colombian from the Andes, who had been educated in Europe, his two sisters had met him here, two handsome girls about eighteen and twenty-one, who also had been educated in Europe, and to whom he introduced me. After lunch, as he was going elsewhere, he left us to entertain each other, very un-Spanish-like. As we sat in one of the reception rooms, the elder produced from her pocket a silver cigar case, and handed it to me to take one; I did so thanking her at the same time. I then proceeded to light it, and she exclaimed, "So like you Englishmen, to light your own cigar. In our country it is usual to hand a lighted match to the lady first." She and her sister laughed, and then she went on to tell me that some Colombian ladies smoked cigars, and if I would not be shocked, she would join me in one, so I handed her a light, and also to her sister who only smoked cigarettes. This was my first introduction into a country where it is quite common to see women smoking cigars, though most confine themselves to cigarettes. So we all laughed at the take down she had given to a poor benighted Englishman. The afternoon sped quickly as we compared English ways and customs, with those of their country, and at the end their brother came in to say their steamer was ready to sail, they going by her down the Pacific Coast.

During my stay here of a few days, I found time to explore the dirty town, which apart from the stench, was interesting, the old ramparts in particular. In the course of my wanderings I came across a barrack where the soldiers were of the Colon type; while watching a crowd of these engaged in a furious quarrel, one man drew a bayonet and made a lunge at the other, but missing

him he was quickly overpowered, and his bayonet taken from him. Another darted out from the crowd, and picking up a brick threw it at them, when it happened to hit one in the ankle, and I saw him limping away on one foot between two comrades, while the culprit apparently made good his escape by running away. One wondered if this was a normal state of things, or had I accidentally run across it.

A visit to the cathedral, where High Mass was being celebrated, showed me a great concourse of people, full of contrasts both in the dress of the many nationalities present, and in the people themselves. It might have been called a study in human colour. Up the aisles knelt Negro and Indian women, while little Negro boys knelt too, by the side of their little Indian brethren, the difference in the black skins and woolly heads of the former, as seen against the deep chocolate coloured skins and long black hair of the latter, was a picture worthy of a good painter.

Again there were the Mestizos or half Indian, half Spanish with their warm, but lighter chocolate shades of colour, contrasting with the pale faced Americans and French. The study of expression too, was most marked, the Negresses wrapt in outward visible emotion, while the Indian women's was more a state of awe, unemotional; with the white ones there was every degree of unconcern, not seen in the former two races, to that of the greatest reverence. The way the poorest were mixed with the richest, and all taken as a whole, oblivious of each other, wrapt up intently in the solemnity of the High Mass, was impressive.

I spent a few days here interested in the engineering problems of the canal, and the problems which were great even at this end of it, due mainly to the difference of level between the sea levels on the Panama and Colon sides of it. Getting back in the evenings I used to take a walk along the promenade where all the *elite* turned out with their children for their evening outing. The latter, dressed in almost fancy dress ball costumes, looked very pretty and bizarre as they mixed with some of the richer Indians' children; standing a little way off, were the poorer children gazing on their richly clad little brethren, but quite unconscious that they were far the lovelier, so full of life and movement, as compared with the other little mites, who were but too conscious of their dresses, as they walked up and down showing them off, with slow and unchildlike gait. These little ones clad only in a light sort of chemise were perfect pictures of nature's simplicity and innocence, the girls looking especially so, with no ornaments to decorate them, save a simple red flower which most of them wore carelessly thrust into

the side of their beautiful black hair, which hung in two thick plaits down their backs. Here and there were little negro children, who again in spite of their naturally plain features, had what the other children could hardly boast of, and so peculiar to the darkie little ones, very brilliant eyes, giving them an expression of sharpness and intelligence, which unfortunately they lose as they reach the age of fourteen to sixteen.

The ladies were dressed in the lightest attire of muslins and silks, and I doubt if Paris itself could have vied with them in their sumptuous turn-out. After the Spanish custom, the bachelors walked on a parallel course to the ladies, only the married men here and there joining them.

Afterwards, I used sometimes to wander into the cathedral and listen to the music, there was no organ, an orchestra taking its place. To hear the violin, oboe, and flute in the church was quite a new experience, and one that seemed to be more in keeping with the native worshippers, who predominated largely, than the strains of an organ would have been. A sad piece of news was given me as I was leaving to go on board my steamer, by a fellow passenger whom I had left at Colon, and who joined me here, that three out of four of our young Welsh passengers had contracted fever soon after landing, and that all three were dead. As I look back now, after over thirty years, and see what America has done for this pestilential climate I wonder, had anyone told me then, that the day would come when Panama would be a sanatorium resort of Chilians, Peruvians Costa Ricans, Hondurians, Nicaraguenses, Guatemalans, for health and pleasure, I should, like Didymus of old, have said "except I see, I will not believe." But so it is, for a broad strip from Colon to Panama, on either side of the canal, by the extermination of the fever carrying *Anopheles*, has converted this once deadly climate into one of the most healthy of tropical ones. To have effected this great object lesson, is as great, if not a greater work, than the completion of the canal itself. The Bay of Panama with its islets lying off it, is pleasing and fascinating to the eye of the traveller, and in this respect possesses a scenic landscape of great beauty.

An amusing incident was taking place at the end of the wharf where our tug boat was waiting to take us off to our steamer. Two South African ostriches were being transhipped, bound for Los Angeles, California, both encased in two large packing cases. One of them having become fractious, literally kicked the end of its case to pieces, while both of them kept incessantly bobbing their heads up through three holes pierced for them in the tops of the

cases, and then as rapidly withdrawing them to see if all was right both outside and inside, and for over half-an-hour, while I waited, seated on my baggage, they never ceased for one moment doing this.

On arriving on board the ss. *Jose* we found her more of the river steamer type, with an upper deck and furnished with carpets and lounges, evidence that not much rough weather is experienced on this route. On board, everything was nice and clean, the crew were mostly Spanish, Indians, or Mestizos, while with the exception of the head steward, the stewards were Chinese.

As I was busy unpacking my things in my cabin, a Chinaman popped his head in and said, "You goee quickee you catchee lunchee." From a fellow traveller on board, a mining man going to Honduras, a Mr. L——. I learnt that my former old manager in North Carolina, who retired after leaving there, had lost all his money, and was coming down shortly to take charge of a Honduranian mine owned by a New York company.

Along the Colombian coast up which we crept, there was not a sign of life to be seen, only one never-ending vast stretch of tropical vegetation. On the third day out, we anchored off Punta Arenas, a small town on the Costa Rica coast. On shore there were only a few white-washed huts, with red-tiled roofs, which seen against a green background, always adds a charm to what otherwise when seen at close quarters, is but a cluster of squalid huts.

Here one of us shot an immense shark that came sailing down by us. Two days out from here we cast anchor off San Juan del Sud, situated in a little bay, and encircled by low hills; on shore could be seen the typical white-washed, red-roofed little town. A United States man-o'-war lay at anchor near us, whose captain came on board to get his mails. Going on shore we found quite a busy little place. The natives were of the Mestizo type, that is of various degrees of mixture, between Spanish and Indian; their colour varied accordingly from a light olive to that of the deep chocolate of the Indian. The men were dressed in a light shirt and trousers only, mostly barefooted; the women in cotton skirts and a white low-cut kind of chemise, embroidered round its upper edge, sometimes set round with three deep frills also embroidered, which gives them, if not a pretty appearance, at least a bright one. Their custom of slipping one or two red flowers into their deep black hair heightens this effect. The old Spanish American type of cart one reads about was greatly in evidence with its two huge wheels made out of solid pieces of timber, and drawn by oxen. They were mostly engaged in bringing in mahogany logs, which

were being sawn up near by into planks by hand labour. Down by the shore numbers of white pelicans were flying and swimming about, so tame, that when we threw stones into a flock of them resting on the water, they would fly or struggle up and then quickly flop down again. After a nice break here, and having spent a few hours ashore, we left again and next day arrived off Corinto, Nicaragua, my port of destination.

C——, the manager of the mine I was to relieve, came off to meet me. I said goodbye to my fellow passengers with whom I had spent some very happy hours, and of whom I still have the pleasantest recollections. Corinto is a large rambling Adobe built town, unhealthy, of little interest, save that it is Nicaragua's chief port on the Pacific. From here we took the train to Leon, thirty-three miles distant. On the road up we passed through a bush-covered country, with here and there a small town, with surrounding sugar and maize plantations, fenced in with formidable looking cactus hedges. Leon is a large town, the commercial centre of Nicaragua, while Managua, on the lake of that name, is the capital, and seat of the government, and to which the railway connects.

The three large old Spanish churches here, are about the only buildings of interest; the houses themselves are built of adobe brick, and their walls being very thick give them inside a comparative coolness, as compared with the heat outside.

The hotel itself was an exceptionally large one for this class of building, one storied in the centre, with a wing extending on either side. It was kept by an Italian. On the ground floor in its central position was a large room with a bar running across it, and out of it ran the dining room on one side, and on the other a two-tabled billiard saloon. At the back were the proprietor's quarters. The two wings formed the two bedrooms. In this country no one gets a bedroom to himself, they look more like hospital wards with beds running down on either side, but with this difference, that by the side of each bed is swung a large native hammock. The nights are hot, and some prefer to sleep native fashion in hammocks, others in beds, so all have their choice. Outside, running the length of the house was a large portico, between the posts of which were swung hammocks, and where meals were served.

Our agent, Don L—— owned a nice house, and had a charming little family, and his bright little wife played the hostess in truly hospitable style.

Whilst here, I met a German chemist, who had a pawpaw plantation in the neighbourhood. From these trees he distilled an essence which he sent to Germany, where a little phial of it fetches

ten marks. He told me it takes three trees to extract a phial full. This medicine he claims is a specific for cancer.

The pawpaw is a tree distributed throughout the tropical world, it grows very rapidly and bears fruit, which eaten with limes and sugar is very nice.

We wasted little time here, spending only a day, and then started at daybreak for our mines. I had laid aside my more civilised apparel, and we both mounted our horses clad in flannel shirts, white trousers, and top boots, with a red sash round the waist, and with a large native sombrero, or a big wide shady hat. Each carried also a revolver and a machete strapped to his saddle. Behind us rode some natives from the mine, carrying our saddle bags containing our more immediate needs, while we left behind, but following us up, a pack train carrying our baggage.

As we sallied forth thus equipped, I was soon to learn that we were not the only two fantastically dressed individuals, making ourselves appear different to other people, for all the better class travellers we passed on the road were similarly got up.

Trotting through the town which covers a large area, we emerged on to a flat country, with ranges of volcanic hills in the distance, out of which rose the peak of Momo Tombo, from whose crater arose a cloud of smoke, slowly beating down as if from some great smoke stack. At night the clouds reflect a glare of light showing it is still not dead, but historically there is no record of its having worked itself up into a rage, and poured out its venom, though geologically, there is plenty of evidence of its once wrathful fits of destruction. The country, as the peak gradually receded from us, lost its more or less cultivated appearance, farms and plantations getting more sparse until we left behind all traces of them. The wild flowers are in profusion around, humming birds, parrots and macaws of many bright and varied colours are busy flying about, and make the lovely bright morning gay with their noise and bright plumage.

On the road we met coming from the interior long trains of pack mules mostly carrying hides, their muleteers with a machete hanging by a piece of string across their shoulders and stuck in their belts, always a knife, sometimes a revolver as well.

Occasionally, we passed an Indian's hut with a small patch of ground cultivated around it, inside a woman busy making "tortilla" at which the women in this country all seem to be at work, outside little naked children playing about.

At about 1 p.m. we stopped by a clear little rivulet and had our breakfast consisting of tortilla and cheese; after giving the mules

a couple of hours rest we continued our journey to near sun-down, when we reached an " hacienda " or small farmhouse, where lived a " mestizo," his wife and five grown-up sons and a daughter, a really handsome girl just budding into womanhood.

Under a kind of shed attached to the house we swung up our hammocks which we had brought with us, for everyone carries his bed with him in this country. Into these we tumbled and fell asleep, wearied with our long ride in the blazing sun. It was winter, yet the shade temperature was 85° . Waking up, we found it was dark, and as we had had nothing to eat all day excepting our frugal breakfast, we awoke hungry.

C—got the woman to make us some fresh tortilla, and fry some eggs, of which, with a can of Italian sausages we made a good supper.

As tortilla, during the next two years was to take the place of bread for me, I will explain what it is and how prepared. Tortilla is a substitute for bread, with the natives of South and Central America, with Mexico included. It is made from Indian corn or maize, about the thickness, shape, and size of two pancakes laid on top of each other. In taste it is like an unsweetened pancake, but a little heavier in consistency, somewhat doughy, but covered with a thin, crisp skin. This skin, by taking a piece of it and curling it up, may be used as a spoon or a bigger portion of it as a napkin.

The tortilla itself is prepared by grinding down the maize, which has been previously well soaked in water, and whose outer husk has then been removed by rubbing and washing. The grinding is done on a flat slab of granite or porphyry, slightly concave on its upper surface, and about the size of a small paste board. On this the woman places a little maize, then with both hands takes a roller shaped piece of the same stone, similar to a rolling pin of the pastry cook, but tapered at both ends, and not quite so thick in diameter; this she slides along crushing and scraping the maize into a thick dough, sprinkling a little water into the mass, as she does so and then accumulates, and heaps it up at the far end of the slab.

Then she takes and works up a ball of this dough and flattens it out between the palms of her hands into pancake shape, and finally throws it on to a shallow clay conical dish placed over an open fire, and in two to four minutes the tortilla is cooked. Seven or ten of these form quite a substantial meal, and make a very good substitute for bread.

That night as we lay in our hammocks, our slumbers were broken by five dogs belonging to the place commencing to howl in concert at the moon. Nothing would stop them, when driven away they

only returned, they seemed to be thoroughly enjoying their concert. Time and time again I drove them off and flung stones at them, but back they would come and commence their howling, and I felt like killing them if I could have caught them. Finally my wrath abated, and I found myself sitting up in my hammock fairly joining them, I was laughing so, for there sat a cat in the midst of them, howling also.

I had never heard of a cat joining dogs, and both C—— and myself fairly shook with laughter, when a little before our language had been abusive of those jackal-like creatures.

At day-break, we were again in the saddle, and during the day passed through some "Jiccarals." These are made up of trees of that name, not the hiccory tree of the United States, but in shape not unlike an apple tree, and on which grows a large green apple-shaped kind of gourd or nut. This nut-like fruit is only edible for cattle, and grows out of the bark of the trees with no stem to it, as an oak-apple grows. The shells of these nuts make splendid drinking cups, and are sometimes very prettily carved by the natives. At the end of the day we emerged from the timber into the open. Facing us was a low range of hills covered with heavy tropical undergrowth, with trees dispersed throughout it, and nestling on their flanks in a clearing was my home for the next two years.

A great cactus hedge enclosed, in the form of a square, about half an acre of ground, on which stood two adobe built houses, with red tiled roofs, standing in line with each other, along the front of which ran two wide verandahs, hanging in which were the inevitable country hammocks. In one corner of the compound facing them stood a small corrugated roofed frame-built store, and in the other corner a rick roofed over with corrugated iron. A gate at one end of the hedge facing the end of the buildings, and a stile at the opposite end completed the camp. Riding in we were soon introduced to everyone who had been expecting us, an Indian having reported us as coming along. The community mostly consisted of American miners, a Canadian and an Englishman. The accountant and our two selves were to live together until C—— left a month or two hence for home, in one of the above two houses, and an old Indian native woman with a child to help her in the other one, where there was a dining room for our use in bad weather. Thus came to an end my seven weeks trip from home.

CHAPTER XI.

SETTLING DOWN TO LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

AFTER looking round for two or three days, we settled down to the every-day life of the camp. Our compound was about a quarter-of-a-mile away from the mine quarters, mill and mine, and very pleasantly situated. From the top of the hill at the back of our house where we made a clearing of the trees, we could look down into the wooded country below us; and from one month's end to the other we had a view of a kind, which could not be beaten anywhere else, save in Central America. This was due to the immense number of flowering trees, for as soon as one set ceased to flower, another would burst out in all their glory, and as one gazed upon the outlook it seemed as if some decorative hand had just sprinkled a number of the most lovely bouquets, composed of white, yellow, or red flowers, throughout the woods. These trees with not a leaf upon them, would break forth into a mass of bloom before leafing. In no other part of the tropics I have since been in, have I seen so great a number of flowering trees as in Central America. The orchids too, and wild flowers, were numerous and of great variety. There was one especially beautiful tree, with a bright yellow flower which shed them around in profusion, and as they became scattered over the ground, they looked at a little distance like a carpet of crocuses.

As the days rolled by, my favourite place was here. Before sunrise I used to tumble out of bed, and taking my seat up there, catch the first rays of pale green light spread over the distant hills, then slowly lighting up my favourite peaks and hills, until at last that great golden looked for ball would majestically arise and warn one that it was the breakfast hour, and time to return to the day's toil. Sunset, too, would, if I was back early enough, see me here, for I loved the intense solitude of this beauty spot, broken only by the hum of insects, and always as the sun set would the night's concert of frogs commence, only to cease at dawn of day. Sometimes late after our evening meal, would I sit and scan the clear

star-lit skies, and there gaze upward at the Great Bear on the Northern horizon, and the Southern Cross to the South, which in this longitude serves as a watch, for as it assumes the perpendicular, so it approaches the midnight hour, which it attains at midnight.

A curious phenomenon I have often experienced, as I sat on my favourite hill peak were those mysterious gusts of wind, which would arise without warning of their approach; sometimes they would bend down the great plantain leaves at one end of a small plantation, while at the other end not a leaf moved. Again would come the more violent ones, heard approaching in the distance like the sound of a big waterfall, and which would blow for two or three minutes only, then, all would become silent once again, so calm and peaceful save for the ever-distant hum of insect life, that it left on one the impression it must have been a passing fancy.

Our little compound with its surroundings, though somewhat rough and devoid of comforts, was the prettiest little compound it has been my fortune to live in, and is to-day full of the memory of those sunrises and sunsets, and the scenes of those forest woodlands and flower bestrewn pictures; of those glorious star-lit skies, beneath whose light the mysterious sounds of the animal world made themselves heard, amid the silence of that midnight hour indicated by that constellation, whose sign standing aloft signified to both the barbarian and Christian the symbol of life out of death.

Our *ménage* consisted of ourselves as already explained, three dogs, a cat or two, some parrots and a macaw. One of our parrots would imitate so well the old Indian woman scolding the child, and the child crying, that we often could not make out which was which.

Most interesting perhaps of all were our bee-hives. These were hung along our verandah, between the posts, and consisted each of a portion of a trunk of a tree, about two feet in length, and hollowed out, the ends being clayed up, at the side were little holes for their ingress and egress, and ventilation. Whenever I stepped on to the verandah, I always bobbed my head down beneath them. If the old Indian woman was about she always laughed at me. On my asking her why, she said, "Because you bow to the bees." Later I discovered the bees did not sting. There are some five or six different species of bees in Nicaragua none of which sting. One which has the body of a wasp builds a mud tunnel to its hive the honey from which has a strong aromatic taste, and is much prized. It is called the "mariposa" or butterfly bee.

Our food mainly consisted of tortilla and dried beef, with an occasional chicken thrown in, eggs, cheese, and milk. For a long

time I could not get accustomed to the dried beef, as it made my gums so sore and swollen, but I must not forget the cocoa, said to be the best in the world. This was always served in a long egg-shaped hiccory nut, and swizzled up with a swizzle stick before drinking it. The foam standing high up on it, is said to bring out its full flavour. On the principal feast days, we would see an Indian boy arrive with two led horses, and on these our old Indian woman and girl would ride away to the town some nine miles off, leaving us to cook our own meals. Many a night have we come back to camp, tired and weary, to find her gone, and have had to set to and cook our own suppers. She gave us an almanack on which was marked in red dates, the chief "fiesta" days, or the days she went off, so it was our own fault if we forgot to note them.

Like most of these Indian or Mestizo people, she had no idea of Christianity, she did not know who Jesus Christ was save by name, with them it was all a kind of idolatry. In her room was a little altar rigged up with its candles and decorated with pictures of saints, and pictures from the *Graphic* and *Punch*, I gave her. The priests themselves so unlike those wonderful men I have met in the far West of "the great lone land," and West Africa were, I believe, some of the most wicked men I have ever come across.

They lived in open concubinage, making no disguise, but far more often were steeped in every kind of vice. The village padre always kept and let out the sharp steel spurs for cockfighting, the great sport of this country. To keep in with the padre meant everything for us, for if he told our men not to work for us, they would have obeyed him. Every week I sent him a dollar to put on his own bird, but I never received a cent when it won. From home we had sent out both wines and canned fruits for him, and so we kept in his good graces. Unlike most of their padres he was a sober man, and his visits to us were acceptable; but his superior who lived fortunately for us some twenty miles beyond, seldom paid us a visit. He was a great fat bloated individual, so heavy he had always to be helped down from his mule, and always came accompanied by a retinue of servants all mounted. We hated his visits, which usually lasted two or three days, during which time he used to be about the place drunk and incapable, but we had to put up with it.

After my arrival, I had to ride over to Sauce, a small native town of about 1,000 native inhabitants to pay my respects to the padre and authorities, and many a visit did I afterwards pay, for it was the only change or relaxation in our daily life. The ride thereto, through the forest was always an enjoyable one, the flowers

and orchids along it made it delightful and, the shade of the trees protected us from the scorching sun. We used to start early and breakfast at an Indian hut, on tortilla, eggs, fried bananas, and with two big hiccory nuts of delicious cocoa. We thoroughly enjoyed our meal, it was a change, such a novelty! On the road we sometimes bagged a wild turkey, and in one place on it at certain seasons we got very good snipe shooting. Our one and principal enemy outside snakes, scorpions, and tarantulas of which there were many, was the "garapatas," a kind of small tick which swarmed on the grass and on every leaf. These set up an irritation on the skin which was almost unbearable at times. We were not too without the "Jiggers," and millions of ordinary ground fleas, which necessitated our always living in top boots—about the mine we had broad paths kept free of grass or scrub, and escaped in this way the garapatas—but for our rides to town we always had to pay the penalty.

Riding back at night in the full moon we often used to see sitting on the road in front of us "skunks," such pretty little animals, and so tame they hardly got out of our way till we were right on them.

One day, whilst sitting writing in my verandah, I heard the mine foreman's voice calling to me at the gate to come and see a pretty little animal he had caught and which he was carrying in his arms. Already the effluvia of a skunk had pervaded the verandah, I yelled to him to go away with it, but instead he opened the gate. I fled and was over the stile at the end of the compound in no time. He fortunately, went back with it, and did not come in. It afterwards turned out that John, as we called him, had an absolute absence of any olfactory nerves, and for days after we could not go near him. John himself was a curious character, a Cornishman.

The Indians spoke no Spanish, only Mestizos spoke it, but John, although he mastered Spanish, knew no Indian, and had taught the Indians a sign language of his own invention, and with his own men there was little he could not make them understand. We often marvelled how much they understood of what was conveyed to them in this way.

Another time, on a Sunday afternoon, with the sun in full force, John turned up asking me to accompany him for about two miles, as he had found a bird the most curious in creation. "You must come yourself," he said, "I cannot explain it, you must see it yourself." So I went along with him and as we approached the place, the sounds of what might have been an axe were heard, but instead it turned out to be a wood-pecker. The great wood pecker, the largest of its species, pecking away on the side of a tree, the

sound therefrom similar to that of a light axe. "Look," said John, "did you ever see such a thing?" To have been brought all the way in the heat to see what I had so often seen, was really annoying and I expressed myself so. But John looked at things in a different way. "See him," said John, "how is it possible he does not addle his brains." Well I had never thought of it in this way, and I was non-plussed, and my walk had been after all well worth it, if only to have heard his observation, and to this day it beats me to explain why the bird's brains are not addled by the force with which he repeats blow after blow. John was always a source of amusement to me. Late one evening, we had a severe earthquake. Next morning, on meeting John, I said, "Well, John, how did you fare last night." John's reply was a curious one, "Who could have told you about me, I haven't told a soul." "Were you so frightened?" said I. "Well, nothing like making a clean breast of it," said he, "and it was this way about. I had got into bed and poured out my usual tot of rum and water which I drank off, and no sooner had I drunk it than my bed and the whole house seemed to rock, and pistol shots were going off all round me. So I says to myself, John, you have made a mistake, you have poured out the rum for the water, and the water for the rum. John, you are drunk, and had better go to sleep." Now, what he meant by the pistol shots I did not know, and began to think his version was a true one, and that he had not perceived the earthquake. "Well, John," I said, "I have never known you to be drunk before." "Yes," but he said, "who told you I was?" "Well, John," I said, "we had a bad earthquake about that time last night, and I thought you might have been scared." "An earthquake," he said, "What is that?" To my amazement although we lived in a land of earthquakes, and often had small tremors, he did not know what an earthquake was. I wondered if he was still drunk, but it proved perfectly true he did not know, nor had ever heard of an earthquake.

The pistol shots still bothered me, but months after it was solved, when one day, being in the mill, we had a rather severe shock, when I heard sounds as if pistol shots were going off all round me. What was happening was the nails in the hard wood rafters of the mill roofing were being drawn, and as this occurred so they went off like pistol shots. John after that was cleared of being drunk. He was a most excellent foreman, and though very illiterate, yet had a very good head on his shoulders. He got on with the native labour, and with the American and English miners. Speaking of earthquakes, the first one I experienced was that particular one

when I was in bed, when all the tiles on the roof began to rattle, and there was the sound outside of a weird rumbling. I called out to my companion in the next room "What is happening?" "An earthquake," he answered. I was out of bed in a moment, the whole place was rocking, the door had partly jammed, but with a tug came open, and I ran out beyond the house. My companion remained in bed, it was all over by the time I got outside, so I went back to bed, but lay awake for some time wondering if another would come, when I finally fell asleep.

John went home before I did, and subsequently took a hotel, I think it was near Darlington, and years after he sent me a letter asking me to come and stay there, and with a promise to give me the best bedroom, and a "parlour" to myself; but I lost the letter with his address, and I much regretted that I was unable to answer it.

On the way up the coast, it will be remembered a United States man-o'-war was lying alongside of us, whose captain came off for his mails.

Late one afternoon two sailors walked into our camp, both deserters from this ship, one an Englishman, the other an American. Both declared themselves miners, and good timbermen, which proved later on to be true. Of such men we were much in need, but both were in a shocking state. The condition of their feet was appalling, one of them especially so. I think one was all right after a fortnight's doctoring, the other was laid up for two months, and down too with fever. They had worn their boots out in their tramp up country from the beach, having come all the way from San Juan del Sud. I gave them work at the same rate of pay as the white miners, as soon as they were fit for work. They were regular at work, proved to be good workmen, and seemed well satisfied. Neither the foreman nor myself had any words with them, and we looked upon them as a great acquisition. For several months they continued to work. One Sunday, I had gone over to Sauce with my accountant companion, and on arriving back, we discovered that all our trinkets had gone, two little clocks, all our spoons, forks, knives, studs, a silver watch and sundry other things, such as vests, handkerchiefs, socks. On Monday we had agreed to say nothing to anyone about it. The old Indian lady was away for a few days on a holiday, or we might have suspected her. On Tuesday, I noticed the two sailor miners were absent, John informed me there was no trace of them to be found, they must have gone off. The riddle was explained, they were the thieves I felt sure, for we used to leave our doors open, and the house empty, and no Indian had ever been known to steal from

us. So I took one of John's Indians he recommended as thoroughly trustworthy, and explained to him what had happened. I told him moreover these two men had their savings with them, that he could take a few friends and go after them, and bring our things back, and pay themselves from these two men's savings. They were, however, under strict orders in no way to hurt them, even if the two men should show fight. Three days passed, and then came back my Indian with two big bundles done up in red cotton handkerchiefs, containing all our lost belongings. For some time I was a little uneasy as to whether these Indians might not have wounded the men or even killed them, but they were afterwards seen at Leon, and my mind was at rest. So I left them as they came to us, and I hope they learned a lesson, and benefited by it.

The Mestizos and Indians were an interesting study. The rule of our mine was to supply our labourers with materials, that was poles, canes and thatch with which to erect their houses, or rather sheds in most cases, and we expected them to do so. But often and often one would ask a family why they did not start on their job, and the answer would be "Mañana (by and by), it is fine weather now, and we don't need them." Even in the wet season, I have sometimes come across a family whose answer would be the same, only adding "it will soon be fine weather by and by," all the time cowering under some tree for shelter, miserably wet, yet too indolent to put in three or four days work to erect a shelter. A few only would enclose the houses with cane walls, most of them were wide spacious sheds. Inside, their whole worldly goods consisted of a few hammocks swung up, a few rude earthenware water pots, plates, gourds, tortilla baking dishes, while mounted on an empty packing case, was the tortilla grinding stone and roller, a deal box or two containing their scanty clothes. These habitations were usually occupied by two or three men with their wives, a host of little semi-clothed, or naked children playing about, a calf or two, and several dogs, not infrequently a macaw, parrot, and a game cock or two, tied by the leg to one of the posts. The men were clothed only in a kind of light drawers, but on "fiesta" days, they would come out wrapped in an old Roman Toga shaped cloth or blanket, which was wrapped round the body, under the armpits, with one end thrown well over the left shoulder. The women wore a light cotton skirt with a low loose cotton blouse, very often beautifully embroidered around the neck, and on "fiesta" days they would surmount the same with a kind of broad white cotton cape made up in three deep frills, also usually embroidered, with their long black hair hanging down in two great plaits over

it, and with a red flower negligently slipped in the side of their coiffure, they had an attractive appearance. They were a peaceful, happy, or if not happy, apparently contented lot, indolent and lazy, their wants few, their main sustenance being tortilla and "frijoles" (beans). Most of them possessed a cow or two. The cows which roamed about in the bush and found their own food were exceptionally tame, and would always allow one to fondle them, a fact due to the Indian's habits of bringing up the calves in their own houses or sheds. It is a peculiar trait of these people, their fondness for animals, and their love of nature. On a "fiesta" day the women and children would start out at early break of day, and go off into the forest to gather wild flowers, which bringing home, they would string together, and garnish with them the poles of their sheds. A pretty custom they have, is when a small child dies, they do not put the body into a coffin or swathe it in a sheet, but wrap it up in garlands of flowers wound round and round it. I have often heard my Indian guide, when suddenly coming on a beautiful view exclaim, "Mira que linda," or, "look how beautiful." They all are born gamblers, and cock-fighting is a passion with them. The birds they take the greatest care of, the miners, for example, would often bring them in tucked under their arms, and before going underground, build a small shed to shield them from the sun, leaving a little gourd of water and some maize alongside them. I have often seen on Saturday, at midnight, when the miners knocked off work until midnight Sunday, a crowd of men sit down in a circle playing cards, and continue right though till the bell called them to work again. They have a peculiar system of playing in pairs, or as they call it "Companeiros." Two men enter into partnership and when gambling at night, one might throw himself back and snatch an hour or two's sleep, while the other carries on the game, awakening his companion only when he wants specially to consult him. They would not even go away for food, most of them waiting while their women folk brought it to them.

In the mine, this system of "Companeiros" worked well, for one of the two had always to be at work, the other could go away for a few days if he liked, his companion remaining to take his place. Noticing in gambling over cards that such was their system, I introduced it into the mine and mill, and it worked exceptionally well, for previously we were always bothered by the natives' irregular work, caused by their coming and going as they pleased.

The intelligence of the Mestizosh, seemed to me to be largely proportionate to the amount of Spanish blood running in their veins

while the Indians, quite unlike the North American Indians, are a quiet, peaceful, though an intensely indolent race. Their intelligence I put below that of the negro race. Their love of flowers and appreciation of the beauty of nature is a remarkable trait in them, for I know of no aboriginal race, unless perhaps the Tahaitians, who have any similar characteristic. The pure Indian dislikes the Mestizo, and would not come to work for us if we had too many of the latter. The Indians now live mostly in the fastnesses of the hills, where they lead a pure agricultural life. Only a few Indians did I ever see go away hunting. We had around us some small bush deer, and many wild cattle, but both were very difficult to stalk, a broken twig was enough to send them off into the thicket. We had wild pig and boar, wild turkey also difficult to get, but a species of this bird, a magnificent black turkey, was always easy to bag: "Chachalaka."

I witnessed, just before coming home a scene I had often heard the natives speak of, and which I was most incredulous about. It was a kind of "wake" held by the wild cattle over a dead companion that fell over a precipice. From far and wide they collected for two days, and all this time they were circling round the dead body, bellowing loudly, moaning, pawing the ground, and throwing the dust over their shoulders. After two days they all went off. There they were in the open and a fine mark to have shot them down, but not one of us had the heart to make a slaughter, as slaughter it would have been. It was an extraordinary sight, for ordinarily there is no getting anywhere near them, many times have I tried to do so, but as they always kept in the scrub, the noise of twigs snapping would give me away.

The skunks and racoons were very plentiful, the latter almost pathetic in the way the mother covers the young with her body to protect them from any threatened danger. Of pests we had our full quota of garapatas, jiggers, mosquitos, flies, wasps, hornets, snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and huge ones at that; lizards abounded, one species with a flat pugnacious head, poisonous. Another species was very common, a big brown one, the size of a large iguana, and which hid in the rocks. One of these I once saw catch a rat, and holding it in its mouth with the tail hanging out for nearly two hours, and only darkness coming on prevented me from perceiving how long it would thus remain.

We had two pests that attacked our mules, namely bats and a kind of hairy spider. The former came at night and a bat would flutter its wings over a mule while it sucked blood from its jugular vein. A small dried up blood stain would show in the morning what had

happened. Unless protected from them, a mule would be attacked night after night in this way, and gradually the animal would become emaciated from loss of blood. This may be the origin of the vampire bat, though I never heard of a human being thus being attacked.

The spider would bite the mule just above the hoof, and soon afterwards it would begin to rot, and lose its hoof which would take about a year to grow again, and meanwhile the animal would be useless. We used to have the mules examined regularly, and at the first signs of rot the remedy was to burn a deep hole in the part affected with a red hot iron, and pour in melted rosin. The Indians say the spider crawls up the hoof to get hairs off the mule's leg with which to line its nest, and that only if the mule happens to move its leg does the spider bite.

Of the wild beasts around, there were "coyotes" or jackals, a species of jaguar, and the black panther, the former often a nuisance with its howlings at night. I once saw a black panther asleep on a branch of a tree I had just passed under, and not far from my house. Hastening home for my rifle, when I returned it had gone. C—— one morning had gone out snipe shooting, when he saw a jaguar crouching on a rock just above him ready to spring. He fired both barrels at it, his only hope being to frighten it off, but to his amazement he killed it, and that with snipe shot.

In our district there were many small cattle ranches, and the custom was when anyone shot a jaguar to send him a dozen cheeses from each ranch. These cheeses are a kind of milk cheese, and get as hard as bricks. We literally became the recipients of so many we did not know what to do with them, our store house was piled up with them, until at last we got a storekeeper in Sauce to make a bid for them and to take them off our hands.

As in West Africa, the ants were very numerous. There are two great divisions of them, the foraging, living solely on prey, and the vegetable eating ones. The former have invaded our house several times, when they routed out man, woman, child, cockroaches, spiders, rats—every living thing—they invariably came in the early morning and drew off in the late afternoon, but only to renew their attacks next day until the house had been clean swept. The natives declare they retire at night into the bush, roll themselves up into a ball and go off to sleep. Unlike the African ant, they advance to the attack in great bodies, spreading over a width of ten to twenty feet, and not in narrow ribbon-like small armies, spreading out only when encircling their prey. There are two species of these, one a small black ant, and the other a very big black one. Of the

vegetable eating ant, the leaf ant is the most interesting. They advance in little narrow columns to the tree or bush they have singled out for their attack. A column is detached from the main one and ascends the tree, over which it spreads out on every twig and branch, and then goes to work to cut up the leaves into little pieces, from the size of the top of an ordinary lead pencil, to that of a threepenny piece. These falling on the ground are picked up by the main column which have spread out in a black moving mass. Each ant picks up one of these fragments of a leaf, and holding it in its mandibles edges up, finds its way out of the swarming mass to the outside edge, where they form up into a little narrow column and march off to their nests which may be as much as a half a mile away. It is an extraordinary sight to witness what at first sight appears to be a column of green leaves moving along the ground, and on a windy day it is even more marvellous, as the bits of leaf are blown over by the wind, and with them the little ants many times smaller than their burdens, who struggle to regain their feet never letting go of their loads for one moment. Time and time again, over they go, and never seem to tire of struggling on with their top-heavy loads. Their appearance may be compared to an army on the march each carrying an enormous green umbrella. At the corner of our compound, we had a great forest tree growing, with wide-spreading and shade-giving branches, and which I saw stripped of every leaf between sundown and sunrise; it took them about two days to carry off their plunder, working night and day without ceasing. These ants unlike the black variety, work at night as also do the African ones.

Naturalists are divided in their opinion about them; one school holds they collect these leaves for food, the other that they are gardeners and store them up for leaf mould on which they grow microscopical fungi, which is supposed to be their real food. This species of ant is only found in the New World. The other kind of vegetable eating ant is the white ant so widely distributed in the tropics and sub-tropics of both the Old and the New World. They are most destructive of all wood fibre. If they once gain admittance into a house, it is next to impossible to get them out until it is destroyed. They always approach a beam of wood on the dark side, and give no sign of their presence unless sought for. Great beams of timber are eaten out leaving only the form and outside shell, so that while a beam appears to be quite solid and intact, it may be only a light shell which crumbles when touched.

I recall once sitting down on what looked like a solid deal box, when I went right through it and found myself sitting on the ground, for the ants had left only the shell of it. It is exceedingly difficult to exterminate them. One method is to trace them up to their nests, and dig them up, puddling the hole thus made with clay and water, but even this way is often more ineffective than otherwise, for if any ramification of the nest is overlooked, they soon become as active as ever. Two men working for two or three days, will in this manner perhaps succeed in destroying a single nest. These ants appear to work day and night and never seem to cease, and are most destructive, very often causing great losses. I have tried blowing their nests up with dynamite, but I never remember successfully destroying one by so doing. Perhaps the only effectual remedy is to pour bisulphide of carbon down their nests, a chemical difficult to obtain abroad. If a mill is left standing for even two months, without careful guarding against them, it may be entirely destroyed. Once start up a mill, the ants never attack it so long as it is kept going, the vibration of the structure is probably the reason of this.

A very curious insect we had round us was the "leaf insect"; with its wing-like two green leaves, and its stick-like body, unless it moved, no one would take it for other than a twig with two leaves adhering to it. If approached, it would remain perfectly motionless, and even ants seemed to be taken in by it, for if one was put down where the ants were moving about, it would remain as if dead, and the ants would run over its body without discovering it was alive; to my mind a proof that the ant detects its prey by its movement, and does not discover it by either a sense of smell or of touch. The mantis too, a species of the same sort, always interested me, or "praying insect" as it was called, which has even got the name of "Almighty God." This insect with its long neck, to the insect world is what the camel neck is to the animal world, with its hammer-like shaped head, and two great protruding eyes from the ends, has the most human-like way of sitting straight up on end, and looking round apparently observing everything. I have seen it twist its head right round and peer up into one's face. It will put its two great elongated forelegs together in front of its body, sitting up on end, as if in the act of prayer.

The fire-flies at night were often a remarkable sight, as they would fly almost in clouds, emitting their phosphorescent-like light with great brilliancy. Notwithstanding so many pests there was always much interest in the life around one, whether human, animal, bird, insect, or vegetable.

Of bird life we had flocks of little bright green paraquets, green parrots and macaws. The last were often so noisy that one had to go out and shoot one in order to drive the rest away.

There were, too, innumerable humming birds with their dazzling plumage, darting about everywhere with lightning-like movement, making the air buzz or hum with the rapid flutter of their wings; and the honey bird too, with its delicate long bill dipping in and out of the flowers around us, also with beautiful plumage.

Of the profusion of lovely wild flowers, of orchids and many varieties of the flowering trees of the most exquisite shades and tints of colour I have already spoken. One in particular was of the most delicate pink lilac colour, which covered the tree in a great mass.

The scenery was also very beautiful, in particular one spot I was very fond of going over to, some six to seven miles away, and in spite of the penalty of getting smothered in garapatas, I used occasionally to take a trip over to it. It was not that the views around our camp were not very fine, but this one from the top of a high plateau which commanded the whole country, was grand in the extreme. Across the plain was a range of high, steep, extinct volcanoes, whose peaks covered with a green crust, instead of their usual black appearance, stood out against the skyline like so many watch towers. The forest and woodland country on the plains beneath them was richly besprinkled with the bright colouring of their flower-clad trees; while here and there were to be seen "haciendas" or small ranches. All was intensely lovely but a deathly stillness seemed to pervade the atmosphere. The very insects seemed hushed, the very ground seemed sacred; the air at this altitude was so balmy and fresh that one seemed to have been wafted to paradise. On one of my visits, descending the high plateau, near its base we came on some old Indian workings; amongst them was an old shaft still open. Down this shaft my Indian guide and myself descended by what are known as "chicken ladders," or simple poles with notched steps cut in them, and stretched across the shaft one below the other at a flat incline. It was a perilous undertaking as we had to test each before putting one's weight on to it lest it might have rotted, and give way, but the "Quebracho tree" from which the ladders were made is almost imperishable, and one's risk was more in the balancing of one's body upon them than otherwise. At the bottom, some forty to fifty feet down, we had to be careful lest any fallen snake might be lurking there, but seeing none I found a little tunnel, and by the aid of a box of matches, discovered what the Indian miner had been

at work on; this was a little vein of lead ore, samples from which, afterwards assayed, showed it carried in the lead a few ounces of silver. In descending the shaft one's worst experience was meeting with numberless bats which flying up, would strike one in the face, adding greatly to the difficulty of one's Blondin-like efforts to balance oneself on the chicken poles. As they came up the shaft they made a peculiar resounding vault-like unearthly noise, so loud that they might have been a host of demons from the nether world. As we sat at the bottom of the shaft breaking some stones, two frogs suddenly jumped upon us, and for the moment we both thought we had been struck by a snake. At our fright we both laughed, and congratulated each other that they were only two poor froggies. It was very dark before we got back to camp that night, but the Indian never once missed the trail, as I tramped after him, I could see nothing, and marvelled how he kept so steadily on without once hesitating or stopping to look for the trail. My guide was a very intelligent young Indian, and very fond of hunting. He had an ox he had trained to feed up towards game, and behind it he used to stalk his prey. The process of advance was slow, for the animal would so slowly browse as it went along, that my patience was not equal to this method of hunting. Some of the Indian hunters train oxen in this way to aid them to stalk deer. At a later period, he accidentally shot his ox, having left it to follow up some spore himself, when he on his return forgetting he had brought it with him, and mistaking it, in the bush, for one of the wild cattle, he shot it dead, and great was his lamentation.

As C— was about to return home we were very busy during his last days settling up odds and ends. The first real sign of his departure was on the evening before he left when the mules were brought up and corraled in our compound for the night, so as to be on hand for the early morning start. A little later his old Indian body-guard "Fidele" turned up with clean clothes, carrying a huge Colt in his waistband, and slung round his neck an old cavalry-man's sword-bayonet, of which he seemed inordinately proud. Though the country was outwardly calm and quiet this always going armed is indicative of a very unsettled state of affairs.

After the evening whistle had sounded, all the men employed on the mine were called up to the house, and the managership was formally handed over to me by C—. Later all the white staff sat down together to dinner and drank C—'s health wishing him a prosperous voyage home. Dinner over, we sat up until midnight settling a few accounts, and at 3.30 a.m. we helped C— to fix up the mules and packs, and all being ready, with the stars still

bright and shining, but with just the very first glimmer of dawn in the east, C—— mounted his mule, I accompanying him for a short distance, and Fidele behind with the pack mules. Then bidding him good-bye, I slowly wended my way back to our camp, pondering why fortune had led me to such an out-of-the-way place. Here I was to all intents and purposes practically quite alone, not a soul with whom to exchange one's thoughts. The accountant, who stood over six feet, was intensely slow and silent; he was a good fellow, yet between us there was little in common. But fortune had put me in a wonderfully pretty nook, which indeed made up for the loneliness and solitude of the place, so lonely that words scarcely express the indescribable feeling that would sometimes come over me. If I could only paint that morning scene of loveliness. Behind me fast disappearing in the distance amongst the foliage of the still darkly shaded hills was C—— and his servant. C—— was dressed in a slouch felt hat, white clothes, top boots, great clanking spurs, with a formidable revolver stuck in his belt, while behind was Fidele leading his pack mules tied by a leather lead string to the pommel of his saddle. On his arm was our favourite parrot whom C—— was taking home with him, and, who, as we bid each other good-bye, or adios, laughed in a high key and shouted out, repeating our words "adios."

Overhead, the stars were fast disappearing one by one. Away in the far Eastern horizon all became, as I rode on, a flaming crimson fire which gradually gave place to the softest pale apple and yellow tints, until the great light-giving ball began to rise as a thin rim of light, gradually mounting higher and higher until it had got clear away from earth, revealing by its bright light the splendours of nature around.

I was sorry to part with C——, who was a very active man, full of life and vitality, though getting on in years. As a young man he had been a captain in the Mercantile Marine, and during the war between North and South, had run the blockade between Charlestown and the Bahamas. Getting caught he was brought up before the Judge in New York, who said, "It being your first attempt I will let you go"; but C——, proud of his exploits, blurted out, "Not my first attempt, twenty-one times have I succeeded in passing your lines." Thereupon he was promptly committed to the "tombs," as they called the gaol in New York, and remained there a few months until the close of the war.

About this time across the Honduranian border which was quite near us, an old American who lived in the mountains a hermit's life, and who used to trade with the Indians and buy gold and silver

from them, was found hacked to pieces by a machete. Suspicion rested on an Indian whom the old man had once had arrested, and got sent away as a soldier. But C—— told me a strange story of this very man, that is, the American. A young American, who was out in this country looking for mines, and who was known to have about \$2,000 in his saddle bags, put up one day at this man's hut. His Indian interpreter afterwards said that when they met they seemed to know each other, and angry words passed which he did not understand, and in the evening he heard a gun fired near the house. On going out, he found his master dead, shot through the heart. The old American claimed it was a case of suicide, but all the Indians believed it was one of murder and robbery, for not a dollar was found on the young man. It is a story on which a very good detective yarn might be spun.

It was just about this time that taking up an American paper one day, I read the account of two young Englishmen who had been murdered in Nebraska ; one was the son of an English baronet, the other the son of the former's tutor. Both had gone out to learn farming, the baronet's son lived on the farm of an Englishman, the tutor's son on the farm of an American. The account went on to say the tutor's son was found shot dead in the American's house, the baronet's son, the English farmer, his wife, and a little girl were found shot, and all were dead with the exception of the little girl who was wounded but recovered. Outside the house, the American farmer lay dead, a case of suicide. The story of the little girl was that the tutor's son was over visiting them, and he was very upset because the American and himself could not get on together, and after going back, the American came over with a gun and shot her father and mother, and she remembered no more. Now, curiously, this corresponded exactly with two young fellows I once crossed with to New York in the old *Alaska*, son of a baronet with his companion, the son of his tutor, both going to learn farming for two years in Nebraska, the former on an Englishman's farm, the latter on an American's. The coincidence was so great that it must have been these same two boys, about twenty and nineteen years of age respectively. They had quite a battery of sporting guns and several sporting dogs with them. I knew them well on board, and they used to listen eagerly to all I told them about Western life, both nice boys and we were all very chummy, sorry to say goodbye to each other. It was a curious fact that both the above incidents came to my knowledge about the same time, nothing of course to do with each other, but tragedies of life wrapped up more or less in mystery.

No sooner had C—— left, than John reported many of the work-people were leaving, and that no one now went to Sauce. A general state of uneasiness prevailed, and amongst the more intelligent natives they reported there was a rumour of war. Going over to Sauce I found out from the "Alcalde" that waggon loads of rifles and accoutrements were continually arriving, and he feared it foreboded precautionary measures against a revolutionary plot that might be brewing. According to the strict law of the country, conscription cannot be enforced on mines unless the country is in great peril. Nevertheless I instituted a system of patrols to keep a good look-out for any troops that might come over from Sauce to seize my men. Sure enough, within a few days of my visit a raid was made, but having been warned, all the men had fled into the "monte" or bush, and after two days a few only were captured and taken off.

CHAPTER XII.

A STORMY PERIOD.

FIDELE returned from Leon, and from our agent there I learnt the Government was seizing every available fighting man, even to taking men from the ox carts in the streets, and leaving the latter to take care of themselves ; that rumours were about that Nicaragua and San Salvador were threatened by Guatemala and Honduras.

Going over again after a few days to Sauce, as I neared the town, the beat of drums warned me of the proximity of military forces of some sort, whether revolutionary or Government troops was the question.

As I rode up, I came on a force of a few hundred Government troops who were on the march to the frontier. Most of them were bare-footed, but dressed in a neat inexpensive uniform, consisting of a light blue loose fitting jacket with trousers to match, with the braided facings and stripes down the trousers of the same colour, the blue jacket not unlike the blue blouse of French workmen—with bandoliers across their shoulders, and armed with Remington rifles and bayonets. They carried no knapsacks, the commissariat and baggage following in ox waggons. The men looked bright and careless as they marched at the easy, smoking cigarettes, but with all their loose appearance, they gave one the impression of nimbleness and smartness. The officers, on the other hand, looked a lazy lot of scoundrels, altogether outwardly different from their men, with no signs of ardour, as puffed up with conceit they swaggered along. Following them—we met them in Sauce—was the General Staff, a nondescript looking lot of generals and colonels. The only one who had any definite news was the padre, from whom we learnt as we sat in his garden, that a revolutionary party, who a few months ago had been expelled from this country, had gone to San Salvador and stirred up a revolution there ; that Guatemala and Honduras had sided with them, and were invading the two respective countries, and that several, frontier villages had already passed into the enemies' hands, and that Costa Rica was expected to join with

Nicaragua and Honduras, and that the situation was considered to be very serious.

The padre's garden was well laid out, and well kept, a typical tropical one, with groves of coffee, cocoa, cotton and a few cocoa-nut trees, and with the milk from the latter he regaled us. The padre invited us to a cockfight in the afternoon in which he thought his bird would come out victorious. This was the first one I witnessed, and I must confess against everything I heard of its cruelty, I saw nothing particularly so, in two minutes or less during which time the two birds would spar with each other, only a few feathers would be drawn, but it was all over when one bird getting a fatal blow in, the other bird lay dead. With the formidable razor edged steel spurs attached to their feet, if a blow is once got in the result is almost always fatal and immediate. In my own opinion it is a better death for Mr. Cockbird than having his neck wrung. The abuse is in the heavy betting on the birds, which is a craze with these Mestizo and Indian races.

It was a big "fiesta" day in town, when everyone was in clean clothes, and the women with their flower decorated coiffures looked quite attractive, very different from their usual dirty every-day appearance. Afterwards I visited the military "corrals" where conscripts were being brought in in a steady stream from all the country round, the majority with a rope round their waist with the other end tied to a trooper's horse, and with their hands tied behind them. Great numbers resist capture violently, but I am told, that once they can get them into uniform with a rifle in their hands, they submit and rarely attempt to desert. Once enrolled desertion is punishable with death. No matter who captures them, whether the Government or the Revolutionary forces, once thus captured, they make good soldiers and fight desperately, and so it proved in this war already begun.

As I rode back that evening late I passed the same troops I had seen in the morning, who had remained bivouaced during the heat of the day, and were just moving off for a night's march. It was now nearing the end of the dry season, which lasts nine months on the Pacific side of the country, followed by a wet one of three months, but on the Atlantic side it is *vice versa*. The low range of mountains or the lesser Cordilleras, a prolongation of the greater Cordilleras of South America that run up through the centre of this country, is the dividing line between these two separate and totally different climates. On the Pacific side the forest partakes more of woodlands, while on the Atlantic side the country is heavily clothed with dense primeval forest. At this

season fires break out in the forests and woods, and as I rode home that night it was a country presenting a very grand sight, and for many nights afterwards. Sweeping over some of the distant hills were long lines of surging fires. On a few of the volcanic peaks the forest covered sides of which were all ablaze, lanes of fire might be seen running down like streams of molten lava. Against these fires we had cut as a precautionary measure great broad tracks or "rondas" around our property, and day and night we had sentinels appointed to give warning of any approach, or threatening of fire.

This night was the first one on which I witnessed what is an awe-inspiring experience. One imagines that no timber is left after a fire has swept over it, but though there is great destruction it is comparatively small, as more often the outside only of the tree is burnt, and with the coming rains the trees will soon recuperate themselves.

I got to the mine late, but found almost everyone up, the report of the soldiers on the march had reached them, and great consultations were going on amongst the mechanic class and the miners; the ordinary labourers had already bolted, and gone off into the "Monte."

The women in the camp were busy and hard at work making tortillas to send after them as food supplies, for they were probably hiding near by.

Arriving at my own compound, I found T—— up, fascinated with the glorious spectacle of the fires raging in the country round. Far into the night we sat and watched them, while the mine and mill foreman came up and talked over with me the general position of affairs. There was no doubt war and revolution were in the air, that we should be left without men and would have to shut down with the exception of the pumps. Our fire-wood stocks were very low, as at the end of the dry season they were purposely allowed to be, as the risk of fire was so great. It was better to put up with green wood later on, and usually only a month's supply at this time was in hand, but this year it was even less, and finally before the war was over, all the white men had to go out and cut firewood, and cart it home in order to keep the pumps running, and the mill partially going, as we had exhausted our stocks. In the morning, to my relief, I found the troops had passed by a little to the north of us. During the following day, I arranged that two of our head natives should sleep in our store in the compound, that they were to tell no one, and only come in in the dark and clear out before daylight. Night-time was the most dangerous as the soldiers would hunt round then. In the day time the women would give warning

of their approach. Very soon we had hardly a native left, they had either been caught, or had got away probably to be caught elsewhere, or were hiding in the hills around. One night about this time a padre and his retinue all mounted, wanted quarters for the night. As I stood in the verandah waiting to receive him, I watched him tumble off his mule while one of his men led him forward. At first I thought he was blind, but quickly perceived he was drunk. Dressed in a long white trimmed robe, with a large wide-awake hat, he looked most comical. On a nearer acquaintance he turned out to be another great coarse-looking brute, and was soon asleep in one of the hammocks. That night, we slept with knives and revolvers under our pillows, for fear the party was not what they represented themselves to be. I was especially perturbed, as in the safe I had, owing to the disturbed state of the country, a bar of bullion awaiting a favourable moment for dispatch. Early next morning our party, much to our relief, took itself off. Troops were now daily pouring into Sauce, which formed the apex of a triangle on which the defence of the country rested, and became from a quiet little village a centre of great movement.

From here the troops were pushed forward to the Honduranian frontier passing us by a little to the north. A fine battery of Krupp guns passed through our property, but with this exception we were left unmolested, and not drawn on for mules or stores, as I had daily expected.

A short *resumé* extracted from Nicaraguan history may not be uninteresting. According to the Guatemalan historian Juaros, Nicaragua was discovered in 1514 by Don Pedranas d'Avita, Governor of Panama, who formed an expedition in that year for the exploration of the Pacific, landed here and marched back by land to Panama. In 1519, Don Gil Gonzales d'Avita, by virtue of an agreement with the Spanish monarch, fitted out an expedition at Panama, and sailed to the westward and northward, disembarking in the Gulf of Necoya, travelled to the eastward and discovered the great Lake of Nicaragua, and converted many Caciques (Indian chiefs) to the Catholic faith. He then penetrated as far as Niquichiza, now the city of Granada, and returned to Panama.

In 1523, Don Pedracias despatched Don Francisco Hernandez de Cordova for the conquest of the country. Accompanied by large numbers of soldiers, he reached the Northern part of the State and founded the cities of Granada and Leon, just thirty-one years after the discovery of the continent by Columbus. These two cities rank amongst the earliest in the New World, and are now about four and a half centuries old. The country was gradually settled

by Spanish colonists, and subsequently became incorporated with the great Captain Generalcy, and afterwards Vice-Royalty of Guatemala, which comprised the provinces of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, and Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The commonly received opinion that the first revolutionary movement in Central America occurred in 1821 is incorrect. As early as 1813, the Spanish Cortes conceded to the City of Cartago, in Costa Rica, the title of *Muy Noble*, and the villages of Heradia and San Jose that of "Ciudades," as a reward for their fidelity shown during the insurrection which took place in San Salvador and Granada, in proclaiming their independence from the Northern country. In 1821, Guatemala renewed the effort and invited the other provinces to join in the movement; this was done and their independence was proclaimed.

On the 15th of September of that year the plan of Ignala to incorporate these states into the Mexican Empire under Iturbide was advocated, and though there was great opposition, especially in San Salvador and Guatemala, it was effected in 1822. On the fall of Iturbide, however, a National Constituent Assembly was convoked at Guatemala, and on the 1st of July, 1823, the States finally formed themselves into a Federal Republic called the United Province of Central America, conforming somewhat to the political system of the United States, and adopting its constitution as a model.

In 1824, all slaves were liberated throughout the Republic, and the owners of them indemnified for their losses; the whole number thus emancipated did not exceed one thousand. The Constitution was ratified in November of the same year, and on the 1st of September, 1825, the Federal Congress held its great session.

Numerous revolutions followed and brought them to their present powerless and semi-barbarous position, and on July 20th, 1838, the Federal Congress held its last session, and the States resumed each their separate system of Government. In 1840, General Morazon, the "Washington of Central America," attempted to re-establish the Central Government, but opposed by the influence of foreign agents, and borne down by the Indian hordes of Carrera, countenanced and urged on by the priesthood, he was expelled from the country, and on his return was murdered at San Jose, September 15th, 1842. His death marked the final downfall of the Republic.

After 1855, Walker, a filibustering American, became President of Nicaragua, and after a revolutionary period was finally shot in Honduras. Twice he escaped the country to an English man-o'-war, but on the second occasion he was delivered up by the captain

to his enemies. Walker was always bitter against England and was known to have shot two of his band, Englishmen, unwarrantably. He was the cause of much bloodshed in revolutions both in Honduras and Nicaragua. Since that period to the present time, Nicaragua's normal state seems to have been one of revolution, and now we are in another, perhaps more formidable than any previous one, for not only is Nicaragua at war, but in revolution in herself, semi-civilised but well-armed with modern firearms.

The natural products of the country taken from the Government organ of Granada are worth mentioning. Of fruits:—lemons, limes, bananas, cocoa-nuts, cocoa plums, alligator pears, guavas, plantains, paypayas or pawpaws, maroñons, rose apples, water melons, canteloups, bread-fruit, citrons, and a variety of others. Of vegetables, :—coco, a species of our own potatoes, vanilla bean, squashes, tomatoes, peppers and pumpkins. The cactus grows to a great height. There is a great variety of beautiful roses both cultivated and wild.

The vegetable products of commerce are sarsaparilla, annatto, aloes, ipecacuanha, vanilla, Peruvian bark, copal, gum arabic, copaibu, caouchouc, dragon's blood, vemglo and oil plant. The staple productions of the state, and those which arrive at great perfection are sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, maize, rice, cocoa, and chocolate. Among the valuable exports are mahogany, brazil wood, cedar, lignum vitæ, fustic, yellow pine, dragon's blood tree, silk cotton tree, oak, button-wood, iron-wood, rose-wood, Nicaraguan wood, dye woods, calabashes, hides, honey, wheat and other cereals.

The climate is variable, in fact one can have a choice from the hot atmosphere of the plains to the cooler and more temperate one of its broken mountains. Its mineral resources are numerous, gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal, sulphur, nitre, and sulphate of iron, etc. Cocoa plantations are said to be very profitable. An orchard of it lasts a life time, and about 500 trees are planted to the acre.

An old French sugar planter told me if it was not for the revolutions which deprived him of his labour, he could have retired on a handsome fortune long ago. Three consecutive good crops of cane reaped and crushed, would, he said, even now be all he asked for. The land is rich in natural products, and it is mainly on these the country depends, mahogany and dye woods especially. With a stable Government, by cultivation of its rich soil derived largely from the decomposition of basic volcanic rocks, it could export enormous quantities of sugar, coffee, rice, and tobacco. For eighteen months, during the rest of my stay in the country after the

present outbreak was over, we had a series of revolutions, not all bloody ones, but it meant conscription by the Government to prevent the revolutionaries from commencing a revolution, and we were hereafter able to do little work. Through the influence of our minister I got a permit for eighty men not to be taken from us save by special order of the Minister of War ; but it was of no use, for a colonel would ride up with a number of soldiers, demand to see my authority, declare he must take it to camp and examine it, after which it would be returned, and which was done, but in the meantime another Colonel would ride in and demand it, when I would deliver in writing a letter confirming my statement that Colonel So and So had it for examination, whereupon he would say I know nothing about that, and start a drive to collar my men. The natives were very clever in eluding the soldiers sent to capture them, and probably because the soldiers connived at it. Thus we kept on sporadically running our mine or mill for a few days, and then shutting down again. Our saw mill we would run ourselves, for on the sides of the hill, immediately above it, we had a good supply of logs, of mahogany, cedar and ptchote, and down its sides it was easy to roll them into the mill. Ptchote wood is a peculiar wood, it grows to a great size and a huge log may lie out in the hot sun for months, yet when the saw goes through it, it will spurt water in streams. The outside plank makes good weather boarding for houses, and is very soft, but weathers into a very hard wood, while the heart of the tree is a dense hard one. I have never come across any timber similar to it. The nearest approach to it was a cane which we used for rough store-house sides in Mexico. This cane when cut is very soft, but on weathering, so hard does it become that the only method of driving a nail into it is to wax its end before hammering it in.

News came in later on, that a fierce battle had been fought, in which the Guatemalans, and Hondurians had beaten the Nicaraguences and San Salvadorians badly, that the latter hearing that President Barrios of Guatelema had been killed, said to have been shot in the back by his own men, had rallied and turned a defeat into a victory, in which the enemy had been completely routed and broken up.

In the early part of the rainy season in which we had now entered, the "Cortes" trees had come out in full bloom, and were covered with great clusters of flowers, which hung from every little twig and branch looking like clusters of bright yellow daffodils minus their green stalks ; while scattered about amongst them was a still more lovely tree with delicate white waxy blossoms in

arum lily-like clusters, with each cluster surrounded by eight drooping laurel-like leaves. The colour effect was superbly fine, and as before stated, as soon as one set of trees had bloomed, others would take the place of these, each as it burst forth giving a quiet, majestic beauty to the sombre woods through which they were scattered. About this time, as we had all but to close down I determined to take a few days trip through the country, and go over to Matagalpa and consult an American there who had been many years in the country, and was supposed to be quite an authority on it. I wanted to get his views as to the present revolution, and what were, in his opinion, the prospects of our ever obtaining steady labour. So accompanied by G—— the old Englishman, we set out one morning, each mounted on a strong mule with saddle bags, and a hammock apiece.

The first day we spent in Sauce, where we learnt that after the battle already referred to, there were rumours that the San Salvadorians had turned on the Nicaraguenses, and it was feared the latter had been caught in a trap, for they had gone as allies and their allies had treacherously turned upon them after both had defeated the common enemy. Second day—up and away by 3.30 a.m., with just enough moonlight to see to follow the trail. As daylight broke, we found ourselves following up a narrow valley at whose head we found a pass through a high range of hills. The scenery was grand, the air fragrant with forest scents, while ever curious forms of vegetable life brought new impressions. At the small village of Jicaral, with a barn-like red-tiled building, the church, and a cluster of huts around it, we breakfasted on hot tortillas, fried eggs, and beans. It was a most lovely morning, one of those mornings that make one almost believe there can be no pain or sorrow in the world. In the afternoon at the village of Agua Frio we off-saddled for an hour, resuming our journey when rain fell in torrents; at a little after sun-down we found a grey-headed old Indian, eighty-four years of age, living under a spacious shed, with three calves, four pigs, and half-a-dozen dogs. Here we hung up our hammocks and supped on cold tortillas, cheese and coffee, then turned into our hammocks, wet and stiff after our long ride; but as the shed was low we could not swing them up high enough to be above the pigs, which all night kept running about and bumping into us.

Third day. At 3 a.m. we started off again, and soon struck the jicarals. These orchard-like covered plains in wet weather are one deep morass. The ground was covered with three to four inches of water, which hiding the mud-holes made travelling dangerous.

Until noon, we slowly made our way at not more than about a-mile-and-a-half an hour, when we came across an hacienda, a farmhouse built on poles. Here we found two Mestizo Indians and their wives, one the owner of 250 head of cattle three months ago, but who had since lost seventy head on account of shortness of food caused by the excessive drought.

On patches in the jicarals we passed many species of cactus plants, some of which were in flower, one in particular bore one of immense size. On hearing us talk English, the Indians were greatly tickled, "it was so different to Indian or Spanish" they exclaimed.

With only an hour's rest we pressed on again until about 3 p.m. and at last we found we had crossed the jicarals, a very dangerous trip. Once G——'s mule sank up to its girths and we had to dismount in the heavy mud, and only with great efforts, just succeeded in pulling it out. At a distance of two leagues we had to swim two rivers, when we came to the village of Servaca, behind which we entered the hills. Up these we ascended and down precipices of 300 and 400 feet in height, numerous waterfalls fell, rushing in torrents at their base down the valleys in leaping cascades, which sounded in the distance like thousands of human voices. It rained again all the afternoon in torrents, but the scenery was so unique and captivating of its kind that we were almost unconscious of the rain, until we experienced one of the most terrific thunderstorms I think it was possible to experience. The thunder became one continuous roll of heavy claps, while the lightning was flashing around, here, there, and everywhere, in great sheets of violet light, out of which came darting dazzling vivid tongues of forked lightning. The violence of the storm was tremendous, one of those storms peculiar to the tropics, and of great severity even for them. Soon after sundown we arrived at the town of Matagalpa. Mr. M—— the American was away, but his wife, a Nicaraguan lady, kindly offered to put us up, plastered as we were with mud, and drenched to the skin. The Government troops had been through the place, and not a feed for our poor mules could we get. We ourselves, dead beat, in the steady drenching rain, vainly sought for some throughout the town, but not until 9.30 p.m. did we succeed. Wonderful beasts were our mules, for two days had they steadily plodded along for fourteen hours a day, and with very poor food on the way.

An Indian promised to start early in the morning and bring us in some forage from a village a little way off for the day's feed. Our good hostess had our hammocks dried and gave us a supper of tortillas, and the proverbial beans or "frijoles," and fried eggs,

then tired out, we turned into our hammocks covered with a dry blanket. Casting off our wet clothes, we found on rising, they had been collected and dried and put back alongside of us. Next morning, our fourth day, we rose late, just as our Indian had returned with forage for the mules. After breakfast on the same fare as last night's supper, our hostess gave us some account of this place, which, as bearing on more recent Nicaraguan history, was very interesting. Until a few years ago, there were a large number of Jesuits living here, and beloved by all the Indians, who are in large numbers in the hills around which form the foot hills of the Lesser Cordilleras.

The Señora gave me a very thrilling account of what she was an eye witness of when the Jesuits were expelled. Before this happened they had been expelled from Guatemala, and had settled here, where with Indian labour they built what is now a very fine cathedral, and maintained an immense sway over the Indians. After a few years it became manifest they were intent on gaining political power in the country. The Government perceiving their intentions, took the bold step of expelling them at a few hours notice. Troops suddenly appeared and gave them twenty-four hours to pack up what they could in the time, and then escorted them all to the coast where they were deported. The Indians, finding their friends gone, collected in hordes and swarmed down on the town only armed with bows and arrows, and machetes, but the troops, who had been placed in ambuscade, met them and defeated them with great slaughter. About 10,000 of them were captured, disarmed, and driven into the big Plaza where they were herded together all night. Then the Señora described what she herself had witnessed. Soldiers had been placed on the surrounding roofs and in the windows of the houses, and these, without any warning commenced in the early morning to fire on these poor defenceless creatures for hours, until not one was left standing, and she vividly described the kicking, struggling, seething mass of wounded and dying. Then for the rest of the afternoon the soldiers went amongst them, clubbing and bayoneting until all lay one heap of corpses. From that day to this the Indians, of whom there are large numbers, keep in the hills and seldom come into the towns, and a few women and men only did I see in the town. The women dress very picturesquely wearing a very short camisole with a cloth wound round their loins reaching down to the knees, with a red cotton handkerchief thrown *en negligé* round the bosom. All day we heard the incessant beat of the drums telling the tale of conscription and drafting of men for the war.

From Matagalpa away to the North West lay the great forests of the Atlantic slopes, which, save by a few rubber hunters, have never been explored or penetrated. Two well organised Government expeditions sent in have been entirely lost, their story remaining as impenetrable a mystery, as are the forests themselves.

On the fifth day, as our mules were rested, and as Mr. M—— was not returning for a few days, we left at 3 a.m. in a very heavy miasma, which lay like a heavy pall over the country and later on gave place to a steady downpour of rain.

We pushed on all day, and only just succeeded in clearing the jicarals before dark. Near a small village we put up for the night under a wretched little shed filled with pigs belonging to its occupants, a small Indian family. In our wet clothes and soaking hammocks, we spent a bad night what with a poor supper of tortillas only and squealing pigs. On the morning of the sixth day, we were greatly disconcerted to find the river here impassable, and we had to spend the day in our hammocks, while the poor mules shivered in the rain outside. As the sun went down, coming out for the first time to-day, from the little village across the river, there arose the sound of people singing, wafted over the tops of the trees in the valley separating us from it, like a sweet plaintive dirge heard above the roar of the river leaping as a mountain torrent down numerous waterfalls. On asking the meaning of it, we heard that a woman had died in the village, and every evening after her death the people collect for eight days at sundown for prayers and chanting. It was pathetic, for these people we were told, had no padre in their village to lead them, and it all seemed so sad and weird.

On the seventh day, after a very disturbed night, we set out with our Indian guide to follow the ridges of the hills to avoid the streams in the valleys, in order, if possible, to strike a ford some nine to twelve miles further up the river. Within three miles of the supposed ford, opposite the village of Santa Rosa, we came to a torrent impossible for our guide who was on foot, and he had therefore to turn back. Into the torrent we plunged, our mules lost their feet and we were swept down it, but succeeded in getting out on the right side just above a twenty-foot waterfall. Coming to the main river we essayed to cross it, not without some concern, for we did not know whether it was fordable, or even where the ford itself was, but without further mishap we arrived at the other side at the padre's house, where we put up, a very miserable shanty, and had to remain in our soaking clothes all day, but at night we slipped out of them, and lay on a couple of blankets where we slept peaceably.

For supper we had the usual tortilla and beans, but with a chicken added. As six of us sat down to the repast, it did not go very far. Our host we afterwards learnt, was the most eloquent preacher in Nicaragua. On state occasions, they would send for him to preach in the cathedral at Leon, but would lock him up a few days previously, to get him into a sober state. In the next room to us for half the night he was gambling at cards with the villagers who kept coming in and going out.

On the seventh day, we rode out in the morning to look at some old silver mines the padre was putting a tunnel into. There we found some quite extensive remains of old Spanish works, and we wondered at the amazing spirit of adventure of these people in the days gone by, to have penetrated into these, even to-day, almost unknown recesses of the country.

Soon after noon, we left the padre half drunk and blear-eyed looking, but not before he had tried to steal my one spare flannel shirt from my saddle bag. That afternoon in crossing a river I was nearly swept away, and should have been but for the help of two mounted Indians, who, darting into the river, just managed to reach my reins, which I threw to them over the mule's head, and by them they pulled him out.

During this ride we passed through a species of thorn bush common in the country. The thorn is a very curious one, and has the exact shape or form of a buffalo's horns. Many of them are hollow and in them lives a species of red ant, whose bite, like the sting of a wasp, is very poisonous, raising a great lump on the flesh.

That evening we were able to get into dry hammocks and get our sodden clothes dried, and were regaled with a supper of hot pancakes and delicious honey, of which we ate quantities. The news was not good, for in San Salvador four battles had been fought with the San Salvadorians, in three of which they had been badly beaten. Thirty miles from our camp the town of Corpus had been captured, and was held by the Revolutionists after severe fighting. Every man in Leon and Sauce had been taken for a soldier, and the whole country was in a very disturbed state.

On the eighth day we rode over early to our camp, where I underwent a process of cleaning, and then appeased my hunger by a substantial breakfast of tortilla, beans, and dried beef, the last of which I had not tasted since leaving. Only once a week did we ever see fresh meat, for within a few hours of killing a beast, if the meat was not cut up, salted, and dried, it would for some unexplained reason go bad. As we only killed once a week, we only got fresh meat on that day. The camp looked very desolate for all our

labour had either fled or had been captured. Straggling soldiers would occasionally come in in small parties of five to twelve, whom we suspected usually of being deserters, and we were always kept on the alert, never knowing who they might be. Even our old Indian cook had gone, and we were forced to cook for ourselves. A few nights after my return I was startled by hearing footsteps pacing to and fro outside my door; opening the door cautiously, there was a tall man with a long sword hanging by his side, and beyond in the shadows I could make out a group of people from whom sounds of much talking came. Stepping out I greeted the man, but he did not reply; again I repeated my salutation, but he did not reply. While he continued to pace the verandah, to my utter astonishment, our former old cook answered, and there she was with another woman and her child standing by a cart with her baggage. She had come back with two assistants, the man walking to and fro it turned out was drunk, and I was not long in packing him off; but two women and two children to attend to our plain menu was too much for me, and without "your leave." I advised the party to go back again, but finally we effected a compromise, and after a few days we returned to our usual retinue of servants, namely the cook and girl help.

I had been disturbed at 2 a.m., and afterwards sat musing. In front of me, on a little mound outside the compound stood some cows, some asleep, others chewing the cud, and clearly visible in the bright moonlight, while in the dark shadows in the woods beyond, innumerable fireflies were flitting about, crickets chirping, frogs croaking, and all manner of noises, broke in upon the otherwise calm stillness of the night; dreamland was soon reached, and thus I mused as I pictured childhood's days of one's hopes, aspirations, and misgivings, and now that so many of them had been realised, had I been disappointed in them? To be seated in a canoe on a tropical river to shoot alligators, to see monkeys in the trees in troops, and flocks of parrots and paraquets, and natives both black and copper coloured in their own life, to be paddled by them, and when tired to have them sing to one their monotonous yet plaintive songs, at night to camp on the banks of the river in their midst with wild animals around, to hear the hoarse and curious deep forest cries of its wild denizens; to tread the wild solitudes of the forest, jungle and open plains, to see the great fine old trees festooned with creepers and flowers, and roped together by festoons and networks of lianas and vines, and to sit at night musing over the strangeness of everything, as I now found myself doing, all these I had read about in books of travel and imagined myself an explorer; and the

answer came that they had exceeded all that I had imagined and read about. My childish dreams when realised, had not been disappointing ones, as is so often the case. On the contrary, I loved my forests, my tropical rivers, woods, and plains, with all their wealth of vegetable and animal life, I loved too, studying and trying to understand the native mind, and the bitters of life were far outweighed by the sweets that were on every side. Even the war, the revolution with all its disturbing elements, and painful scenes of grief and sorrow, had their compensations, for youth does not dwell too long on this side of the picture. There was always from the very uncertainty of life under these conditions, a certain amount of exhilaration, in facing bands of soldiers, or of Revolutionists, not knowing what the outcome might be, and in the past as I looked back such, too, were my experiences of Red Indians, of the barbaric tribes of West Africa. The more I mused, the more I appreciated my good fortune in obtaining such grand and priceless opportunities. And so one passed in dream land, to more serious things, to the problems of life, with life so teeming around one, everywhere and in everything, from the smallest particle of dust, to the greatest objects, and Algayzali, the Eastern philosopher, mystic yet Mohammedan, was not far wrong when he summed up the life of man into three "stages": the first or infantile stage is that of pure sensation, the second which begins at the age of seven, is that of understanding, the third is that of reasoning, by means of which the intellect perceives the necessary, the possible, the absolute, and all objects that transcend the understanding. But after them there is a fourth stage, when another eye is opened by which man perceives things hidden from others, perceives all that will be, perceives the things that escape the perceptions of reason, as the objects of reason escape the understanding, and as the objects of understanding escape the sensitive faculty. This is "prophetism." Amongst my papers I find the above memorandum evidently penned down whilst these ruminations were fresh in my mind, and meant to be put aside and kept as expressing one's inner thoughts and feelings, and as I look back now nearly thirty years, with many years of further and very varied experiences, in many other countries, I would, if writing them, express myself much in the same way to-day. The mysticism of the latter part of the above quotation has now been fully realised for "In the beginning was the Logos and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God." "In Him was Life and the Life was the Light of Men." "And the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us." "And I saw and bore record that

this is the Son of God." The Logos revealed in human form in whom is Life, and in whom is the Light is now my "Prophetism." That Algayzali and many of the old philosophers of the days before our Lord knew the first part of the above New Testament quotations I have little doubt of, and that St. John was but reiterating what many of them knew. But the climax that the "Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us," Algayzali had yet to have revealed to him to enable him to reach yet another stage, the fifth.

From my reverie I awoke when the pale most delicate apple green horizon was already announcing the break of dawn. Later on in the morning I was brought dead up against a wall, namely the realities of this life.

On going down to the mill, I found one of our native miners, whom with a few others we had secured to put in a day's work on some timbering needed in the mine, one of our old workers, a steady industrious lad, had been murdered. Quarrelling with another man, the latter with others had set upon him and killed him, but not before he had wounded most of them. Later on a white man who had tramped all the way from Panama turned up begging for work, but as so many of these characters are bad I sent him on with a small contribution in his pocket. Going over one week-end to Sauce to get news, I learnt the revolution was going against the Government. On the way I ran into a band of Revolutionaries, all well equipped and with little to distinguish them from the regular troops. A few miles out from Sauce were some curiously shaped hills, on whose summits it looked as if there were some old ruins. Riding out I dismounted, and clambered along through the "monte" until within about thirty feet of the summit, but with such perpendicular walls it was long before I found a way up, and that only by hanging on by my finger nails. A curious peak it proved to be; there were no old ruins, but on the very summit a rock not ten feet square in area, and seated on this I could look down on all four sides on to the plains below. Momo Tombo was plainly visible on the horizon sending out a cloud of smoke, and on the other side was the volcano of Chinendago.

I was disappointed in finding no old ruins. In some parts of the country old ruins and a profusion of old sculptured monoliths with their strange hieroglyphics are found scattered about.

Returning to camp, a few days afterwards, one of those desperadoes came into it, who had a grudge against a man living near here, and catching him by surprise, slashed his face and put out an eye. Only recently had he cut his sister-in-law badly with a machete across the head and neck. Some soldiers were ordered

to capture him, but without result. Meeting the man, who was boldly swaggering about, I covered him with a revolver and brought him in a prisoner. The soldiers then bound his hands behind him, and took him off to Sauce a prisoner, but think of my horror when I saw them leading the poor wounded man along as well, and whom they forced to go with them walking the whole nine miles to Sauce. Nothing I could say would alter their decision. From time to time news began to get better, and men began to filter slowly in, work was resumed, but we always lived in a state of alarm and scares. In a hut the nearest to my house, a native carpenter with his wife and six children were murdered one night. No trace of the murderer or murderers could be found, and no reason for so cold-blooded a murder was forthcoming. Troops were now being disbanded, and these were a danger as no longer under control.

One afternoon soon after this event my former head carpenter rode in, and in the full uniform of a colonel. His story was that after the big battle when Barrios was killed, the San Salvadorians with some Nicaraguan Revolutionists surrounded about 4,000 Nicaraguense troops, and without any warning fell upon them. Every officer was killed and most of the force mown down under Krupp gun-fire. He was then a sergeant and calling to the remnant to rally round him, they succeeded in cutting their way out, but only about 400 to 600 escaped. For this brave action, he had been promoted to a Colonelcy, and was now quartered about twenty miles from me, watching the Honduranian border. From his account San Salvador was still fighting, but as the Guatemalens had again risen against them and Costa Rica had sent succour to Nicaragua, by her troops, there was no more danger from that country. Honduras had ceased to fight and only a minor revolution was going on there.

At the end of the wet season, in the early part of August, I set out on a trip along the frontier, and up into the Province of Nueva Segovia, a province little known or visited by foreigners, taking with me again old G—— as my guide, and the following is an extract of an account I sent home of it.

First-day. At 3 p.m. we had our two mules saddled, each laden besides ourselves with a thin blanket, hammock, spare shirt, socks, and a few odds and ends in our saddle bags. For the first three miles we took Fidele to show us where the trail struck off from the main road, a mile out he discovered he had left his machete behind, and back he had to go for it, for by no persuasion would he venture further without it. We passed all day through similar country to that I have already described.

Near evening we reached an hacienda, where we put up, belonging to two Leon merchants, one of whom happened to be here on a visit. They owned a large tract of land many square leagues in area, the boundaries of which were only vaguely known to themselves and the head herdsman. In a central position is built this hacienda where the herdsman lives. Scattered through the woods are what are known as milk-haciendas, each of which consists of a large shed, a hut, and a strongly built corral. At these small haciendas during the months from May to November, the cows are milked every morning, and cheeses made. These are sent to the central hacienda, where they are packed on mule trains and sent for sale to Leon, where they are again mostly exported to San Salvador.

The herdsmen receive very small pay, but on Sundays the milk and cheeses made therefrom belong to them. When the owner lives on his own hacienda the profits are much greater than when he doesn't. The loss of cattle during the latter part of the dry season from want of food is great, the cattle are usually poor and give little milk, but the haciendas are reckoned to return seven to ten per cent on an average on the capital invested and much more if well looked after. Don Alberto Herdoica, the owner now here, had spent six months in England, and his brother six years. He proved to be a most interesting personality. Before the Revolution he had been doing a very large European import and export business, but owing to the insecurity of property, and the Government levy on it, he had ceased to do business. I noticed my host kept his revolver strapped on all the time we were there with him, an example of the insecurity of life that pervades all society in this country.

Second day. Up before daybreak, leaving the hilly country we travelled over savannahs. We had great difficulty in following the main trail, owing to the numerous cross cattle trails. At 9.30 a.m., we stopped at a small scattered Indian village, where each little hut had its own garden and orchard. As we entered it, we crossed the Villa Nueva river, an affluent of the Estiro river which runs into the Gulf of Fonseca. The river is shallow but about 200 yards in width. On either side of it women for the most part nude or nearly so, were busy washing clothes, bumping and pounding them on big stones, while young girls kept coming and going, filling large earthenware pots with water which they carried off up the steep sides of the banks, neatly poised on their heads, to the village. Some of the men were washing themselves, others lazily watering their horses, while others stood chatting and laughing with the women, the children completely nude playing about in the pools along the river's shores.

While crossing the river, as we stood in the middle of it to let our mules drink, I noticed some uncommon fish, which swam almost always at the surface of the water, with their eyes protruding just above its level looking like diamonds reflecting the brilliant sun. Climbing up the bank, we entered the village. In the centre of it stood a small church, outside which was a raised wooden platform, and on an over-hanging structure were the bells, which three little Indian boys were clanging making a deafening noise. Leaving this village behind, we kept steadily on to the village of St. Motilla, a small frontier town. Here we found a very enterprising old man who kept a store with a wonderful selection of goods, added to which he had quite an ornithological collection of parrots, paraquets, mocking birds, and water fowl, the last standing about under the beds and litter of the house on one leg, seeming as much at home as on a river bank. He had too, an immense number of leeches, which he collects from Honduras and sends away for export. We found here some lager beer, and one felt almost as if once more in a civilised community. We were on the line of march by which one of the Nicaraguan columns had penetrated Honduras, and it was here they had had a large camp before making the invasion. They seemed to have behaved well, for the old man told us he had heard of no robberies or violence offered to anyone. We made here quite a sumptuous mid-day meal supplemented by some canned fruit we found in the store. Continuing our way, about 3 p.m., we crossed the Guasailla River which falls again into the Negro river, and which flows into the Gulf of Fonseca. We now began to get into a very hilly and rocky country, but notwithstanding, there were signs of increased cultivation. Fields of maize were covering the sides of the hills. Appearances pointed to a hardier set of people, or it may have been due to a richer and more fertile soil. The day had been intensely hot, and from before sunrise, with only a short halt, our hardy mules had steadily plodded on, and were now pretty well tired out as we wound our way up the bed of the river or for the most part along its banks. Cool clear water came tumbling down over rocky little rapids bringing with it a draught of air that revived both man and animals, for the heat was stifling away from the river. Soon after sunset we asked first one and then another of the passers by how far it was to the village we proposed to sleep at. "No more you are right there," was always their reply, but after riding a league and still no signs of it, we came on a party of nude children sporting on the side of the river, and from them we got a more definite answer to our enquiries, that we had another league yet to cover. A little further on we came to a party of laughing girls bathing in

the river, and at last leaving the river bed and crossing higher up another small stream that fell into it, we reached our destination. The small village Las Serras was such a miserable place that we had great difficulty in finding a shake-down for the night. At last a woman with a pack of children said we could put up in her hut. Except some tisti, of which we had a store with us, we could get no food, the reason being that the men were all hiding in the hills, for the Government troops were after them, and they had that evening sent away all the tortillas they could make, and had no more maize left. Tisti is a drink both sustaining and refreshing. It is an Indian preparation made by grinding on the tortilla stones, a mixture half of roasted maize and half of cocoa beans into a chocolate kind of paste which is dried and cut into little inch cubes. One of these placed in a jiccari-nut and swizzled up with a little sugar, makes quite a palatable drink. With a little box of tisti and a jiccari cup and swizzle stick, an Indian will travel for days without other food.

The Indians have quite a number of pleasant drinks made from fruits or cereals, one great favourite is ground rice flavoured with vanilla and mixed with seeds of the jiccari swizzled up together, and it was a very favourite drink of mine. Others again made from the pineapple, or citrons, mixed with ground rice or other cereals were really good. A drink very common but alcoholic is that known as "chicha." It is prepared from the maize and is allowed to ferment in stoneware pots, and is not at all unlike cider, the longer it is allowed to ferment the stronger it becomes. The best chicha is made from maize chewed by the women who spit it out into the pots, a very disgusting process, but one by which, when brewed, the chicha is said to surpass the more ordinary kind.

Daybreak saw us again on the march, our mules after a good feed of guanti being quite fresh again. Guanti is the stored maize plant itself. For the preparation of this forage, maize is sown at the end of the rainy season, and just before it flowers, is pulled up by the roots and stacked as we do our hay, against the end of the dry season, when all green stuffs are dried up; this forage is largely depended upon to bring them through it.

During the day, we lost our way several times and our progress in consequence was slow. Some fighting was said to be going on at St. Moti, on the Honduranian side of us, and we could distinctly hear the guns firing. In the afternoon we came on a small mill, where the owner treated silver ores brought in from small mines in the neighbourhood. It was a rude structure, consisting of a water-wheel all of wood, with not an iron bolt or nail which

drove a small "Arrastra," housed under a red-tiled shed and with a long line of flumes made up of two-and-a-half inches roughly hewn plank which brought the water to the wheel. In the "arrastra" the ore is ground and the silver amalgamated with quicksilver, which is collected from time to time, put into retorts and the quicksilver or mercury distilled off, leaving the silver as a black spongy mass which is then broken up and melted in clay crucibles and poured into moulds. The owner stated the ore ran about 100 ounces and upwards per ton in silver. The galena or argentiferous lead ores he smelted in a little house near by, but which he would not show me. He said he melted it in pots, but as to whether he first roasted it or not, he would not say, or what fluxes he used. He further said he cupelled the lead by burning it in clay, this was all he told me. I recommended that he should collect cattle bones, calcine them and then grind them to powder, and make a bed of it, as I suspected he did the clay, and then work off his lead as he did with clay, or in other words cupel it. He was evidently a very intelligent Mestizo with more Indian blood than Spanish. He promised to try my recommendation. The galena ores he told me ran about 200 ounces in silver. The mines I further learnt were small ones worked by only a very few men, but he refused if we stopped over, to let us see them.

That evening as we descended the hills we entered the pitch-pine woods, but amongst them were growing many other species of trees. We were now in the heart of a very mountainous country some 2,500 to 4,000 feet high and bearing evidences of mineral wealth. Owing to our losing our way, and our delay at the smelting works, we had only covered three-and-a-half leagues from Las Sierras (three-and-a-half miles is equal to one native league) when we arrived at Rotosi. There are several small mines working near this town. Here, too, several of our old miners found me out and were full of their war experiences. They had been disbanded, but were expecting to be conscribed again, as Honduras was giving trouble and revolution which was thought to have been killed, was reported to have again broken out.

Next morning we bid goodbye to our good friends who had given me so warm a welcome, proving thereby that though one had been their boss, one's endeavour to treat them justly, yet with a fairly firm hand, had not left any unkind feelings in their minds. From this place we had a very precipitous climb; my mule only lost its footing once, but that once, nearly landed us both down a precipice hundreds of feet below, a very narrow escape it was as he was about half over it. Reaching the village of St. Rosa, a small

mining one, we kept on in very broken and hilly country, and after passing through some groves of pines and pasture land we wended our way mile after mile through uncultivated country without meeting a soul. Most gorgeous butterflies and birds everywhere greeted us, and all the animal world seem to be enjoying these beautiful hills and valleys.

Passing through the village of St. Marcus we found the young men had fled and were in hiding, a few older were lounging about, or swinging lazily in their hammocks, while the women were at work. As we were just clear of the village a native came running after us, and much to our amazement we found he ran a store for a French merchant who lived at Amapala, a port on the Honduras coast, and who owned a small coffee estate here. Returning to the store, I asked if he had any wine, but answering no, I poked around, concluding if the store belonged to a Frenchman there must be some about. I was not very far wrong, for I came across a solitary bottle of Chablis which we drank, and a very good wine it proved to be.

After leaving this clean-looking little town we entered a less hilly country, a good grazing one, but heavily strewn with boulders. Evidences of a glacial age having reached as far south as this were not wanting, but I am not aware that up to the present, glacial action is supposed to have reached so far south. Plants allied to the henequen or aloe species were in full bloom. The centre of these plants sends up stalks some ten to twelve feet high, each ending in a huge flower, splendid in form and colour, and unique in fragrance.

That evening, we failed to reach our night's destination, a heavy and unusual rain storm for this time of the year set in, we could not see to make any further progress, and had tethered our mules and lain down in the rain with our saddles for pillows and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Half dozing and half awake, I heard a cock crow, when getting on my feet I did some scouting for myself, and found a hut close by. Waking up the occupants, three brothers they proved to be, we got our mules stabled and fed, and by the heat of a big fire dried our clothes, and then tumbled into a native bed, just a cowhide stretched on a bed frame. Using my unrolled hammock as a pillow, something constantly moving about in it disturbed me, but I was too dead tired to get up and see what it was.

Early morning, at daylight, August 9th, we pushed on for the town of St. Moti, where we arrived about 10 a.m., to find some 250 troops watching a revolutionary band in the vicinity, who had come up from Matagalpa. A sub-lieutenant who came to see

me turned out to be a German, and had come out as a carpenter to some German mines on the Atlantic side seventeen years ago. I met also General Goutierez, in command of the troops, and he expressed surprise at our travelling alone without escort in so disturbed a country.

After a good breakfast on the ordinary fare, we left for Ocatel, the capital of Nueva Segovia. Losing our way we were lucky enough to strike an Indian who agreed to act as our guide. When we came on him, he and a woman were making string, he holding the flax in his hand, while she holding a kind of spindle set in an ox-horn, twisted the flax into string on it, and then wound it on to the outside of the horn, a very ingenious invention. As we approached Totigalpa signs of cultivation increased, maize and sugar cane plantations were mainly to be seen.

Three leagues beyond it, we reached the Indian town of Ocatel, with the usual church prominent in the centre of it. From San Moti we had passed through a very interesting section of country to any one of a geological turn of mind, as further glacial action was in my opinion, very strongly in evidence, but as my intention when I set out to note down my personal experiences was not to include details of technical and mining matters, I will refrain from further reference to what to me was of particular interest. As we came in sight of the town, and gained the top of our last hill, there it lay in the centre of a wide plain, completely surrounded by hills, a town of considerable size, somewhat straggling, and the Indian houses which mostly composed it surrounded by small gardens and orchards, while at the base of the hill ran the river Coco or Wanke, flowing away to the Atlantic, and it will be seen from this we had crossed the divide, and were now on the Atlantic watershed.

As we rode through the town it presented a very snug appearance with the hills rising in a circle, at a little distance from it, and with its little gardens and orchards. Everywhere one sees how the Indian loves flowers, his one redeeming feature together with his love of pets. Some sort of pet is nearly always found amongst them. The women have a wonderful way of training them, and if it is a parrot, it becomes almost as knowing as a child. I have seen a little Indian girl treat one as if it were her doll, put it down on its back and make it close its eyes and apparently go to sleep, toss it up into the air and catch it as if a ball, the bird not even opening its wings. I believe no trace of their being able to make their once most beautiful feather work is left, though they have not lost their taste in colour, as may be seen in the way they blend the various coloured flowers together, in the harmonious and pretty garlands wherewith

they decorate their altars, and pictures of saints. In the way they worship the latter, so often utterly ignorant of their meaning, is left the trace of their ancient worship of idols, in their submission and obedience rendered to the padres and alcaldes there is too, the trace left of their submission to their ancient authorities, their caciques.

These Indians, supposed descendants of the Aztecs, or may be Toltecs, or some other tribes, have degenerated in my opinion, they come of a higher civilisation that has been wiped out; probably from a race preceding the Aztecs, or Toltecs, for these were only dominant for a short period, and even they, though with a cruel ritual, were of a much higher order of civilisation than is portrayed in these poor Indians of to-day.

Their ancient buildings, sculptures, feather work, all go to prove it. Take for instance, "The Advice of an Aztec Mother to her Daughter" translated from Sahagun's "Historia de Nueva Espana" Lib. 6 Cap. 19 (See Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico.")

"My beloved daughter, very dear little dove, you have already heard and attended to the words which your father has told you They are precious words, and such as are rarely spoken or listened to, and which have proceeded from the bowels and heart, in which they were treasured up; and your beloved father well knows that you are his daughter, begotten of him, are his blood, and his flesh; and God our Lord knows that it is so. Although you are a woman, and are the image of your father, what more can I say to you than has already been said? What more can you hear than what you have heard from your lord and father? who has fully told you what is becoming for you to do and to avoid; nor is there anything remaining which concerns you, that he has not touched upon. Nevertheless that I may do towards you my whole duty, I will say to you some few words. The first thing that I earnestly charge upon you is, that you observe and do not forget what your father has now told you; since it is all very precious; and persons of his condition rarely publish such things; for they are the words which belong to the noble and wise,—valuable as rich jewels. See, then, that you take them and lay them up in your heart, and write them in your bowels. If God gives you life, with these same words will you teach your sons and daughters if God shall give you them. The second thing that I desire to say to you is, that I love you much, that you are my dear daughter. Remember that nine months I bore you in my womb, that you were born and brought up in my arms. I placed you in your cradle, and in my lap, and with my milk I nursed you. This I tell you in order that you may know that

I and your father are the source of your being ; it is we who now instruct you. See that you receive our words, and treasure them in your breast. Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper ; and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and of folly. As little becoming is it, that your dress should be very mean, dirty, or ragged ; since rags are a mark of the low, and of those who are held in contempt. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may appear neither fantastic nor mean. When you speak do not hurry your words from uneasiness, but speak deliberately and calmly. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. Neither mince when you speak, nor when you salute, nor speak through your nose ; but let your words be proper, of a good sound, and your voice gentle. Do not be nice in the choice of your words. In walking, my daughter, see that you behave yourself becomingly, neither going with haste, nor too slowly, since it is an evidence of being puffed up to walk too slowly, and walking hastily causes a vicious habit of restlessness and instability. Therefore neither walk very fast nor very slow ; yet, when it shall be necessary to go with haste, do so,—in this use your discretion. And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may neither appear clumsy nor light. When you are in the street do not carry your head much inclined, or your body bent ; nor as little go with your head very much raised ; since it is a mark of ill breeding ; walk erect, and with your head slightly inclined. Do not have your mouth covered, or your face from shame, nor go looking like a near sighted person, nor, on your way, make fantastic movements with your feet. Walk through the street quietly, and with propriety. Another thing that you must attend to my daughter, is, that, when you are in the street, you do not go looking hither and thither, nor turning your head to look at this and that ; walk neither looking at the skies, nor on the ground. Do not look upon those whom you meet with the eyes of an offended person, nor have the appearance of being uneasy ; but of one who looks upon all with a serene countenance, doing this, you will give no one occasion of being offended with you. Show a becoming countenance ; that you may neither appear morose, nor on the other hand too complaisant. See, my daughter that you give yourself no concern about the words you may hear, in going through the street, nor pay any regard to them, let those who come and go say what they will. Take care that you neither answer nor speak, but act as if you neither heard nor understood them ; since, doing in this manner, no one will be able to say

with truth that you have said anything amiss. See, likewise, my daughter, that you never paint your face, or stain it or your lips with colours, in order to appear well ; since this is a mark of vile and unchaste women. Paints and colouring are things which bad women use,—the immodest, who have lost all shame and even sense who are like fools and drunkards, and are called ‘rameras’ ‘prostitutes.’ But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and cleanse your clothes ; and let this be done with moderation ; since, if everyday you wash yourself and your clothes, it will be said of you that you are over nice,—too delicate ; they will call you tapetetzon tinemaxoch. My daughter, this is the course you are to take ; since in this manner the ancestors from whom you spring, brought us up. These noble and venerable dames, your grandmothers told us not so many things as I have told you—they said but few words and spoke thus:—‘Listen, my daughters ; in this world, it is necessary to live with much prudence and circumspection. Hear this allegory which I shall now tell you, and preserve it, and take from it a warning and example for living aright. Here, in this world, we travel by a very narrow, steep, and dangerous road, which is a lofty mountain ridge, on whose top passes a narrow path : on either side is a great gulf without bottom, and, if you deviate from the path, you will fall into it. There is need therefore, of much discretion in pursuing the road.’ My tenderly loved daughter, my little dove, keep this illustration in your heart, and see that you do not forget it,—it will be to you as a lamp and a beacon, so long as you shall live in this world.—Only one thing remains to be said, and I have done. If God shall give you life, if you shall continue some years upon the earth, see that you guard yourself carefully, that no stain come upon you ; should you forfeit your chastity, and afterwards be asked in marriage, and should marry anyone, you will never be fortunate, nor have true love,—he will always remember that you were not a virgin,—and this will be the cause of great affliction and distress ; you will never be at peace, for your husband will always be suspicious of you. Oh, my dearly beloved daughter, if you shall live upon the earth, see that no more than one man approaches you ; and observe what I now shall tell you as a strict command. When it shall please God that you receive a husband, and you are placed under his authority, be free from arrogance, see that you do not neglect him, nor allow your heart to be in opposition to him. Be not disrespectful to him. Beware, that in no time or place, you commit the treason against him called adultery. See that you give no favour to another ; since this, my dear and much loved

daughter, is to fall into a pit without bottom, from which there will be no escape. According to the custom of the world, if it shall be known, for this crime they will kill you ; they will throw you into the street for an example to all the *péople*, where your head will be crushed and dragged upon the ground. Of these says a proverb ' You will be stoned and dragged upon the earth, and others will take warning at your death.' From this will arise a stain and dishonour upon our ancestors, the nobles and senators from whom we are descended. You will tarnish their illustrious fame and their glory, by the filthiness and impurity of your sin. You will, likewise, lose your reputation, your nobility, and honour of birth ; your name will be forgotten and abhorred. Of you it will be said that you were buried in the dust of your sins. And remember my daughter, that, though no man shall see you, nor your husband ever know what happens, God, Who is in every place, sees you, will be angry with you, and will also excite the indignation of the people against you, and will be avenged upon you as he shall see fit. By his command, you shall either be maimed or struck blind, or your body will wither, or you will come to extreme poverty, for daring to injure your husband. Or perhaps he will give you to death, and put you under his feet, sending you to a place of torment. Our Lord is compassionate ; but if you commit treason against your husband, God, Who is in every place, shall take vengeance on your sin, and will permit you to have neither contentment nor repose, nor a peaceful life ; and he will excite your husband to always be unkind towards you, and always to speak to you with anger. My dear daughter, whom I tenderly love, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquility and contentment all the days that you shall live. See that you disgrace not yourself, that you stain not your honour, nor pollute the lustre and fame of your ancestors. See that you honour me and your father, and reflect glory on us by your good life. May God prosper you, my first born, and may you come to God who is in every place ! "

Does not this testimony that has come down to us witness to a high state of civilisation, something, it may be different to our own, something allied, perhaps, to old Japan. It is worth making the extract if only again to recall the past and compare it with the the present state of these Indians. I remember asking a very religious Indian woman who attended Church regularly, who Jesus Christ was. She did not know, but Mary she did because she was the mother of God. Can one wonder at their ignorance with such Padres, of whom, though nominally Christian, I believe, hardly any know the story of Christianity. Like the negro race, in my opinion

they are now a degenerate race, who have been brought down from a once more intelligent people, until to-day, they are without ambition, without an object in life, and strange as it may seem, instead of having been elevated by Christianity, they have been debased by those professing it, their conquerors. With this digression, but thus referred to in the account of my journey at that time, let us return to it.

I had had an invitation to visit Don Terribio Goutierez, the principal lawyer in the town, and there I slept in a bed. G—— my guide, slept on a couch in the same room, and took my hammock for a pillow. Sound asleep, I was awakened by a piercing cry, as if someone had been stabbed. I jumped out of bed and slid into a corner, thinking someone was in the room, when I heard G——still groaning, ask for a light, as he had been bitten, he thought, by a snake. I then lit a candle and found G—— standing near his couch in considerable pain. Searching his couch, out dropped a scorpion. He had been stung by it and that was the cause of his cry. It was that hammock in which the night before I had been bothered by something moving in it. Don Terribio had come in by this time, and learning what was the matter went off and got a piece of wood from which he cut a small portion for G—— to chew. It was a fibrous, yellow looking soft wood. When he had well chewed it he told him to put half on the wound, and to swallow the other half. The pain was after a little while relieved, and by morning G—— had quite recovered. Don Terribio afterwards gave me a piece of this wood, and told me it was also most beneficial in certain snake bites, and that he had got it from the Carrib Indians.

Our hardy mules rested while we were here, Don Terribio mounting us on others. During the day we rode over to Depilto, a former town of considerable size, but in recent years it had greatly decayed. I visited some surrounding small native mines, and was interviewed by some of the leading men who were very anxious to get someone to put up a small mill for the treatment of silver ores, as there were many merchants in the place interested in the mines, and who exported the ore to Honduranian mills at great cost, so that no ores below 100 oz. silver per ton would pay for mining.

Before leaving Ocatel I arranged with Don Terribio to act as an agent and send us miners whenever possible, but owing to the state of the country none will travel now. I had lost my razor, and whilst here went to the barber's for a shave. Five men stood round my chair and watched the operation, and two women came and joined them. Seated in a low chair, a cloth was put round my neck in orthodox fashion. What might have been a brush was produced, minus a handle, a few bristles tied round with a bit

of string, and the soap lathered as if being painted on. I thought this would be an easy shave but required patience. Next came the razor. I flinched and made faces, and the barber expressed surprise. I thought the operation was complete and offered my "Gracias," but he seized my head and went over my dry skin with the same razor, and when he left off I thought I had erysipelas. I have seen darkies shave each other with a sharpened piece of hoop iron, an improvement I am sure on the worn out razor used on me. The audience anyway enjoyed it much more than I did. My razor all the time had not been lost, it had slipped down into a corner of the saddle bags. Just think from what I should have been saved had I known it.

After a very delightful stay here we set out on the morning of the 11th of August, as I was anxious now to get back. We pushed on, not making any side tracks to get views or examine rocks. That night we put up at a small farmer's place, whose family interested me greatly, three grown up girls, one smaller about nine years old, and a small boy, all with good Indian features, and grouped together as they sat in front of me with the father and mother, they formed a picture well worth an artist's talent. They were too, all so kind to each other, and appeared to be an exceptionally nice family.

Later in the evening two of his men came in to report that soldiers were in the woods. They afterwards proved to be a party of revolutionists. The father played to us on a primitive stringed instrument similar to an African one. A bow with the string of wire, and a gourd attached in the centre of the bow acted as a sounding board. He played holding a little stick with which he twanged and got several different notes out of it. One of the daughters assisted by occasionally pressing down one end of the bow on to a large earthenware jar, which acted as a sound intensifier.

Our host had just sold his sugar for about £100 and seemed well pleased. In appearance the native sugar is like maple sugar, close grained, of the same colour, and not unlike it in taste, but lacks the acidity of the latter.

During the night some strangers came in and slept alongside our hammocks. Next morning we left very early, and said goodbye to our kind friends. On the way, taking the main road we passed many long mule trains, the muleteers, usually armed with swords or machetes, revolvers or guns, either riding or walking, kept up one continual bawl to urge their teams along, browsing as they went. Crossing a high tableland or high plateau the wind blew so heavy

a gale it was difficult to face it. As we descended a long steep descent, a herd of goats stampeded down alongside of us, and we heard the cry of a jaguar behind us, the cause of their fright.

At 2 p.m. we reached the village of Amayo, where we stopped for breakfast. Pushing on we put up at a very wretched hut that night and where we could only get a very poor feed for our mules and none for ourselves. Again next morning we went off at streak of dawn, and reached the village of Achpa, where we stopped for breakfast. Here a little child had died, and all night the village had danced, sang and drank, and now the whole population was taking the little body forth for burial, hidden in a massive garland of lovely flowers, exquisitely entwined. The procession might well have been that of a wedding rather than of a funeral. Turning off before reaching Sauce, we arrived back at our camp at 5 p.m. to find all well. Our mules were fairly done up with the three days continuous ride from before sunrise to sunset. What animal in the world could do this save these hardy Spanish mules, and on very poor feed into the bargain? Thus ended a very instructive, and most delightful though somewhat rough trip to a part of the country little known save to the natives, and rarely to Europeans.

CHAPTER XIII

MOMO TOMBO AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

With the exception of a trip to the coast a little before leaving for home, I only took one other trip which is worth recording.

It had been reported that some copper lodes had been discovered about a day and a half's ride from Sauce, and I set out to have a look at them. Arriving there late one evening, we, that is, G—— my old English guide, but half a native in his ways, hearing it was Independence Day on the morrow decided to stay over and witness the festivities. The day began by a fight between two natives outside our house and one of them got his head badly cut open before the fight could be stopped, but this was nothing out of the common. Early morning Mass was celebrated, the Church was packed, but the congregation was almost entirely composed of women and children. Then commenced the decoration of the town. Every house or hut had been ordered to hang out a flag, which in most cases was a bit of white rag tied to a stick. The really decorative features were those of the poorer class houses or huts, whose inhabitants were more closely allied by blood to the true Indians, and where the floral decorations were charming. The women and children with their clean cottons and coloured shawls, "Rebosas" or a kind of mantilla, with their beautiful black hair hanging in massive plaits and adorned with a red flower or two, paraded the streets gaily laughing, and gave a bewitchingly bright joyous tone to the otherwise usually dull town. As the morning crept on, alas! the men began to get drunk and several fights ensued. Up one of the streets shots were being exchanged and I saw one of the men fall over, then a few soldiers with fixed bayonets issuing from a house began a chase after the culprits, and later on returned with two men with their arms tightly bound behind them, and last of all, the poor wounded man who had been forgotten, was picked up and carried off.

Calling on the padre I learned another revolution had broken out, in fact we lived all these months in such a state of chronic

revolution that I never knew when one had finished and another had broken out. The only indication of any cessation was by the re-appearance of men' coming to work.

At 2 p.m. the great event of the day took place, when the municipal authorities issued forth and headed a procession through the town with a column of soldiers following them, headed by a band and followed again by all the inhabitants. Opposite the Municipal House the Nicaraguan flag was unfurled, a blue and white striped one. The Declaration of Independence was read by the "Alcalde," "agua diente," a strong spirit, passed round freely, speeches were made, and then the soldiers were drawn up to fire a saluting volley, which was anything but a volley, a long straggling firing of rifles, which took quite two or three minutes before it was finished. As the last shot was fired there was a general stampede and rush, some fights were going on up the streets, the soldiers broke ranks and rushed up, indiscriminately mixed up with the crowd. After a time the crowd began to return, a hollow square was formed, and in its midst dancing commenced, notwithstanding the heat and glare of the sun. Musicians played and four "Belles" commenced the dance, "Belles" on account of their ball-room get up and for no other reason. By night-fall half the male population were drunk, and the whole scene was one of debauch. For safety's sake we retired and thus ended Independence Day.

In the night I was awakened by a party of guitar players who had come to serenade me; it sounded very pretty until I heard the voices of drunken soldiers driving them off, and I was really sorry to hear them go.

Next morning it was late before I could get G—— up, as he had somewhat suffered from having joined in yesterday's festivities. Our little party who were to show us their discoveries had to be hunted up, and it was late and in the heat of the morning before we got away.

To my surprise the Alcalde joined us with another small party looking quite fresh. He was going part of the way and so we all trotted along together. The object of his visit was to enquire into some murders that had recently taken place at a village a few miles out. Murders are by no means uncommon in this part of the world. One of my party for example had lost two of his brothers murdered at different times.

That night we put up at a very poor hacienda, and our fare was as usual some fried eggs in a common plate and tortillas. We helped ourselves quite cleanly by each curling up a fresh piece of tortilla putting it into our mouths and then taking with a fresh piece another

dip of the egg; but in the midst of our repast one of the party produced an old teaspoon, made I should think in the year one, and began to dip it in the eggs, licking the spoon and returning it for more. My fastidiousness, though it can often swallow much, could not swallow this, and my repast suddenly came to an end.

Next day we clambered up through some very precipitous country, my mule seeming to-day to want to stride closer to the precipices than ever. A mule always walks close to the outside edge of the trail, no matter how precipitous the side of it may be. He is far more sure-footed than a horse, hence I always ride one in preference where the country to go through is hilly. Arriving at the base of the hill we off-saddled, and then started to climb some terribly steep rocky places. Bathed in perspiration, after an hour's hard work we reached the newly found and supposed copper lodes. But they turned out to be a very poor prospect, stained with a few traces of copper only, and as the saying is a penny worth of copper can make a big show. Putting up again at the hacienda of last night we spent a wretched night, for we had been caught in a storm on the hills, and had again to sleep in our wet clothes. Next morning my host begged me to ride over to a village about four miles away where he had a relation, a young girl of eighteen, very sick, and no one knew what was the matter with her. As we rode along we obtained some particularly fine views. Away to the south, Lake Managua stretched out, and at its end was Momo Tombo.

Arriving at the sick girl's house, on going in, an emaciated young creature met my eyes, lying on a cow-hide native bed, with a dark pair of bright, enquiring eyes looking with questioning concern as to whether I was going to effect a miracle and cure her. Her skin was from head to foot absolutely dry and peeling off in great scurvy scales. Every morning, the mother told me they swept up a big calabash full of the dried peeled off skin. I had never seen anything like it and never have since. Doctors have since told me it was probably some form of leprosy. All I could recommend was plenty of sarsaparilla, thinking the disease might be due to bad blood. So we left this poor girl I am afraid terribly disappointed that I had been unable to effect a miracle upon her.

Returning once again to camp, the second year was continued as the old one had been, in a series of interruptions caused by a succession of conscriptions. The news at one time made things look very bad, Leon was throwing up earthworks round her, no mails came in at all, our letters were seized, yet the authorities allowed me to receive or to send any cables. The fighting

crossed from Managua direction to that in our vicinity. The Government troops were quartered a few miles in front of us, and a large force of revolutionists about four miles behind us. Each called themselves the properly constituted government. One morning I found at one end of my house a Government notice, and at the other a very similar revolutionist one nailed up, the purport of this was that no help, assistance, food of whatsoever sort was to be given to the enemy, nor were they to be harboured on the property in any way. Anyone thus rendering assistance to the enemy, especially foreigners, would, if caught be summarily dealt with, that is shot.

Calling the white men together I asked if anyone could sketch a Union Jack flag. No one could, myself included, and it took us about two hours discussing it and making attempts before we finally succeeded in doing so. My readers may laugh but try yourselves and sketch it. With some blue baft, white calico, and turkey twill we made a large Union Jack, ran it up on a high pole, and thus prepared to play a game of bluff on the generals of the two contending parties. A letter was written to each, demanding that the soldiers of neither party should be allowed to enter our property, which I claimed was English owned and under the protection of England, whose flag waved over it; that if they interfered in any way with us, England would no doubt claim a heavy indemnity; that as Englishmen we had to protect the rights of our country, even if we had to die for it; that as England was friendly to the Nicaraguan people, and knew nothing about their differences, I hoped nothing would happen to break her very friendly attitude to the country. From neither General did I get an acknowledgment of my letter, but at all events whether the letters had any effect on the generals or not, we remained unmolested for a long time.

A day or two afterwards we heard very heavy gun fire in the direction of the revolutionary camp. Reliable news was never forthcoming, as even our Leon agent dared not write anything as to what was going on in the country. Newspapers from home had no reference to Central American strife, not even to the defeat of President Barrios, and where in the ambushade just afterwards laid by the San Salvadorians the Nicaraguenses lost more than 4,000 killed. No quarter was asked for or given in these battles.

I was one day standing just outside our mill when I caught sight of the glint of bayonets flashing in the sun amidst the "monte" or bush. Gradually they were working down the hill-sides, and had, I perceived, encircled us. Another conscription,

I thought, when presently out rode a Colonel, and I, seeing him pointing to myself, jumped down from where I was standing, and ran over to ask him what was the meaning of his visit. Pulling out a piece of paper he showed me an order for my arrest as a leader of the Revolutionary party, and this meant I should have to walk in the usual way as a prisoner behind a trooper's horse to Leon, over eighty miles distant. The matter looked serious. I sent for T—— who was a better Spanish scholar than myself. The Colonel dismounting, I offered to show him over the mill pending T——'s arrival, and he accepted my invitation. I took him over it and got on friendly terms with him. On T——'s arrival we argued that his demand was too absurd, but he only replied he supposed it was, but his orders were definite. I thought perhaps it was a blackmailing plot, but it was nothing of the sort. The Colonel was obdurate. He was not badly uniformed, save he had no boots, and with spurs on his bare feet presented a very odd appearance. I then finding persuasion or bribing was no good went off on another tack. I argued that the sun was too hot for travelling, that being a moonlight night it would be better to travel later; that I had to prepare food for the journey, and get some things together for my servants to carry, for even a prisoner may take servants, though he may not be mounted; that we would have a good dinner together, that I had some good French brandy, more appreciated by these people than the best champagne. At first he declined, but I think the offer of the brandy induced him to change his mind, and he agreed if I gave my word not to attempt to escape, and this I did, adding, when an Englishman gives his word he never breaks it, unlike his own countrymen, so that he need have no fears.

Walking up to the house I turned over in my mind a possible escape by making him drunk, and sending him away on his own mule, as I had once sent away the old drunken Padre. So I brought out some old French brandy, a reserve store of which I always kept. I made up my mind I would drink glass for glass with him, and not get drunk myself. So we gradually consumed first one glass and then another, and when he had reached a certain stage I threw mine away without his noticing. Soon afterwards he was under its influence and wanted to sit down, I plied him with more and more. In the end he was dead drunk. I laid him on the floor and to make sure he would not revive too quickly, I went down on my knees and poured two good stiff tots down his throat. I called then for his orderly, gave him a good tip and told him to get the Colonel on his horse and take him back to his camp which was only a few miles off. Some troopers came in to whom I gave a drink, and carry-

ing him out they put him on his horse and led him off, holding him up on either side. As I gazed on the little squad of soldiers straggling by the side and behind the Colonel I wondered how soon it would be before they returned. The next day and the next came and no Colonel turned up, and that was the last I saw of him. He probably thought he had been so well treated he would not bother further about me. The French brandy did it, and though I had taken much more than would have ordinarily bowled me over I felt no after effects whatever, a clear proof of mind over matter. T—who was a teetotaller thought it was an awful thing to have done, but I told him I preferred to perpetrate awful things on other people, than have them perpetrate awful things on myself. Still he did not consider matters in my light, and ever afterwards, he looked on me as the villain in the piece.

The old Colonel shortly afterwards left for another part, and after his departure I went about in peace, for I daily lived in fear as to whether he might not return to carry me off. With this exception I never experienced any real personal inconvenience from either the Government or Revolutionary troops; though we often had very anxious times with their coming into our midst principally engaged on their man hunts. With the exception of hiding some of my men I never took part in any way with either side. Once I had a party of soldiers in camp whose officers entered my bedroom where I had a native mechanic hidden away beneath it, but they did not discover him. Poor old G—who was toothless, I persuaded one day to go to Leon and have a false set of teeth made for himself, advancing him the money for the expense. He returned with his new set, and very proud of them he was. One day I was standing talking to him in the Assay Office, with an Indian boy present, who acted as an assistant there, and who was standing by us. As we chatted G—suddenly put his hand to his mouth, took out his false set to show me, and putting them back I noted the boy looked horrified, but I did not think much of it at the time and I went on chatting with G—. The Indian boy had been taught to run down smelting mixtures in the crucibles, and had a few in the furnace at the time. Noticing he had disappeared I poured out for him the contents of the crucibles, but thought nothing more of it. I had too, quite a little sum of money he had saved up at my suggestion from his wages, in safe keeping for him but from that day he was never seen again. What must have happened I think, was, seeing a man apparently take his own teeth out of his head so frightened him that he ran away, believing G—was

gifted with some tremendous powers and he was afraid of such terrible people. I was really very sorry to lose him as he proved such a useful assistant in the Assay Office. It is easy to imagine his fright when one remembers that in all probability he had never heard of false teeth. Many a time did we laugh over the episode, but still more when one day, after a rather severe earthquake G—appeared without his teeth. He had lost them in his scare, but I verily believe most of our "peons" believed he had swallowed them out of fright. I was really sorry for his loss but although I never got fully paid back by him for my advance on their account, his teeth proved such a source of merriment, that to this day I laugh when I think of them, and after all they proved a cheap source of amusement to us all. Poor G— never heard the end of it, so unmercifully was he chaffed.

I made a trip in the late autumn to Corinto where I spent a couple of days, and again some three days at Leon. Starting off with one of my mechanics from the mine on my return to it with a mule, laden with money for wages; all went well the first day. We spent overnight at our half-way hacienda under the same old shed where I described the jackal dogs and cat howling at the moon. But the next day we spent a very unpleasant one, and I believe escaped almost miraculously with our lives, and thus it happened. I was riding ahead with Vicenti, my man, leading the mule laden with silver dollars, and had just crossed a ford, when looking back I saw Vicenti was too low down the river and shouted to him that the ford was higher up. As I shouted I heard two voices, and caught sight of two men with rifles lying down and covering the path I was on. I shouted out to Vicenti to tell the others to keep up higher, there were of course no others, and I think this disconcerted the two men. One jumped to his feet and on to a horse tethered in the bush at the back of him, and as I rode past them I expected every moment to hear the crack of a rifle. After I passed them, this man followed me, it was raining at the time when I pulled up to let him pass, but he crossed at the head of my mule, looked me rudely in the face, and went off into the bush.

As he did so I recognised a man that had been hanging about the hotel in Leon, and who had been there the night before we left. Vicenti coming up, told me these men were robbers, and the one behind a very bad man. He knew him well, the other one he had not seen. After riding about ten minutes I noticed my friend had re-entered the trail and was riding ahead of me. I turned my mule at right angles to it, and pushed through the "Monte" for two hours with all speed, Vicenti following. Coming then

on an Indian trail we followed it to a small village. There we got an escort of guides to show us the way to our camp, for we had quite lost ourselves. Here Vicenti related our story, and it was the common opinion that the man Vicenti saw was the one who was suspected of being the perpetrator of several recent robberies and murders in the valley of Zapata between here and Leon.

That night we had the severest earthquake I have yet experienced. Curiously none of the miners in the mine felt it, but our house simply rocked, while the tiles on the roof clattered and several broke loose. The vibrations were severely felt and lasted for several seconds. John this time knew what it was and described his sensations, not those of having had too much to drink this time. Later in the day we heard the earthquake had been very severe in Sauce, and that the principal church, the oldest one there, which had stood many a one before, was badly cracked.

Later on news reached us from Leon that the earthquake had killed many, and many houses had fallen, while great numbers were roofless. A German and his wife who were returning home by the next steamer, and who had made a fortune in a store they had kept in Leon for many years past and whom I had seen just before leaving that town, were overwhelmed by it, she being killed under a falling wall, but he, though being buried under the lintel of a door was saved by it, and was afterwards dug out. Both jumped out of bed and made for the lintel, she being but a yard behind her husband when killed.

Our Agent, a well-known man in Leon, escaped from his house with his family not a moment too soon before it collapsed; but his baby had been forgotten and was in the *débris*. As he afterwards told me, "I had an intuition that the child was alive. I went to the Governor who was a friend of mine, and asked for a company of soldiers, who dug all through the night until about ten o'clock in the morning when they came on the baby fast asleep protected by a fallen beam, under which it lay untouched, and unhurt." A remarkable escape! The end wing of the hotel in which I stayed was empty at the time, but completely collapsed. Fortunately, I left Leon earlier than I had intended, or I should have been under the ruins. The Cathedral was also badly damaged, and much damage had been done in Managua and other towns,—Grenada perhaps according to rumour suffered the worst of all. But it had not stopped the revolution, Sauce was digging trenches and loop-holing the houses. A band of twenty Revolutionists were reported at "Angels," near by, to have robbed and pillaged the place. Going over to Sauce I found all the stores shutting up. The

Alcalde reported 400 Revolutionists to be close to our camp, but if so, I knew nothing about it, and strange, all our men had not fled, though a good many had. On my way back passing an Indian girl bathing I could not help remembering Bret Harte's description of a girl undressing with her belongings on the bank: on two chairs said Bret Harte, "were her delicate unwrappings with their white confusion." This maiden was not like Bret Harte's, with golden hair, and so his comparison of her to a tassellated ear of Indian corn half peeled scarcely bears out his simile; nor as she covered herself with her thin wet cloth from our rude gaze, was his further simile borne out, wherein he says "hastily she donned that garment which puts all women on a level, and with it her tight waist, curved hips and shoulders disappeared." For this young maiden's garment must have been more voluminous than that of our Indian maid. Where nature in the human form, as in Africa and quite commonly here, is unclothed or very lightly so, it is surprising how quickly one becomes accustomed to nature thus clothed, and how natural it all seems. These half Indian people are so simple and childlike, more especially the women, that their lazy indolence is not without a charm.

As I write I will try and depict two Indian women now before me. Both sit squatted on the floor, one holds a coffee machine between her toes. The other holds two immense calabashes, one with a few coffee beans in it, the other to receive the few ounces of ground coffee, but large enough to hold as many pounds. The one puts a few beans in the machine and the other gives it a few turns and says "No se puede," it is not possible, and stops. Now they laugh and say it is hard work, and laugh again, a few more turns and they joke again, each telling the other that she has no strength, and they discuss this phase of themselves and laugh. A kitten plays by their side, they sit and watch it, one of them says something and the other one laughs. Another hand struggles for a few brief seconds at the machine, and again they sit and rest and laugh; one now gets up and goes off, returns with tobacco and paper, the latter made from the outer leaves or husks of maize. Squatting down again a cigarette is leisurely rolled up, is handed to the other, and another rolled up for herself, after which a few more beans are put in the machine, and a turn or two at the handle. The other one gets up for a light from the fireplace, lights her cigarette and her friend's, and the handle is again turned for about a minute, when conversation is resumed for a moment, and between long-drawn puffs of smoke, a few turns of the machine, and at last about three tablespoons of coffee are collected in a piece of paper

placed to catch it ; then one rises with the big calabash, and holds it out while the other empties the contents of the paper into it. They re-seat themselves, roll up two more cigarettes, and will sit there laughing, chatting, and smoking for perhaps an hour or so, the day's work being finished.

Whenever we killed a chicken, a luxury not often indulged in, it used to come to the table minus one leg, and asking if we had a new breed of chickens with only one leg, the answer was " Quien Sabbe," or " who knows."

This puts me in mind of the nigger whose imaginative mind was quicker in finding a way out of the difficulty ; when asked by his master on the following day whether he had put a goose on the table with only one leg, and where the other one had gone, his reply was, " it had had only one," the fact being de girl he lubbed had induced him to let her have the missing leg ; but the master insisted on an explanation, he said, " Massa, just you come with me and look dem goose in de river side, hab only one leg." There stood the geese standing on one leg only. " Dere Massa see I tell you true." Then the master shouted out shoofly, and down went the missing legs. " What now, " said the master. " Massa, " said Sambo, " you no say shoofly to dem goose dat lib dem table and so no leg come down."

The negro mind is certainly more active, quicker, and more imaginative than the Indian mind ; whether the above story is true or not, it expresses what I mean.

A very strange custom among the pure Indians of these parts is that as soon as a child is born, the mother gets up and about, while the father takes to his hammock and becomes ill. Whether the latter is the effect of mind over matter is a question not easily answered ; but that the man is really ill I have no doubt, his pulse is feeble, he looks ill, and loses his appetite. They are a very impressionable race, and very superstitious, as this example shows. Our whole camp was upset by the arrival of two men with a box containing a dressed up doll supposed to represent St. Didymus. Men ceased work and flocked with the women and children to collect around this doll. A piece of crimson cloth was spread on the ground, candles lit, and Didymus taken out of his abode and put in their midst. Down went all heads on knees bent, and all prayed and sang hymns. Then they hailed St. Didymus, for the sun had set, with " Buenos Noches St. Didymus," (Good night, St. Didymus), when the doll was picked up and placed back in the box. Didymus I hear pays frequent visits to the mine, I did not know before that he is a favourite saint of the miners.

Towards the end of my second year C — arrived back, and following him, B — one of the Directors of the Company from home. For some time I had been working under the continued dislocation of labour, caused by the revolutionary state of the country, and with an ore that was not rich and most difficult to treat as largely containing both arsenic and antimony. I could see little prospect of success without introducing foreign labour. B — arrived and spent a short time with us going into all the pros and cons, and it was decided to close down the mill, and continue only some development work in the mine. B — was going on to the El Callao mine in Venezuela, and wanted me to accompany him; unfortunately I could not agree as C — needed my help for a short time before finally closing down. The President of the new Revolutionary party, who was living near us in Nueva Villa, was taken ill, carried to the coast, and put on board one of his transports, and died a few days afterwards. This brought a long series of revolutionary movements to a close, and for the last month I was there labour began to pour in again; but how long it was to last no one could divine. I was looking forward to leaving the country, as for many months now, one had lived as it were on the top of a volcano whose sides were continually bursting out in dangerous vents, and expecting the whole volcano to blow up at any time. Life, too, was very uncertain, alarming episodes too numerous to mention were continually taking place, and one never slept in either peace or security. Still the life had its charms, the country around was so delightful, its people full of interesting studies. The climate though hot, the temperature even in January and February, varying from 94° to 102° F. in the shade, was clear and bright. Yes! I look back now, and after many years of absence the imprint of the loveliness of that country with its wealth of flowers and colour, of its inhabitants, is still indelibly impressed on my mind. One cannot compare it with the grandness of the Rockies, or the Alps, or the African forests, there is about as much difference between them as that of a well-made handsome man and a beautiful woman, the one impressive of strength and independence, the other of beauty, refinement, and dependence.

We were all sorry to say goodbye to B — whose visit from the outside world we had greatly enjoyed. C — and myself had technical differences, but we continued on friendly terms to the last goodbye. He was one of those adventurous spirits, so full of vitality, energy and go, that one could not but admire the man. Going abroad again after my return I never again heard of him. The mine I learnt was afterwards sold to a German company, and

eventually turned in depth from a gold one into silver one. On a subsequent return to England as the Company had been liquidated, I lost sight of it, and whether the above report is true or not, I was never able to confirm.

At last the day came for my departure, and the night before I left, the natives came up to bid me goodbye, and hoped I would soon come back, my reply was "Quien sabbe," "Who knows?" I could not tell them it was a final goodbye, for if I had hitherto thought they were without hearts, I knew now they had hearts, and very warm ones too. After an evening spent in bidding my many friends farewell, I turned into my hammock swung in the verandah alongside the beehives, and there lay dreaming of all that had happened during my sojourn here. Even the bees gave me their adieus for between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m. there was a tremendous commotion in the hives, such a buzzing, what could it mean, and it happened every night about this time, but this night I took it as adieus to myself.

Rising very early I found the mail had come in which led to my having to attend to it, so that I did not finally get off until 3 p.m. The old companion of my travels, G—, was to accompany me, and with many adieus, and warm embraces (the native custom is to put one arm round each other) we mounted our horses. The last to say goodbye was T—, with whom I had shared quarters, and lived, and though we had been good friends and had no quarrels yet all that he had spoken could have been compressed into as many seconds as days I had spent with him. Most silent man! And yet when it came to the last adieus, I was loth to turn away. This was to be my last ride in the country. Instead of going *via* Leon to the Coast, my destination was a small village at the base of Momo Tombo on Lake Managua, and the present site of the terminus of the railway some fifty miles beyond Leon. In silence we jogged along and as our horses' feet struck the ground, my thoughts ran at even a greater pace. As the sun set I cast my last glances on those much loved hills whose beauties I have done my best to extol, attempting to convey some faint idea of their loveliness. Darkness having set in our progress was slow at first, until a magnificent moon enabled us to ride rapidly ahead. At 10.30 p.m. we halted at our half-way hacienda to Leon, where our trail branched off. This hacienda is known as El Caravan, and where we found its owner, Estanalaus Gonzales, his wife, daughter, and six sons, all fast asleep in their hammocks, under that same old shed before referred to. They were soon up, and watered our horses, and got us some tortillas and beans. The old

people asked many questions, though I had seldom seen them. They seemed to be a very happy family, and had decorated their hut with pictures from *The Graphic* I had sent them from time to time. There, in a prominent place, was Queen Victoria, and they plied me with further questions about her, and before I left they had become so interested in Her Majesty, that they talked of her as if of their own Sovereign.

Before parting we embraced and our horses having rested, we were again in the saddle. Forest fires that looked like streams of lava issuing from them, were burning on the distant hills, always a marvellous sight. At 2 a.m. we offsaddled and slept on the ground until 5 a.m. The night had been so lovely that fatigue had not overcome either of us, even old G—— seemed to enjoy it, and he had little if any romance about him, but against his gloominess he was compelled, I think, to rise to its wonders. The morning air was full of fragrant scents as we passed through numerous woodland dells, and at 11 a.m. I heard the splash of water, and as we emerged from amongst the trees there lay Lake Managua with Momo Tombo towering over it, clad with a heavy covering of trees and scrub, with its chimney pot like crater at the top sending up clouds of smoke. In another quarter-of-an-hour we rode into the village, and put up at a little one-storied frame building, the hotel, kept by a broken down old American who was formerly a head steward on one of the Transit Company's ships. The village on closer inspection proved to be quite a small town with one or two restaurants in it. On entering one of these to get some breakfast, the whole conversation was on the subject of the approaching end of the world which was going to happen that night. Old G—— informed me he had heard this story for a long time, and that everyone believed it; he further added that half the town was camping out in the fields around, and that the Church was packed with people praying. Everywhere I went afterwards I found the people very solemn, with a general belief in this prophecy. No one knew whence it had emanated, and no one could give me any reason for it. Consternation was forcibly expressed, but I paid little or no attention to it. Mount Tombo was sending up its usual volume of smoke, but there was no appearance of any outbreak, and besides in the memory of man, it had always smoked and never broken out, though the lava beds around were clear proof that it had not always been^{so} quiet. I could not, therefore, connect the belief in approaching destruction with this volcano. During the rest of the day I was occupied with private business I had promised to attend to for C——, and I was glad to retire early after the evening

meal. My room was occupied by about eight men, and opened on to a verandah above the street, and faced Momo Tombo. Before entering I had a last look at her, all was peaceful and calm, with only the smoke, which at night was lit up at moments by glints of light reflected from the molten lava contained deep down in her crater. Hardly an hour had passed after I had fallen asleep, when I was awakened by the house being violently shaken, at the same time everyone was rushing out of the room and tumbling down the staircase into the street with cries of "earthquake." I struggled out on to the verandah, the people were kneeling and crying in the streets. Every now and again the house trembled. There was an indefinable kind of a noise everywhere—a kind of suppressed roar. Momo Tombo was smoking as usual, showing no signs of increased activity. The noise continued for a long time; where it was coming from, or from what direction it was impossible to say. An unearthly, confused, suppressed deep roar expresses the sensation, as nearly as it is possible to convey its uncanny sound. It seemed to be in the sky, in the ground, in fact everywhere, and all about me, making itself heard far above the cries and prayers of the people. The tremors of the house had ceased. I came to the conclusion that after all the world was coming to an end and decided if it was I might as well be in bed, as waiting up for it. I was very tired after our long ride and a busy day, and lying down with no intention of going to sleep, for I was fairly scared myself, I fell off to sleep. I awoke in the morning to find I was the only occupant of the room, with old G—— standing over me trying to wake me up. His news was even more alarming than yesterday's, for he informed me the people were collecting round the hotel and were going to mob me when I came out. I asked "whatever for?" His reply was "the men in my room had found me asleep at a time when all were praying to God not to destroy the world, and that I must be a blasphemer." I laughed, but old G—— said he was in earnest, and so were they. "Well what is to be done?" I said. "Dress quickly, slip out at the back of the hotel, and make your way along the line, get a mile or two out and wait for the morning train, while I will arrange with the driver to stop and pick you up." I said "All right," as I went out, "but bring some breakfast along for me." I caught a glimpse of the people outside. There sure enough, was a big crowd quietly squatting down outside the hotel in front, evidently waiting for somebody or something. I slipped out at the back, and got away hiding behind some cactus hedges until clear of the town, and then walked along the line for some distance and sat waiting for the

train for about a couple of hours, when I was picked up. Communication is made from here to Managua the capital, by steamer, where the railway again runs to Grenada, the former capital of this country. The train I had boarded proved to be a coffee freight one, and on the coffee bags I sat and ate some tortillas and beans G—— had brought me. Running through Leon where we did not stop, we arrived at Corinto, where I waited a week, as the downward mail steamer was late. While here the Minister of War arrived with a large party. I found he spoke English and was most cordial, and gave me a very good time with his party. I had many conversations with him, and he freely discussed the country, and the effect of the revolutions in keeping its development back.

A ball was given in his honour, and in insufferable heat dancing was kept up all night, everyone literally dripping, so that before the night was out everyone looked as if they had taken a dip in the sea outside. The coiffure of the ladies alone remained unchanged, for with their two long plaits of braided hair there was nothing to disarrange.

The morning I left, in the s.s. *Honduras*, Momo Tombo was reported to be in eruption, ten days afterwards she was violently so; Leon some sixty miles away, was in darkness at mid-day caused by the fine ash in the air. The little town I had stayed in, whose name I have forgotten, was destroyed by an overflow of lava, but no lives were lost, all having got away in time in safety. It was a curious coincidence that the mountain should have broken out so shortly after all believed the end of the world was coming, still stranger that the first signs should have been on the particular night when I was there to witness them. I must own that things seemed to be fitting in so well with the prophecy, from whomsoever it emanated, that I really believed the end of the world had come.

Before we sailed, we had a little excitement on board. A very good-looking Guatemalan girl, a well made woman, was walking up and down the deck when I went on board. Shortly afterwards she was seen to enter a canoe alongside, in which was recognised a local doctor from Chinendago, a small port up the coast. Her uncle on board, was like a mad man, and was next seen following her in a native boat, and as we steamed out, the last we saw of them was what looked like a fairly even race, the boat neither gaining nor losing on the canoe which had obtained about ten minutes start. What the end was I never heard. Next morning we were off St. Juan del Sud. The volcano of Onetepec on the Lake of Nicaragua as seen from here forms a fine land-mark for ships coming up from

the South, sending up, as it does, a column of dense smoke. This was our last sight of Nicaragua, and as we steamed away I bid the country adios with mixed feelings of regret and relief. Regrets that it would scarce be my lot to see again a country so beautiful, so full of nature's loveliness, relief to be leaving behind a country that had kept me in one continual state of anxiety, ever on the alert to ward off the next danger, as they followed one another in such quick succession. Adios most beautiful Nicaragua! so torn with human passions, yet a land of paradise if only peace and goodwill could prevail amongst your most material people, a people apparently without any aspirations, so unlike the Southern negroes, and I wondered if its very loveliness and exquisite beauty had had some deadening and materialistic effect on its inhabitants, or whether the heavy hand of Spain had brought her down to her present unhappy condition.

The following day, we were off Punta Arenas. Since I was here a light iron pier had been built, reminding me of some southern home watering town, as the sounds of a band came from it, but the coffee laden boxes and tropical foliage dispelled any such illusion.

Our first officer was, I found, a nephew of Dr. Kenealy, then so celebrated at home, and was recovering from an attack of a fireman upon him further up the coast, and had been stabbed in seven different places; though thus wounded, he laid the fireman out unconscious on the deck by a blow from his fist; a narrow escape he had had, but strangely his worst wound was in his foot, and how he got one there he did not know.

Two days later we passed Devil Man's Island the Pacific S.S. Company's cemetery, in the Bay of Panama, off which we anchored. Here we learnt that the surgeon on board *The Adams*, a United States man-of-war, which had just arrived from Corinto, had been buried the day before, having died of yellow fever. Owing to the unsettled state of Panama, where there had just been a revolution, we were kept on board two days. On landing, much to my horror, I found the old cathedral undergoing a process of renovation, and workmen were busy covering it with a hideous skin of plaster, making it look one of those modern quickly run up structures. Another month and the passer-by will little guess what that skin of lime and mortar hides beneath it.

Whilst waiting here the San Francisco steamer came in, and I witnessed rather a pathetic scene. A young wife and little boy of four years old came down by it, and surprised her husband, a young telegraph clerk, who had been living here for two years, and as he asked her why she had come so suddenly, without warning, she

answered with tears streaming down her face, "I could not stand it any longer, our boy must not grow up and not know his own father," and as he led them off I heard no more.

A yellow fever epidemic was raging very badly, the leading canal physician died from it while I was here and there was an impressive funeral, for he was very popular and much beloved.

Crossing to Colon after having been detained a week, I met the agent of the Pacific Steamship Company, who had lived there many years. He told me that never once had he drunk a drop of water all this time, and drank nothing but "Vin ordinaire." He related to me also the story of the late revolution, in which Colon had been burnt. What a blessing in disguise! The P.S. Company's wharf, the best part of the place had been unfortunately burnt. The story briefly told was this:

The leader, whose name has escaped me, was at first carrying all before him, and had he received a cargo of rifles and ammunition in port would probably have won, but delivery was delayed until too late. A P.S. Company's boat had arrived laden with arms, but a U.S. man-of-war had prevented delivery, until one morning the first lieutenant, coming on shore was captured, and my friend the agent, taken prisoner with him. Both were taken out between a file of soldiers outside the town, a grave was dug, and bareheaded in the sun they were kept standing before it, while a letter was sent off to the Captain of the U.S. man-of-war that if the arms were not given up the two hostages would be shot. For three hours these two men stood thus between life and death. The captain gave an order to deliver up the rifles, but the first lieutenant meanwhile had gone off his head, and was taken on board a raving madman; the rifles were too late in their delivery, the leader was attacked and beaten, and in revenge he fired the town. Now comes an amazing story told me by several who witnessed the incident. Having been captured he was condemned to be hanged, Then he was swung off from a truck and left hanging from a cross-bar, when he put his hand in his pocket pulled out a handkerchief, and waved it to the crowd. It was the act of a man with an iron will, who with a last gigantic effort endeavoured to raise the big crowd around him to rise and cut him down.

As there was no hotel here I went on board a steamer and stayed until the New York steamer came in and carried me off. We had some rather original sport, if I may dare call it so, in baiting pieces of pork with dynamite cartridges and fuse attached and throwing these overboard after a few pieces of pork had previously been cast in and devoured by the sharks, bang would go the cartridge

and with it the shark whose remains were quickly devoured by others which abounded around. At last after about ten days on the Isthmus we were off. There on the shore stood a band of brave little Frenchmen, and many with their wives waving handkerchiefs, and the tricolour of France to their friends on board of us. As we steamed out we bid our last farewell adios to Central America, with all its memories, and as I write now, over thirty years afterwards its impressions still lie fresh in my mind, many that are lovely but some that are sad; for I have not referred to those who though natives I knew and grew fond of, that lost their lives from one cause and another during my sojourn in that land whose history is hidden in mystery, until perhaps one day the key to its hieroglyphic sculptures will open the door thereto.

One of my fellow passengers, M. Banan Varilla, late engineer in chief of the Canal, with whom I struck up an acquaintance, was most entertaining on everything but the Canal, about which he would not be drawn, and particularly interesting on the subject of blind fishes found in subterranean rivers connecting some of the lakes in the Sahara regions of North Africa, of the manners and customs of the Kaylebees, a tribe of that country, who to this day have never been conquered by the Arabs, and who have quite a high degree of civilisation. On our voyage we passed quite close to the most eastern Cape of Cuba, off which we obtained one of those sea colour effects so characteristic of the West Indies. Again I saw the various tints of deep blue shading off to that of a light green, ending in a white foam of surf as the great Atlantic waves broke on shore. This lovely panorama, spread out before us, drew all the passengers to the side of the ship in admiration. Off Cape Hatteras we witnessed a different picture, some very peculiar fog effects. A dense fog lay stretched out over the calm sea as a low dense stratum, hiding from view the hulls of the steamers and sailing ships about us, while above it, their masts and funnels stood out in a clear sky. Looking down that side of our vessel opposite to the sun, we beheld our shadows each with a bright halo round our head. The effect was curious, but we were not saints as our shadows seemed to make us out to be, the pity of it! After a voyage of seven days we passed by the huge statue of Liberty standing 200 feet high in New York harbour, and once more I found myself in the bustle and roar of its city. Two days were spent here where I renewed some old friendships, and afterwards sailed in the old Cunard "*The Aurania*" for home.

A fine sea boat she proved to be, for we had a tempestuous voyage, taking ten days to make the trip. The next two months were spent

in France and Switzerland, after which I was engaged by an Eastern house to go out in their interests to the Malay Peninsula ; with the head of that firm I have remained on cordial terms of friendship to this day, and he is now one of my oldest friends.

The object of my engagement was to look into several mining enterprises in which this house was interested, and also into the Sultan of Johore's interests, for whom they acted, and that at the end of my visit, led me to go on to China, and New Zealand *via* Australia. From a professional point of view it was very interesting work, as I had in particular a great opportunity of studying the Chinese methods of saving tin on their extensive alluvial workings and learnt much from them. I will, however, confine myself to a few incidents and experiences without any lengthy descriptions of my life out there during this period.

CHAPTER XIV.

MALAY PENINSULA—MOUNT OPHIR.

LEAVING London *via* Paris and Marseilles I sailed from the latter port by what at that time was the crack boat of the Messageries Maritime Company the *Natal*. Since the voyage to the East has been so many times described, and is so well known I will only briefly refer to it. We passed by Stromboli, and running in close alongside had a splendid view of her. She was in eruption, the lava was flowing out of one of her vents in great liquid streams, looking like some gigantic blast furnace from which the molten slag was pouring.

In the canal we witnessed one of those terrible dust storms which passed across it a little ahead of our boat, looking very much like a water spout with its funnel shaped appearance. There a large party of Arabs were making their horses lie down while they covered their heads with cloths, and then threw themselves down and covered their own heads with their flowing garments. We fully expected they would be smothered, but the storm quickly passed over them, and they all arose as quickly as they had lain down, to live again, mounted their horses and continued their journey, much to our surprise, unharmed.

We had a large party on board, among them M. Constance and his suite, who was going out as French Minister to Pekin. He, discovering that I did not know the game of "Backgammon," evidently thought my education was incomplete, and undertook to teach me, and we used to sit up far into the night playing game after game. In the Red Sea, we experienced one of those great heat waves, and had to turn back to make a draught of air by going against the slight breeze instead of with it.

The little children and some of the older passengers were brought up on deck that night and lay on mattresses, while we younger passengers volunteered to fan them. Off Colombo there was a heavy gale blowing, and as the waves broke over the breakwater at night, they seemed to slither up over it in great sheets of phosphorescence.

On shore where we spent a day, we had our first introduction to the Indian Empire. Among the native population the Cingalese gentlemen and merchant classes with their long black hair carefully done up, brushed and coiffured with tortoise-shell combs stuck in it at the back of the head as ornament, were particularly prominent. The night before arriving at Singapore when most of us had turned in to our berths, M. Constance gave us all a surprise. The stewards came in and awoke us with H. E.'s compliments inviting us to a champagne supper in our dressing gowns, at which he proposed the health of the passengers leaving the ship at Singapore on the morrow, in most complimentary terms, especially as we were all English.

In those days there were few German firms in Singapore ; when, however, a few years later I re-visited the place they had greatly increased, and again a few years later they seemed to me to have taken commercial possession of it.

Singapore and the country round it was a revelation, with its magnificently well graded and billiard-table-like smooth and well-made roads. My experience hitherto had been the rough ones of America, the bush paths of West Africa, and the tracks of Central America. As I drove out mile after mile through the jungle on these wonderful roads I realised what a good government could do for the native inhabitants under its rule, and nothing more amazed me than this, not even the extraordinary mixture of Eastern races one meets with here. In this latter connection the race course was one vast throng of every nation, tongue, and people. Europeans of all nationalities, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Siamese, Philipinos, Tonquinese, Bornese, Indians of every caste, the African race and South and Central American Indians alone seemed unrepresented. As they sat around that fine race-course in one huge circle, the wealth of colour, the variety of dress, and above all the study of the human race was beyond description. I thought the cosmopolitan collection of humanity on the Panama Canal Works was marvellous, but Singapore at a race-meeting surpassed it.

With those two concourses of people united the whole human race would have been represented.

My first trip was to the mainland, to Johore, the capital town of the state of that name, where the Sultan of "Johore" usually resides. The drive across the island was along a perfect road running right through the jungle, a picture of jungle loveliness seen under the best auspices, and in whose recesses the tiger still lurks. Even immediately outside the town it is quite common for the

“syces” when cutting forage for their horses to be carried off. At one time it was believed tigers had been extirpated from the island, when suddenly they made their appearance again, and it is generally believed they have found their way into the island again by swimming across from the mainland.

At the end of our fourteen mile drive we found a little wooden jetty running out into the straits which separate the island from the mainland. Here we engaged a Chinese boat built in the shape of a Chinese shoe, and crossed to Johore facing us on the mainland. The fable connected with the origin of these shoe-like built boats is that the Emperor being annoyed by a dispute between some of his mandarins as to the proper shape for a boat, took off his shoe and throwing it at them said, “build them on that pattern.”

From the landing stage to the palace we drove under a series of triumphal arches that had been erected to welcome His Highness back from his recent trip to England. The arches decorated with the palms and flowers of the jungle were such as only the Easterner is capable of constructing. The Sultan, who, before he left for England was a Maharajah, had whilst there received his Sultanship at the hands of Queen Victoria.

The story goes that the British Government had for a long time wished to elevate the Maharajah to a Sultanship, but if they did so they would have given offence to another Malay Maharajah whom they did not wish so to honour, and that the whole matter was arranged as if by accident, and in this manner. The Queen, at the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition, South Kensington, addressed His Highness as the Sultan, when the Maharajah immediately claimed the recognition of Her Majesty's public though apparently accidental acknowledgment, and there and then a sword being handed to her Majesty, the ceremony was carried out in public of raising His Highness to the Sultanship of Johore. At the Palace, we found His Highness's brother, the Sultan, to whom A—— had intended to introduce me, being away in Penang. His brother, however, kindly took us for a drive and showed us round the town. This was really my first introduction to a Malay town, for Singapore itself is an Eastern cosmopolitan one, where the Chinese appear largely to predominate, Indian races coming next, and last of all the Malay himself.

The Malay house is usually built on posts driven into the ground leaving about three feet to four feet above it, and the whole structure made up of bamboo and palm leaves for the thatch. The front of the house with its raised platform outside is used as a reception hall for visitors, the back of the house for the women and

children. The Malays being Mohammedans the women live in seclusion. The space underneath the house is used as a store place for tools, and there too accumulates all the dust and refuse of the place. The better class of Malays build a finer house, the above description applies only to the average poorer ones. Inside a profusion of neatly made straw mats cover the bamboo flooring, while outside it is often covered with "kedjangs" or coarsely plaited mats made from palm-leaves. The whole is tied together by rattans.

In these rude nail-less plankless houses the Malay appears to live quite comfortably and contentedly. Like the Central American Indian he is fond of such pets as parrots, doves and monkeys.

Before returning to Singapore, we visited a Chinese gambling shop, and saw "fantan," their favourite game, played. In Singapore, gambling shops are prohibited, here they are under the Sultan's control, and yield His Highness quite a large revenue; the Chinese coming across from Singapore in large numbers; Johore is quite a kind of Monte Carlo resort for them.

I had to wait in Singapore a few days for the Sultan to return, as arrangements had to be made about my future programme of work. During this time I had the opportunity of witnessing a great festival of the Chinese, known as the "feast of ghosts," only held once in every three years. In the Chinese quarter of the town, and down its main streets long lines of tables were stretched from one end to the other. Closely packed on them was a great profusion of all kinds of most magnificent fruits, with food set out between them in great quantities. Wines, spirits, champagne were sprinkled throughout the fruit and food in numberless bottles. The food itself consisted of all kinds of Chinese sweetmeats, rice, duck, chicken, cooked in a variety of ways, and served up in most artistic form. On some dishes were represented miniature fortifications around a town, with soldiers attacking them with scaling ladders, and made up of rice moulds, chicken bones and small pieces of meat most ingeniously worked up, and very effective. The whole was surmounted and lit up with hundreds of Chinese coloured lanterns. For hours crowds walked up one side of the tables and down the other admiring the decorations and skill displayed thereon; during that time the spirits were supposed to be feasting and drinking. Then punctually at 11 p.m. began the distribution of the food that the ghosts had left to the poor, *viz.*:—fruit, wines, spirits, and champagne, and apparently carried out on some well organised system, for there was no fighting or wrestling for it amongst the recipients. On those tables I was told on reliable authority, there

was spread out and given away many thousands of dollars of supplies measured in value, and all subscribed for by the rich Chinese merchants in the town, of whom there are a great number.

Along the promenade in the evening the evidence of wealth among the Chinese was very prominent, as they drove up and down in handsome equipages drawn by splendid and well caparisoned horses, with Malays as "scyces," in handsome liveries of Eastern design, while their owners and their families were dressed in richly embroidered silk dresses. All brought home to one what the freedom and administration of this great Empire is doing for its subjects, whatever may be their colour or nationality.

On the Sultan's return we drove to his Singapore residence, where he was staying for a few days. The Sultan himself met us on the stairs, dressed in white flannels adorned by a native sarong, embroidered gold slippers, and a plain massive gold bracelet on either wrist. His Highness was a man of medium square build, with a pleasing genial countenance, and with a large and well formed head. Tea and cigarettes were handed round, when the subject of my proposed programme was discussed and arranged for. But I had a nice surprise as the Sultan invited A—— and myself to his new town of Banda Maharani as guests during the forthcoming festivities that were to be held there in honour of His Highness's recent accession to the Sultanship. It offered a splendid opportunity for me to get an insight into a piece of real Eastern life. A few days after this visit, the Sultan's yacht the *Panche* arrived at Tangong Pagar docks. A—— was unable to accompany me, but came on a few days later. Embarking on the yacht we steamed out at sunset through the pretty outlet, passing a few of McCallum's new Forts carefully hidden on either side of the entrance, but their positions were pointed out to me.

It was delightfully calm outside and I was able to enjoy a most sumptuous dinner prepared for me. Early morning found us off the mouth of the Moar river, where we stuck in the mud and had to wait for the rising of the tide. Around us were several Malay fishing stations. These consisted of large open areas enclosed by bamboo palisades, with one or two small open ways left in them, and one or two small tiny sheds perched up along it on high poles, from which Malays were seen fishing with long bamboo rods. Several of these primitive fishing structures had been built in the shallow waters of the river's estuary.

The Malays are born fishermen and have many ingenious contrivances for catching fish. They are essentially a nation of fishermen and boatmen, hating anything like manual work, lazy and

indolent workers on shore, but on their boats and canoes hard workers. A Malay will sweep his paddle hour after hour without a rest with the perspiration pouring off him. Curiously they make excellent grooms, "scyces" and jockeys, though horses have had to be imported, as they were not indigenous to the country; and again, as drivers of machinery, they quite excel. A heavy miasma hung over the shores, but as it gradually dispersed, a magnificent view opened up, away in the distance was to be seen the Ophir Range of mountains, of which Mount Ophir is the highest point in the Peninsula, and forms a ready beacon for mariners passing up or down the Straits of Malacca. This mount was standing out very clearly with its five peaks rising one above the other, the fifth and best known being Mount Ophir itself. Far away stretched the forest and jungle right up to their base, while on the foreshore, stood groves of tall cocoanut trees, and at the mouth of the left bank of the river was the new town of Banda Maharani, so named after the Sultan's principal wife. After the sun was well up, we found our way in on the tide, and dropped anchor a little beyond the town. On shore all was brightness, the Malays dressed in gala costumes, everyone seeming to have a new sarong on, both rich and poor. Numberless decorated poles and triumphal arches had been erected throughout the town and along its wharves. Orange and red bunting entwined the poles, the racing colours of the Sultan. Flags and banners were floating before and on every house or building, in the slight breeze that had sprung up. Anchored in front of the town was the Sultan's gunboat festooned with flags; and many "sampan" and canoes, all gaily decorated with flags or foliage, were darting about conveying passengers from junks lying in the river to shore or from across the river, where a ceaseless number of Malays kept coming in from the jungle. Going on shore I was met by the Sultan's secretary, an Englishman well known and very popular in Singapore, who conducted me to a small pavilion gaily decorated, where I found the Sultan and gave him my greetings and congratulations.

Coffee and cigarettes were handed round, and I was introduced to his "Datus" or officers of state, one or two of whom could speak English. The Sultan himself understood English when spoken to, but would not speak it himself in public. Subsequently when I saw him alone he used to do so.

I met here three Englishmen from Singapore who had preceded me. After the reception at which we had all been present, a lively description of the coming festivities was given us. We were then escorted around the town to inspect the decorations, and afterwards

through the new public offices, where Datu Synad showed me some very fine charts of the country that had been drafted out under his supervision.

Then we were shown the Throne Room, draped all along its spacious halls in folds of yellow and red costly silks. The ceilings and pillars that supported it were covered with dainty rosettes of the same material. At the end of the hall was an armchair raised on a high dais, over the back of which was carved the Sultan's arms. Behind it stood some very rich gold lacquered Japanese panels. At the other end of the room was a band stand, and later we often had the pleasure of listening to the band, composed of twenty Phillipino musicians conducted by a European bandmaster.

The Phillipinos natives of the Phillipine Islands, are renowned for their musical talent, hence the Sultan's choice. Later in the morning, we all sat down to breakfast, that is the Sultan with his Datus and visitors. I was given a place of honour on the Sultan's left, the chief Datu (Prime Minister) sitting on his right. This place of honour was I believe, not due to any special qualities in myself, but owing to the fact that I was a cousin of the Colonial Engineer, who was a special favourite of the Sultan's.

The Sultan was in good spirits, and kept his Datus amused, but the conversation being in Malay I could not follow. We had endless courses of curry, each one quite different from the other, but to my untrained palate I only tasted the cocoanut milk in it. With Malay curries cocoanut milk forms a distinctive addition, and is always added. Some of the conversation was from time to time translated to me. In particular the great event of the state dinner to be given the following night was a curry, some of the ingredients for which had taken weeks to prepare. It consisted of 123 different ingredients, and it was perfectly evident it was looked forward to with very great gusto. At breakfast next morning I was asked by His Highness if I had been initiated to the fruit of all fruits the "durian." I replied "I had not," and to be honest I had no wish to be, for the odour from it was so nauseating I could scarcely believe it possible that human beings could even taste it, much less enjoy eating it. Something was said to one of the servants, and the sequel will show what it probably was. His Highness then asked if I liked the Malay drinks, and especially named one, to which I replied I had not had the opportunity of tasting it. H.H. praised it up tremendously, but explained the secret of obtaining the full flavour was to drink it the moment it had been swizzled up with a swizzle stick before the head on it was lost, and that one must not hesitate but drink it down immediately.

Shortly afterwards a little side table was wheeled in on which stood a silver soup tureen and ladle with a few tumblers and a swizzle stick in each. His Highness arose, went to the table ladled out a glassful and swizzled up its contents. I was asked then to go over and accept the drink from H. H. own hands, and to bear in mind his instructions, which I did, and on being asked my impression of it, I replied "it was delicious," whereon H.H. offered me a second glass which too, I drank off with gusto. Nothing further was said about it, until the end of breakfast when the durian fruit was brought in and passed to me and I refused it. Then there was a laugh all round, for H.H. had played a practical joke on me, what I had drunk was the durian fruit served up as a drink. I of course could not longer refuse the fruit itself and ate it with all due appreciation of its luscious creamy taste.

Now the durian fruit itself, something after the style of the bread fruit, but of a far more delicate flavour, is a most evil-smelling fruit, more like some decomposing corpse than anything I can liken it to. Strangely when once the fruit is tasted all the malodorous scent of it vanishes.

On the morning of my arrival in Singapore, after having been introduced to several men in the Club, I said to a fellow passenger who was also there, "What do you say to a walk, is the sun too much for you, for I am dying to get away out of this unsanitary stinking town, which I added does not say much for my cousin's ability, the Colonial Engineer." He was quite of the same mind, and together we set out to get beyond its confines. The odour as we proceeded got worse and worse. Meeting a man we had been introduced to that morning, he naturally asked what our impression of the place was. My friend answered "it was the most rotten stinking hole he had ever got into," whereupon our new friend simply shook with laughter, for it was the durian fruit season, and we were on the road to the market with rickshaws conveying the fruit along it. Neither of us had heard of this fruit before, and the mystery of the faulty sanitation of Singapore was solved.

The Malays are passionately fond of the fruit, and when it first comes in it is scarce and dear. A Malay will then go without his food for a couple of days in order to save enough money to buy one. Some years after when in Singapore and the durian came before me again I could not summon up enough courage to eat it although I knew I liked it, the smell of it was too abhorrent.

The breakfast or rather lunch was a long affair, and the heat, aggravated by the hot dishes of curry, was trying, and we were all glad, I think, when it was over. We then retired for the heat of the

day, to rest after a very strenuous morning, and prepare for the coming festivities of the late afternoon and evening which were prolonged far into the night. I was given quarters on the gunboat which came in from her anchorage and moored alongside the river bank opposite the centre of the town. I meantime had gone off to the yacht and brought my baggage ashore and transferred it to the gunboat. As the sun got lower in the heavens so the noise of the town increased, musicians were playing on weird instruments, but the sound of gongs making an incessant noise drowned whatever harmony there might otherwise have been in them. We paid ceremonious visits to some of the Datus, and one of them, Abdul Rabnah, H.H. Secretary, introduced us to the "Acrostic Club" in which he took a keen interest. Entering a very tastefully and artistically decorated Malay kind of bungalow, we found many of its members busy inventing acrostics and solving conundrums. During the last ten years three of H.H. Datus had composed no less than 1,500 of these, which were all neatly printed in a bound volume. We were shown too a gold, a silver and a bronze medal, which are annually awarded as first, second, and third prizes to the best three competitors. One of their conundrums was translated for us, and it ran as follows:—

" Its head and tail alike to eye,
 On what it lives a glutton great,
 It scorns its victims cry 'Crati,'
 No 'Sink '* chewing, still spits red,
 And hugging hanging lies as dead."

Very great interest is taken in this club by His Highness and his Datus—a literary one of a new type.

The event of the evening was, of course, the state dinner, and its wonderful curry that was to be forthcoming. His Highness the Sultan was dressed with his Datus in European dress-clothes, but each with his sarong with its pattern according to taste and with Parseelike hats. The Sultan had one or two magnificent jewel pendants, and looked very regal though so simply dressed, so different from his ordinary flannel suit, the morning get up, but for his dark features he might easily have been mistaken for an old English country gentleman.

The band discoursed operatic music while we sat at dinner. Curry after curry was handed round before the great one of the evening appeared. I was expecting something quite new, quite different to any of the others, but my untrained curry palate could

* Sink refers to the habit of betel-nut chewing
 The answer—Leech.

detect very little difference to those already eaten. That it met with success and approval was evidenced by the silence that prevailed while each one partook of it. To my taste the cocoanut milk flavouring predominating destroyed all appreciation of its wonderful and many ingredients, and this is indeed I think, the case in all Malay curries; but with the faintest perception only of its presence the curry would be to my thinking the perfection of one. Perhaps it is that my taste is too sensitive to the cocoanut flavouring, for certain it is, most Europeans are very fond of these curries and prefer them to the Indian.

Speeches were made and congratulations offered to His Highness, after which we were taken to see the sights of the town. Open air Chinese theatres had been erected in many places, and the noise of their cymbals and gongs was deafening. A few of these we watched and the acting was of a most dramatic, blood-curdling description. Then we were introduced to Malay dancing girls, whose rhythmic movements were typical of the East, slow, sensuous, posturing, but very graceful, while we sat in the midst of a squatting audience of natives encircling them, looking on, and listening to their strange and plaintive music. Returning to wish His Highness goodnight, we were long detained before we finally got our dismissal. Walking over to the gunboat I found to my dismay a Chinese theatre in full swing exactly facing it, and tired out as I was, those clashing cymbals and loud gongs kept me awake until day-light for only then did it cease.

A second and third day were passed on much the same lines as the first. I had never eaten so many rich curries in my life, and they were beginning to tell on my digestion, so I was not sorry to hear the Sultan had planned a little expedition for us on the following day. Early the Sultan carried us all off in His Highness's steam launch, well provided with provisions of all sorts, both Malayan and European. After a short trip up the river on the left bank, we landed and started to walk along a jungle path for about two miles, when emerging from it we suddenly found ourselves looking down, from Bukit Birreh where we stood, on to a small plain that had been reclaimed from the jungle, and was still surrounded by it. Roads had been made through it lined with the betel-nut palms on either side, throughout it stretched miles of paddy fields with the shady durian trees scattered through them, cocoanut and betel-nut palms amidst little native huts, and groups of them the beginnings of villages. This was the scene as we looked down, our little hill standing about 120 feet above the plain, it was not only picturesque but instructive, since His Highness had himself

originally planned the scheme of converting a waste of jungle and forest into a plain teeming with prosperity and cultivation. A paddy field is one where rice is grown and around the sides of which are built up mud walls which dam up and conserve the water under which the paddy grows. The light green colour of the paddy as it grows up, seen against the dark foliage of the jungle has a cooling and refreshing effect. Some new grounds were being ploughed and broken up by the buffalo of these parts, a curious looking creature with its curved horns and hippopotamus-like skin. Many settlers were coming in from the surrounding States every month so his Highness told us, and it was delightful to sit and listen to the old gentleman, now gone back into his country-gentleman style of dressing, no longer an Eastern potentate, as he unfolded to us his plans and ideas of reclaiming his country, so much of which is still a jungle, and explained to us that what we were looking down at was his first experiment in tropical farming on a large scale. Then we followed His Highness round while he inspected the houses of the Malay paddy farmers, and as he talked and chatted to them, so interested was His Highness that noon had long gone by before we started to return to Bukit Birreh, to have our breakfast, for with the exception of the Eastern habit of our early cup of tea we had had nothing since dinner the night before. Reclimbing the hill in the tropical sun, we found a great repast awaiting us spread out on beautiful Malay mattings, round which we all sat endeavouring to cross our legs and tuck them up Malay fashion, an acrobatic feat not easily accomplished.

Having breakfasted well at the late hour of about 2.30 p.m. we went for a little trip up the river. On the way A——, who had joined us yesterday, shot an alligator which was gorging on a carcass on the river bank. Soon afterwards I shot another, one basking in the sun on the river bank, but although badly wounded it made frantic struggles to get into the river and succeeded in so doing, notwithstanding we shot it several times again.

In the evening, we again dined with His Highness who had once more turned into the Eastern Potentate. In spite of the sumptuous repasts, the luxury of Eastern life, so different from my past few years' experiences, these days thus spent were really strenuous ones.

Next came the race meeting for the Sultan, who was a keen sportsman, which took place on a very good race course. Between the races the Sultan's band played, and we had a quiet day listening to the strains of music, and witnessing the racing from under the shade of the trees. The native jockeys came out in English jockey's get-up, only minus the boots, and were quite a picture in their

gay colours and dark faces as they rode their short little ponies. Some very exciting races were run, but not without accidents in the way of spills and tumbles. That evening, we dined quietly with His Highness, who although I made a most tremendous meal, insisted on my trying an extra curry or other native dish until I could eat no more.

After dinner we discussed my programme, as on the morrow A—— and myself were going to start off from here. The Sultan had arranged for some thirty-five carriers for our camp equipment, stores, etc., and a sergeant and corporal of the native police to accompany us. After bidding His Highness goodnight we paid a visit to some Chinese gambling shops, these Chinese having come up here for the festivities from Singapore and the country round in quite large numbers.

In the early morning we packed our goods and got all our men on board the Sultan's large steam launch. Going on shore again we met the Sultan and the Datu Luard who were to accompany us for a short distance. I intend to jot down a somewhat detailed account of our journey, which, though not perhaps interesting, may give some idea of what one of these inspection trips is like, and the conditions under which it is taken. It must be remembered that with one exception, which I shall refer to later on, the mines I was about to visit were all Chinese worked, and A—— who had been in Singapore many years had kindly offered to accompany me on the first of these trips, the first strangely enough he had himself taken in the Malay States, but in after years he became quite a traveller in them, and in the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

For some miles we steamed up the river to a station on its banks known as Aidros, from which place His Highness had just commenced the construction of a road to the interior of this State, which eventually is planned to open country around the base of the Ophir Range of mountains, whither we were bound. Here we found a few Chinese houses with their occupants of men, women, and children. Near by a nice clean and commodious "Rest House" with cook house and bath-room attached completed the "kampong." The loads were now re-assorted, and to each carrier was given his burden. His Highness had brought his cook and insisted on our waiting until the meal was cooked, so that it was 1 a.m. before we started on our overland journey. His Highness and the Datu Luard accompanied us for two miles out. We were caught in a heavy rainstorm, but nothing daunted, with only light grey flannels on, His Highness led the way. I was the only one who had an umbrella, and lent it to him, a brand new one it happened

to be, and as His Highness took a fancy to it, I pressed him to keep it.

The road led through paddy fields for the first four miles before we entered the jungle. At two miles out His Highness bade us goodbye, giving orders to the Malays as he did so, to accompany us and to take every care of us. The sun having come out, our soaking clothes dried rapidly, and before we entered the forest shade we were quite dry again.

As we trudged along single file through it, along one of those narrow sunken jungle paths, sunken below the general level of the surface by the continual patter of native feet, we noticed a singular absence of flowers. The path wound in sinuous curves, as all native paths do in a forest country, and one wonders why they take so circuitous a course, and do not run straight. The cause of this is really due to trees falling across the paths round which the natives cut a new track. In course of time they rot away, and leave no trace of how the mighty have fallen, and lain there once; but the paths remain, and taking their general direction they are very direct, for the point aimed at was originally in a straight line. The path, owing to the short but heavy shower was very slippery, consisting as it did, of clay, and our progress was very slow, not more than about a mile and three quarters an hour. Our carriers unused to carrying loads found it difficult to keep their feet, and before the end of our ten mile tramp were very exhausted. Every now and again we would come out on a clearing, which had at one time been a farm, but was now overgrown with lallang, a tall coarse grass that soon grows up and covers any deserted once cultivated ground; its roots are so deeply bedded, that to clear it away is harder work than clearing the jungle itself. As we wended our way slowly along through the forest growth and jungle, the geological and topographical features were so similar to the country between Bamiankor and Tarquah in West Africa, that I almost felt as if suddenly transported back there again.

It was after dark before we reached our destination for the day, Anjong Batu, where we found quarters in a fairly clean native hut which by the help of a broom made out of a few palm leaves was soon swept clean. Close by the little path leading up to the house ran a small river with a rustic bridge across it, from the centre of which hung a ladder leading down into a deep hole in the river, which served as the owner's bathing pool. As he assured us there were no alligators ever seen here, we descended the ladder by the aid of two candles the boys held for us, and had a swim in its cool waters. The bath finished, we had to set to work to get some

supper, and after a very frugal meal, the more so it may have seemed after our recent sumptuous and riotous living, we spread our mats out on the bamboo floor and were soon asleep.

The next day, or second day of our journey, we were up at day-break, and before starting out had another swim, but the pool in daylight looked very much as if it might harbour alligators. We then marched for about an hour in a North-westerly direction to Bukit Sallang where we stopped for breakfast. A small stream the Chahong near here, falls into the Kesang river and forms the interior boundary between the State of Johore and Malacca, and on the opposite side of the river to us there was a good bullock road that runs all the way to the town of Malacca.

In the afternoon, as we continued on, we passed through some pepper and Gambia plantations worked as usual by Chinese, and not Malays, and later on through some extensive paddy fields. This day's march was a tough one, as rain fell constantly in heavy down-pours, and we were often wading through black fœtid marshy ground, up to our thighs in it. We came across two Chinese shops and bought some fried fish, peppers and rice for our boys. At nightfall we gladly welcomed the sight of a rather poor-looking Malay hut with its leaky attap (thatch) roof. Our boys had increased to fifty, as owing to the slippery state of the roads we had to increase numbers as we went along in order to lessen the weight of the loads by making more of them. These had to find quarters for themselves underneath the hut, and they, building a fire there, to dry and warm themselves, gave us a bad time with its smoke.

After a supper mostly made up of bully beef and rice, we were soon asleep on the floor.

On the third morning, we awoke to find the rain clouds had cleared off, and as none of us had passed a comfortable night we were all only too glad to make an early start, and by breakfast time we were camped at a place, called I think, Gimme, at the foot of Mount Ophir. There in the sun we spread out all our stores, boots and clothes and had a general dry up. Camped by the side of a clear crystal-like stream running down from the mountains, we had a delightful bathe in it. After breakfast we left camp and walked over to a small mine a few miles off, but got caught when coming back in a torrential rain, but worse than the rain were the leeches with which the jungle life swarms. In West Africa it is the ants, in Central America wasps and hornets, but the Malay bush might well be described as Leech-land. Every now and again we would call for a halt to pick these beastly little creatures off our

legs, for in spite of all precautions they found their way beneath the folds of our under garments.

By the time we arrived back in camp anyone coming upon us and not knowing about the leeches might well have thought we had been in some bloody affray, for our white clothes were simply saturated in our own blood. A sluice over in salt water however, quickly makes them release their hold and drop off. They are loathsome and horrible creatures and even worse than the vermin of the Red Indian.

I remember once camping on the ground where some of their trappers had recently been pitched, and in consequence was smothered with what our "Tommies" call crawlers, which of these two plagues is the worst is hard to say. The jungle leech is not the same as the horse leech which also abounds in pools and stagnant waters, or marshy ground; these too I have often been smothered with, but the jungle leech swarms on the ground, covering in hundreds every bush and plant, in narrow little threads about a quarter of an inch to three quarters of an inch long, and propels itself along by drawing its tail end under its head in loop like form, then the head is extended to the length of the body, and as it grasps the ground again it loops itself up, and so in a series of loops it travels fairly rapidly. I have often stood stock still in a place clear of them, and from every side could see them making for me. How they discover one's presence is a mystery. With a handkerchief round one's neck, and coat tightly buttoned, the bottom of one trousers put in the socks and tied round, still they work their way underneath, and there is no way of keeping them out. Clear cultivated ground they avoid, or the country would be uninhabitable through them.

Before starting on my inspection tour we had decided to make the ascent of Mount Ophir, so as to obtain a general view of the lay of the country round. We prepared to do this on the morrow, and after describing it I will not go any further into different journeys to the different mines, as the description just given of our three days jungle life is typical. And again as I have avoided all references to technical mining matters, I will only as a matter of general interest briefly describe what some of these Chinese worked tin alluvial mines are like, and refer to an example of how the Mining Engineer has to escape and guard against the pitfalls of being what is called "salted" that is, having his samples of ore enriched, which have to be most carefully taken and on which the value of a mine may have to be based.

At daybreak we started without breakfast and began the ascent to the Gounong Ledang, or Mount Ophir. Rain having fallen heavily

all night did not promise well for our journey, but our roughly constructed little shed had kept us dry. One of the benefits of being in the jungle is that with an abundance of bamboos, and huge palm leaves wherewith to make a thick thatch, and a plentiful supply of rattans, a very respectable hut can be constructed in an amazingly short time. The boys too had similarly constructed a shelter for themselves, so we all issued forth dry, but in a very few moments we were all wet as we pushed our way through an overgrown old trail from which the accumulation of rain on the leaves fell on to us in sheets.

The base of the hill was clothed with huge forest trees, from which hung great ropes of lianas and vines, the ropes of the jungle, and from every tree grew every species of fern, the bird nest fern being a very pronounced variety, also air plants, beneath the forest was an undergrowth of matted jungle, largely made up of bamboos and palm ferns, a wild luxuriant outpouring of nature's botanical life, but with a singular absence of zoological life. Part of the way we followed up the Gimmeh valley bestrewn with huge boulders. Up and up in single file we kept on, stumbling and falling over hidden roots and creepers. As the sun began to make its presence felt, the vapour laden atmosphere became hot and stifling, while perspiration dropped from our eyebrows almost blinding us as it got into our eyes. Up and up we crept expecting every moment to reach the summit. After we had begun to feel exhausted, at last we reached, as we thought, the summit, but on looking at the aneroid we found we had ascended to an elevation only of 1,547 feet, yet it seemed by one's exertions in order to arrive there higher than the 10,000 feet I had climbed to the summit of the Spanish peaks in Colorado. From our guide we learnt we had to descend into a valley almost as deep as the one we had come up from, and up another higher one and then down again into a deep valley, before we should commence, the real ascent. For the first time he informed us we ought to have attempted the ascent from the other side of the range, a comparatively easy one to that we had started on, and that owing to the configuration of the ground on this side, the path was much longer and circuitous. Why he should not have told us this before only the native mind could solve. None of our boys had ever been up before, and we really began to doubt our guide's knowledge of the way. So we sat down and held a consultation as to whether it would not be better to go back and attempt the ascent from the other side, which was nearly a day's march off. As we sat there the perspiration trickled down our spines, and brought vividly to our minds what we had let ourselves in for, if we determined to go on. Only those

familiar with the stifling atmosphere after a night's rain, and then a hot sun, can have any idea of how fatiguing a climb of this sort is. After a very close cross-examination of our guide, A— was satisfied he knew the way, and so once more we set forth, now descending the steep slopes of the hill, the heavy clayey soil of which compelled us to hang on to the undergrowth, as we let ourselves down it step by step. Up the second ascent we climbed, pulling ourselves up by the roots and stems of the trees until we arrived upon a small tableland a few square yards in area, and here we obtained a fine view of the Gounong Ledang Peak itself, the sides of which looked like a steep precipice and almost scared us, as we wondered how we were going to reach it in our already exhausted state. The second summit was in sight, Gounong Padang Batoo, and after a pause we again struggled, going down a steep descent and then after another stiff climb we emerged from the forest which had become thin and stunted during the last few hundred feet of our ascent. We now entered upon a heavy growth of matted rhododendron bush, which again gave place to a dense growth of huge pitcher plants. These curious carnivorous flowers each form a death trap for the unwary insect that enters to sip its honey bait, when closing over it it sucks the substance of its prey, and then opening again throws out the sucked out body, still perfect in form, but empty, much in the same way as does a sea anemone to a shrimp or crab. We were now on the exposed granite that forms the mass of this range. The granite masses presented a sugary like surface, the disintegrating forces of tropical rains and sun having dissolved out the felspar and left the quartz which gives it this appearance. Everywhere too, immense slabs and boulders of granite were lying scattered about.

Our breakfasting place now came in sight, and gave ourselves, and our boys who were giving out, fresh energy, and with a little further exertion at last we reached it. We threw ourselves down, all were too tired even to think of getting breakfast ready. The clear air and the lovely view soon revived us. The fires lit, the boys cooking their rice, and our kettle boiling, we were soon making a hearty meal, and after it the world again seemed gay and lovely as the sun shone brilliantly on the Peaks around. Here we rested until the heat of midday had passed, sheltered from its rays under a little shed made up of rhododendron bush. Thoroughly revived we once again descended into the valley, and began the last climb up, an almost perpendicular one, the great granite walls were only surmounted by hanging on to thick heavy carpets of moss, that cling to them in streak-like paths, and up whose tracks we scaled them.

The air too was so different to that of the morning that we made light of this last part of our journey, and almost raced up it. Arriving at an immense overhanging mass of granite some twenty to thirty feet in height, we found a nice clear pool of water at its base. The aneroid indicated a height of 4,067 ft.—and with another short stiff climb we arrived at the summit of Gounong Ledang, where it registered a height of 4,217 ft. above our camp. On the summit we found a very small flat, while at its northern end were perched some great granite blocks, which overhanging the mountains were called Batoo Sardong—on the inner side of which we found the following initials engraved on the granite :—

WTL—1828	THE GOVERNOR OF	H.McC
VVF or TB	SINGAPORE'S	BDW.IF
LNDL	ARMS.	DAM
A.R. 1876 or 1817	1881.	DE' L 81
W.S. 79		NBMG.

with native names below. Here too we left our own inscription. Few Europeans have been here, half of them seemed to have been of the Governor's party in 1881, amongst them my own cousin's initials.

As the sun began to get low in the heavens, the view which had been partly obscured, cleared, and from the top of the granite pinnacle we obtained an extended view, but for the most part monotonous, as we scanned the wide expanse of forest and jungle, relieved only by openings here and there of the bright green patches of paddy fields. To the South-West was Malacca with its Straits beyond ; S.E. Banda Maharani and the Moar river ; to the North clouds hid the view. The extensive view of forest and winding rivers, was broken only by great volumes of vapour clouds that were rising up in scattered columns from out of it, and giving to the jungle the semblance of being on fire, as the smoke-like clouds mounted the heavens or rolled away over the tops of the trees. As darkness set in, the hot atmosphere,—for even at this height the temperature was high—but the air itself felt light, gave place later on to a cool or almost cold current of air that blew over us. We were then glad to sit close over a fire the boys had kindled, and as the night came on a heavy cold Scotch mist enveloped us, when our sleep was broken and disturbed in consequence, for we were not too warmly clad, and all were glad to see the first light of day.

Our Chinese boy Ak Quee declared there was too much ice, and indeed it felt cold enough for it. As the sun rose, as far as the eye could reach, and as we looked down from our high perch, there below us appeared to be one vast sea from out of which the tops of distant hills arose, giving the appearance of being scattered islands. The heavy miasma or vapours of the jungle hung thus in one dense mass over the country, the upper surface of which was as one dead sea level. We waited and waited long hoping it might lift and disperse; but as there was no sign of its doing so, we decided to retrace our steps, when at the moment of starting down, as if by magic, the dense sea of vapour began to break up with curious storm cloud-like effects. A breeze of which we felt no sign, was swiftly blowing away this mantle, and in less than twenty minutes we obtained a magnificent panoramic view, and were well repaid for our labours of yesterday.

The breeze evidently died rapidly away, for as we turned our backs, columns of smoke-like clouds were rapidly descending again over the lowlands, and mantling them over. Commencing the descent we almost tumbled down the precipitous sides of the Gounong until reaching Padang Batoo, we stopped for breakfast.

Continuing our journey once again we entered the stifling hot-house atmosphere of the jungle, but I think it took us as many minutes to reach our camp as it had taken hours to go up to the summit. From here we went to Roomnyan, and stayed there while inspecting a number of old gold Chinese workings. Formerly these were extensively worked but now have been almost worked out. On the road we picked up an Argus Pheasant, a bird now becoming rare. Thence we returned to Banda Maharani, where we found the Sultan had gone back to Johore. Leaving the same night of our arrival in his Highness's gunboat we passed down into the Straits of Malacca where the sea was like a mill pond, and arrived once more at Singapore.

CHAPTER XV.

MALAY PENINSULA—MALACCA.

From here I returned again to jungle life, and one of my experiences was on a tin gravel mine, where were several English miners and tin dressers. On my arrival I expected to find a decent bungalow of some sort to stay in, but to my horror I found the Englishmen living in a hut not fit even for the natives. It was a mere shed with bunks all round it; a table with two forms in the centre of it and the floor unboarded and sunk below the level of the ground outside. Naturally all were suffering from malaria. The 300 or 400 Chinese working, had two immense barnlike buildings, the floors of which were well above the ground and mounted on piles, and were better off than the Englishmen.

Seeing that the Chinese could all find sufficient room in one of the two houses, I turned them out of the other and took possession of it myself, but promised not to move their Joss altar built inside, and that in the early morning they might come in and burn their Joss sticks before it. The head Chinaman on seeing me place my mat and belongings in a corner of it assured me that just where I had put them down two Chinamen had died, and it was a bad place for "Fenshui" (Spirits). The house itself was some distance from the other and surrounded by jungle. In this huge barnlike building I felt almost lost, and here during my stay I camped native fashion on a mat. There were neither beds nor linen in the place; fortunately I had brought my own camp outfit, and so was independent, and possessed all I wanted save a camp bed. After my boy had left me one night I was quite alone and lay reading by the light of the lamp beside me, when I heard a sudden dull bang on the bamboo walls and the whole structure shook. At first I thought it was a tiger that had sprung against the building. I listened intently; not a sound was forthcoming, and after a time I put down the light and waited to see what was going to happen. I had no sooner done this when bang, and the house was shaken from roof to floor. I got up and went round the huge room trying to cast the light into all

its dark shadows but could see nothing inside. I even most carefully examined the Joss Altar, for it had seemed to me that the cause of this uncanny phenomenon came from the inside, and not from the outside. I thought of what the Chinese head man had told me, was this some fenshui business or what could it be? I lay down once again and turned the light a little down, hardly had I done so when I saw some dark object fly above my head, and bang and shake came once again. Taking the light and looking up the wall behind me, there clinging to its side was one of those huge fruit eating bats, known by the natives as "Flying dogs." What had happened was that this creature had got entrapped inside the building and flew first from one end of the house to the other, and with such violence did it strike, that the building, mounted as it was on slender poles and built of bamboo and attap, was shaken from end to end. Having solved the problem I put out the light and slept peacefully until I was awakened by the Chinamen coming into Kow Tow before their altar, and burn each one a Joss stick. So ended a very alarming and uncanny episode.

The mine was worked as a Chinese one is, that is as a huge "paddock" or open oblong quarry-like pit sunk to a depth of about 15 to 20 ft. At 15 to 17 ft. deep is the stratum or "Karang" carrying in it the tin ore, or oxide of tin, whence the tin is subsequently smelted out. With a short, broad, and strong Chinese hoe "Chungkle," all the dirt above the Karang is hoed down by one set of men, and put into flat wicker baskets; when another set each with a bamboo across his shoulders from which hangs at either end a hook, quickly picks up two basket loads of this overburden by slipping them into two rattan loops fixed to the baskets and passes on, always on the jog trot, carrying them thus slung over his shoulders up a narrow bamboo built gangway leading to a dump where their contents are deposited. A continuous stream of coolies continue to circulate round in this way until all the overburden is removed, when the "Karang" or staniferous gravel is similarly tackled but deposited at the head of the sluice boxes through which flows a current of water which washes away the gravel leaving the heavy tin ore at the head of them. This tin ore is next taken up and finally washed clean in Chinese buddles, which in shape are not unlike to coffins. It is then, dried, bagged, and sent to the smelters.

Now this mine had been sold to an English Company by an Englishman, and turned out to be a much poorer one than it had been represented to be by him. The object of my visit was to examine into these matters and come to a decision as to what was to be done. The vendor claimed that the company working it did not know their

business. Along several hundred feet of exposed faces I first took very many samples and washed them all down myself, and satisfied myself that the gravel was too poor to work. I next proceeded to take large samples till I had about fifty tons or more to wash out in the "buddles." Having finished collecting these, to my astonishment I got the most wonderful results, and so good that I knew I was being "salted" but how? So I started all over again, and again got similar results. Again and again I went on as I knew whoever was supplying the tin would sooner or later get tired of doing so, besides which as long as it kept on there was a handsome profit being made, and quite a nice little lot of tin did I bag in this way. I knew it must be "salted" for I was very careful also to take small samples of the basket loads as they were carried up and tested them for their tin contents. When finally the rich tin was no longer forthcoming I made many more exhaustive tests of all the exposed ground, and found things as the head English tin dresser had reported. Seeing that it was waste of time and money to continue working so large a camp I decided to close it down. It was, too, a most unhealthy one. Many of the Chinamen had died, seventy during the last three months, and not a few during my sojourn there. The English men too were saturated with malaria. These and the Chinese I brought back to Singapore, four of the latter dying *en route*. After a good deal of cabling home my action was approved by the company and the men sent home. The sequel to this attempt to salt me did not come out at the time, but A——, the head of the firm for whom I was directly working, eventually discovered that the vendor with some fifty Chinese had been camped in the jungle some three miles back, and at night used to come and mix pure tin ore in my heaps awaiting treatment, his object being to whitewash himself, and still if possible market his unsold vendor shares.

Tigers around this last camp were very much in evidence. No Chinaman would venture out of his house after dark. Several times we found their spoor in the morning where they passed through it at night. The cook one morning when washing up at the little stream near which I was standing, uttered an unearthly yell and fled. A tiger had appeared on the opposite bank within a few yards of him. I ran back and got my rifle, and crossing the stream, there were his footprints left in the soft mud, and from their appearance he must have been quietly stalking his prey. By this time the Chinese had issued forth with tin pots, kettles and pans, and were making the most tremendous din, accompanied with the firing off of a great number of Chinese crackers, which exploded with great violence, and Mr. Tiger as I afterwards traced his trail had gone off in bounds.

Although I many times went out with good sportsmen on tiger hunts, I never got even a sight of one. Camped once near a planter's estate he sent over very early one morning, to tell me one of his plough buffaloes had been killed by a tiger, and to come over as he thought he must still be in the vicinity. After an early breakfast we started out each with rifle in hand, and with a good pack of dogs and beaters. We traced the tiger's tracks for about 300 or 400 yards to the spot where lay the dead buffalo partly eaten, but with no sign of the latter's footprints or of its having been dragged there. How the huge beast had got there is a mystery to me to this day. All day we spent hunting the beast, sometimes on its trail and at others off it, and not till late did we get back. Next morning my friend was up early and tried to persuade me to go out again, but I was so exhausted by the previous day's tramp through the stifling heat of the jungle, that I simply could not face the prospect of another whole day's tramp. Before 9 a.m. my friend was back and had shot his tiger. He had had though a remarkable escape. The dogs somehow went past the tiger, giving no warning of his near presence, when it sprang at the hunter, who thus described his sensations. "The first I knew of the tiger's presence was a rip, and I felt my self swung half round and staggering to keep my feet, to the left of me was a dark object. Unconscious of what I was doing I swung my rifle and let go, when with a roar the tiger gave a half turn and toppled over. Only then did I realise it was a tiger, and to make sure it was dead I carefully aimed another shot at him, when the boys went in and declared him dead." The rip referred to was that of his waistcoat, a leather one which had been ripped right down, completely torn in two. My friend's back had three little deep nicks in it, as if from a claw. Going out to view the tiger I found him to be a fully grown one, with a rather poor looking fur, but a beautifully marked one. I was glad I had not gone for as we walked single file, my friend in front and I behind, had I done so the beast would have had me in all probability. Seven tiger skulls were my friend's trophies, hung up in his bungalow, but never before had he had so close a shave. In conversation afterwards he further confirmed that his first shot had been fired quite unconsciously, for at that moment he never realised what had happened to him.

Speaking of lucky shots I had another friend who once shot a tiger. He had been out all day hunting when after supper he started to clean his rifle, instead of taking out the cartridge in it, he fired it off, as he thought into the little river running past his camp. In the morning on the opposite side of it there lay shot a dead tiger. I have had some lucky shots myself, but nothing to come up to this one.

Later on in the year I again made a visit to the country round Mount Ophir. I started from Singapore in a small Chinese passenger steamer trading to Delhi Sumatra, and with whose captain it had been arranged to call in and land me at Malacca.

We sailed about 3.30 p.m. the sea calm, but intensely hot. The decks were crammed with Chinese coolies going up to work in the tobacco plantations around Delhi. I was the only European on board with the exception of a Scotch engineer, with whom I chatted far into the night. There was no going to bed in this little steamer, for the atmosphere below deck was beyond description. The smell of the coolies' tobacco was enough, which they first steep in oil, so that the burnt oil is in itself most obnoxious. For the rest of the night I sat in a chair on deck amidst a crowd of packed sleeping coolies.

Soon after daylight we were off Malacca about one and a half miles out, and I was rowed ashore in the ship's boat, where I was landed on the beach, when it pulled back again. That ship was never heard of again and remains one of the mysteries of the sea.

The weather was calm, no storm broke its surface, ships were passing up and down the Straits of Malacca, but all trace of it was lost. The Resident and his wife Mrs. Isemonger kindly put me up, and with them I spent two very pleasant days. Their little boy had been badly mauled and bitten by a pet monkey and was swathed in bandages.

Malacca, built by the early Portuguese, has a most interesting history, and was formerly a great emporium where the merchandise of the Eastern Archipelago was brought and re-shipped to Europe. The apostle St. Thomas is supposed to have visited it. Volumes might be written on it and probably many have been.

Some old buildings dated 1637 were visited, and the old church; Chinese pagodas and mosques were other objects of interest. The town itself has long since passed away from its former glory, but with the active policy of the government in laying out good roads, police stations, and rest houses along them, the country is being rapidly brought under cultivation, and with it there has been some revival of life though a few years ago it might well have been described as dead. I will briefly describe my walk across Malacca, as I was on my way to pass through to the State of Johore which adjoins that of Johore, and has now long ceased to exist as a separate one.

At 6 a.m., accompanied by a half caste as interpreter, and a few Chinese carriers, we left the town of Malacca on a splendid road, and where walking was easy, so different from the jungle paths, where one often trips and stumbles and not infrequently falls through

the roots and creepers under the feet. The first six miles we passed through a valley covered with fine paddy fields, on which Malay women were busy planting out from the nurseries each little blade separately with a deftness only acquired by habit.

The paddy is first sown in little nurseries, where it grows thickly; and from there is taken out and replanted in the bigger fields. Here and there we passed Malay houses surrounded by betel nut palms, or cocoanut palms.

Fifteen miles out we reached some hot springs, "Ayer Panas," situated in the middle of some paddy fields. These were of a sulphur character, the water of one of the three wells was hot enough to boil an egg in, and a rich Chinese merchant had erected a suitable little house over them. Some Malays we discovered inside, soaking in one of its baths, were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Near by was located one of those neat little police stations found every few miles in Malacca. At the next one we came upon, there was in addition a neat little "rest house" erected for travellers.

Picture a bungalow raised some five feet above the ground, supported on white-washed cement pillars. In front was a wide staircase leading up from the path to a wide, spacious verandah. Facing the staircase is a large room, opening out of it three smaller ones, one of which is used as a lock-up with barred gratings. The larger one is the police office, the others are used for stores and arms. Immediately at the back is another staircase leading down from a smaller verandah into a little garden, at the other end of which is a row of rooms mounted on piles and under an "attap" roof. These are the police quarters, all looking clean and nice and carefully swept. Round the compound were rows of the betel and cocoa-nut palms.

The rest-house was built on similar lines to that of the police station, but a clean little bathroom took the place of the jail. From Ayer Panas to the boundary at "Batang" the road continued through a paddy field district, but with plenty of jungle still left to reclaim. Here I stayed two days to gather a few native work-people from some of the Johole villages across the boundary.

Going on again we plunged into the jungle; and along jungle paths with their innumerable leeches and other pests we had now to pursue our way, occasionally coming out on a paddy field clearing. Near one of these villages we came across a party of "Jacoons," two of them, though quite young girls, were each a mother carrying their babies. Like the Malays their front teeth were filed down, and the gums were disfigured by their practice of betel nut chewing. The general habit of chewing betel is very disgusting, for the dye from it mixed with the saliva of the chewer has

all the appearance of blood. Kept in a brass box are commonly a number of smaller ones, and in each of these are the separate ingredients that go to make up the mixture. You will see a Malay first extract from one of them, a sireh leaf or two, from another he extracts a little lime made into a paste, which with his finger and thumb he rolls up in the sireh, and sometimes adds out of another a clove; he then folds this leaf mixture over a small piece of the betel-nut itself, and places in the side of his cheek. The lids of the little pots are put on again, and put away in the bigger one or "sireh box"; this is then put into a bag and tucked into his sarong or slung over his shoulder. He then starts to masticate the mixture, and soon commences to spit about. The richer Malays mix all kinds of spices with it, and have most elaborate sireh boxes some of which are beautifully carved or inlaid with silver or gold.

The Jacoons, like the Malays, were friendly, and did not run away as they usually do. They are in features not unlike the Malays, but smaller in stature, diminutive in fact, and with worn haggard faces, though not without a good natured expression on them.

I was in advance with the Chinese, but when the Malays came up they went off into the jungle, like so many children, pleased with two empty bottles and some tobacco I gave them. The Jacoons and Sakais are the aborigines of the country. They live in the fastnesses of the forest and jungle. The former are said to build platforms in the trees and live there, the latter live in the open with only a "Kedjang" or mat put up against a few sticks for shelter. Formerly the Malays always killed them if they came on any. This may be the reason for their having no fixed places of abode, and hence no houses. At the base of Mount Ophir we first met these interesting people, and it came about in this way. We were sleeping surrounded by Malays in the open when we used to hear at night the most weird, æolian like sounds coming out of the forest at some distance off. Asking the Pungoolo (headman) what the noise was we had heard during the night he said it was a snake. So the following night we woke up some of the men, when the sounds were even plainer than the night before, and they said "Sakais." We were none the wiser until in the morning we learnt the "Sakais" were "wildmen." We asked if anyone would show us their camp, when they said we could not approach them, as they would run away; but a day's journey back they explained there was a Malay who traded with them, and with whom they were friendly, perhaps he would be able to arrange to take us to them. So we sent back for him, when coming in response to our request he went over to the "Sakais,"

and arranged with them, that, provided we brought no Malays with us, they were willing to receive a visit from the white men.

Outside our camp early in the morning we were met by two little diminutive men, one quite naked, the other with a small bark apron, and with a monkey curled round his neck. Each had a long bamboo blow pipe in his hand, and a small case holding some miniature darts like arrows with puffs of wild cotton at their ends. About two miles away from our camp we entered a clearing where we found a number of small fires, or the ashes where they had been, indicating the camp was a fairly large one, as each fire had evidently been the centre round which a family had gathered. There was no sign of even any kind of rude shed, only a few kedjangs roughly supported by sticks, but most of them instead of being horizontally placed, were put at an angle to the ground forming a kind of wind break.

After a time an old man came and a young woman, and sat down with our two guides and we talked with them. We had brought them presents of tobacco, some sugar, a knife or two, and two or three pieces of looking glass, from a portable shaving glass, which I broke so that there might be more than one recipient. The young woman was quite a long time before she discovered it was herself she saw in it. None of them seemed to have seen a looking glass before, and it was very funny to see them twisting the bits about, and peering at themselves in them. I wished afterwards I had taken a notebook and pencil to jot down our conversation. The Malay friend of theirs knew their language and English and was Malaccan born. Finding very soon they knew nothing of the outer world, the conversation was turned to the wild beasts and birds, their habits, and their way of trapping and killing them. I found them, much to my surprise, to be most intelligent, for their descriptions were not only interesting, but instructive. Afterwards the two men who had brought us, took us back to our camp, and on the way showed us several traps they had set in the jungle. Most of them were of the noose type, but two pits were covered over with a light framework of dead leaves, with poisoned stakes in the bottom of the larger one, which was intended to trap large game and put close to the track along which we had come.

These people, whom, in subsequent visits to the Malay states, I came across again, compared with the aboriginal Australian, whom I also subsequently came in contact with in the North of Australia, struck me as being more intelligent, and in their almost animal existence capable of being placed on a higher plane of civilisation, if taken in hand and trained up when young.

The Malay himself is of altogether a much higher standing in

civilisation, and has been, as witnessed by his writing and religion, greatly influenced by contact with the Arab traders of the past. He has, as is generally acknowledged, the qualities of a gentleman, though his old instincts of piracy and murder even now occasionally break out. He is of quiet demeanour outwardly, but beneath lurks a fiery disposition. He resents an insult and will quickly draw his kriss and use it. I recall a Cornish miner just out from home on his way up country to one of the mines, getting into an altercation with his interpreter, whom at last he hit with his fist, but only to be struck back by a mortal blow with the kriss. Running "amok" is peculiar to the race. For example, a Malay with some grievance will sit for days perhaps sulking and brooding over it, and may then suddenly jump up and rush forth in a frenzied state sticking with his "kriss" all he meets. This used to be of quite common occurrence in the early days of Singapore, but now rarely happens. When the cry went forth "amok" everyone rushed to his house to seize some weapon with which to hunt the murderer down. There was a case in the docks at Singapore during one of my visits, when a Malay thus ran "amok" and killed some six or seven people before he was caught. For a long time the medical world believed that it was some form of sudden madness, and that the culprit was irresponsible, but I think it was Colonel Dunlop, head of the Singapore police, who practically proved that such was not the case and that the culprit knew perfectly well what he was doing, as was shown by his method of treating those cases. At every police station he ordered bundles of wooden forks to be kept, in shape like a hay fork with blunted ends and on the cry of "Amok" no one was to attempt to kill the culprit, but to run him down with these forks, the object being to catch him by the neck between the prongs. In a very short time after a few had thus been caught, cases of running amok became few, and now rarely occur, a very clear proof that the Malays can control these sudden fits of frenzy. Being hunted down and killed they did not mind, but to be caught and hanged and lose their chance of going to heaven, they will not face. But so much is known about the Malay I will not dilate more upon him.

On one of these trips I was coming down to Banda Maharani, when reaching the Moar river I camped on its banks for the night, and had just turned in when the Sultan's steam launch arrived with a note from his Highness asking me to come down that same night, and so packing up we went on board, and ran down the intervening twelve miles to town.

Here, at 1 a.m., I found His Highness waiting up for me, and a

sumptuous supper prepared. A kindly, thoughtful act, and a good example of the courteous, kindly ways of his own people when once one has gained their esteem. Like the Central American Indians they are addicted to gambling and cock-fighting, and in their ways they often put me in mind of them, in, too, their love of flowers, and the common practice of the women in decorating their coiffures with some pretty and fragrant flower, and also their fondness for music and singing.

At the breakfast next morning the conversation turned on tiger and buffalo fights, and I was surprised to hear that the latter animal usually wins in an open fight between the two. The tiger goes round and round the buffalo in a wide circle waiting for a chance to spring at his neck, while the buffalo keeps pivoting round with horns down waiting for him, and seldom fails to catch the tiger on his horns as he springs, and throwing him off, then makes furious charges at him before he can recover his feet, and in this way finishes him off.

Before leaving the country I made a small collection of sarongs, most of them with tartan-like patterns. The sarong itself is a simple, kind of petticoat, about three feet in width, six feet long, which the men wear from the waist down to the knees, twisting a corner of it into the band they form with its upper edge around their waist, while the women wear it from immediately below the arm-pits down to a little below the knees. It is a becoming garment, suitable to the climate, and is in common use by the Europeans and worn by them as a cool night garment.

The Malay country is in many respects like most tropical countries, very beautiful with its rich floral and bird life, the many varieties of humming and honey birds, the woodpeckers and butterflies of most gorgeous colours, which abound in the open glades of the forest, but for beauty it does not, in my opinion, come up to the hill country on the Pacific side of Central America. With a gun in hand, gliding along one of its tropical rivers, is an experience I look back to, as one full of charm and interest. It was with some reluctance I had to refuse a visit to Siam, but Johore was not a healthy state, and though I did not contract Johore fever, a species of dengue fever, I was run down and completely out of sorts, with a temperature instead of above normal, below, like a suppressed fever.

I arranged finally to go up to Hong Kong, which led to my going on to Port Darwin to negotiate about some silver mines in the interior, and from there I went on to New Zealand.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHINA—AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND.

Bidding my good friends goodbye in Singapore, who had been most kind and hospitable, I left one morning in one of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and Company's boats for China, which led to my first introduction to that firm, the oldest and best known British firm in that country, and whom I subsequently returned to work for in after years, and have since kept up a close professional connection with.

I had no sooner got outside the harbour than I went down with a high fever, and was for three days very ill, but recovering from it I felt a new man again, as if some deadly poison in my system had been got rid of. On the way up we ran into one of the terrible typhoons so common in the China Seas. Never shall I forget that storm, though many a bad storm have I since been in. The seas were tremendous, but the wind was so terribly high that the tops of the huge waves were clean blown away by it, and the effect on the wide expanse of ocean was to give it the appearance of a great seething, boiling cauldron. The first class cabins were in the stern of the ship, and there was a gangway leading from them to the captain's bridge, just a narrow one with a single rail. The captain asked me to come out on to the bridge, which I essayed to do. The force of the wind however was so great I had to haul myself along the rail, as if going hand over hand up a rope. When I had reached about halfway along it I was so exhausted with the strain that I had to turn back, as I felt if I did not do so, I should be blown overboard. On deck the sailors were obliged to crawl along on their hands and knees such was the force of the wind.

On our arrival at Hong Kong many derelicts of both ships and junks were in harbour, and as we afterwards heard the loss in shipping in this typhoon had been greater than that experienced for several years. Our captain explained that we had been near the centre of it and had we been further out on its margin, we should probably have been lost, the exact opposite to what one would have thought.

Hong Kong as all the world knows is a most picturesque harbour, and looking down on it from the heights of the Peak which tower above it, the ships appear like little toy ones floating about in its blue waters. On a moonlight night the panorama is a superb one. After a short stay here I went on to Canton to stay with some friends there. Leaving in the evening in an American type of river boat we were there in the morning. At dinner that night a Chinese General in uniform sat next to me. He informed me he had only recently returned from the interior, where he had been living, and had not seen a European for seven years. What surprised me about him was his intimate knowledge of the municipal governments of the chief European cities and those of England. We sat up very late while he dilated on the subject. At parting I happened to say I had never met any foreigner before who spoke English without any trace of a foreign accent whatever. To my astonishment he replied, "Well seeing I was born an Englishman I ought to speak it without a foreign accent." "Well," I exclaimed, "I accept your word for it, but you have the physiognomy of a Chinaman." To this he replied, "I believe you are perfectly correct in saying so, but I have not always had it." I asked him "How then can you explain so strange a change?" "The only explanation is that environment has brought it about. For over twenty years I have lived a Chinese life, I married a Chinese lady, and my family mostly grown up are Chinese, and you see me now changed into one both in physiognomy and ideas."

On going into my cabin I found both a rifle and cutlass. These are provided in case of pirates, who have on many occasions boarded these boats as third class passengers, and breaking out, have captured and looted them.

Canton is always said to be a typical Chinese City and is one of its most interesting cities to visit, as in later years I proved by experience. The throngs of Chinese in its narrow streets are a study in themselves. Its work-shops, its shops, its numerous temples, its cemetery are all well worth a visit, and by visit I mean not simply bobbing in and out of them as the ordinary globe trotter does in one or two days, but spending several days, and allowing yourself time to study them. Then there are the walls and pagodas, and lastly, but by no means least, take a walk into the country outside, where the passing visitor will find much to occupy his attention. The Chinese dress too in Canton is in itself quite a study, from that of the poor Chinaman in his becoming blue garb to that of the wealthy mandarin clothed in the richest silks and embroideries. Every size of foot is seen among the female population, gradually growing

smaller and smaller according to their class in life, until one sees the highest in rank carried about, unable even to toddle, for their feet are no larger than those of a baby. Those that can just toddle about belong more to the upper-middle class, and their walk is called "The Lilly Walk."

Returning to Hong Kong after a few days stay here I left for Port Darwin in the North of Australia, by a boat running to Sydney, New South Wales. We had a delightful voyage, passing by the Philippine islands and the Celebes, so close to the latter that at one point we were almost touching the steep banks of the shore, and exchanged salutations with some Dutchmen seated in a verandah of a house built above it. We called in at Thursday Island, then the centre of the Pearl Fisheries. At Port Darwin I left the steamer and went on shore, where I found a little town made up almost entirely of corrugated iron houses; at first sight appallingly dreadful, for the heat in Port Darwin is great, one of the hottest places in the world, but as both walls and roofs are double, leaving an air space between them, they make as cool a house as of any other material. I spent not a bad time here. It was my first introduction to the Australians, who were principally made up of pioneer and adventurous spirits. My host confidentially informed me one day, having previously sworn me to secrecy, that he was making up a small party to go out into the bush some twenty-five miles distant on a "man hunt." Innocently asking what that meant, I was told, to hunt down and wipe out a party of aborigines who had been located thereabouts. On asking why they wanted to kill them, it was supposed they had murdered some prospectors. I could scarcely believe my ears, for obviously the excuse was made up on the moment to meet my objection. This may seem a traveller's yarn, but nevertheless a true one, and I believe the party accomplished their object though on their return they said they had not come across the natives. Many aborigines were to be seen about the town, who lived in a camp near by, these were apparently left unmolested. The few talks I had with them, through an interpreter, left on my mind they were very dull and stupid, but as my interpreter was almost on a par with them, it may have been due to him that they seemed so.

The silver mines business came to nought, and I did not even visit them. Before I left came one of those sudden rushes so characteristic of Australia, but instead of to a new goldfield, it was from the Kimberley goldfield. To this reported goldfield had gone the outpourings of Australia and even of New Zealand; butchers and bakers and all who could scrape enough money together had gone a few months previously to seek their fortunes there.

Over 200 miles, through a waterless sandy bush covered country, had they tramped, and now came the first influx to the town of the disappointed gold seekers. Never had I seen such a crowd of disappointed men, most of them dead broke. They camped out around in booths, and in the open. Those who had money were on the "burst."

A steamer came in bound for Sydney, every boat was taken and they crowded on board, taking complete possession of the decks. The majority had no money wherewith to pay their passage, and the Captain was powerless to put them off. In the Agent's boat I went off and found they had left the first-class cabins alone, and had only claimed the decks. Fleets of boats continued to come off until we must have had from 250 to 350 of them. There was one first-class fellowman beside myself, and a lady with her baby. After dinner, on deck, there was a perfect pandemonium. Three drunken men made their way into the saloon, two were pushed out, the third showed fight, between the two of us we knocked him down and carried him out leaving him on the deck.

The Chinese stewards had bolted. We shut the outside door and bolted and barricaded it, when several rushed to it and tried to burst it open. Not succeeding they ran up to the skylights, and breaking them shied empty bottles down into the saloon. The lady passenger shrieked with terror. I really thought our last hour had come, and stood with a revolver in a cabin expecting to see them climb down. After a time the bottles becoming exhausted, they ceased throwing them down and quiet began to reign as they turned in for the night. Next morning we dared not go out, and we were besieged all day. The day after they had quieted down. Not a ship's officer came near us, and the Chinese boys had disappeared. The meat stores and larder, which were on deck we found afterwards they had thrown overboard; but there was plenty of bread, butter, and cheese in the pantry, or we should have fared badly. Venturing on deck we found a very quiet sobered down lot of men. Getting to the bridge we found the captain and second officer, who seemed to be fairly frightened. The men, they told us, threatened to kill them if they put into port anywhere but Sydney. However, we put into Cooktown, a tug boat having come out with an armed force of police, so we presumed the captain had signalled his plight coming down the coast.

The voyage along this coast is a most delightful one, as the Great Barrier Reef affords protection; inside it we steamed on a sea without a ripple, and coasting along the shore we were always within sight of land offering exquisite scenery, indeed the trip

is well worth one from England, so beautiful and so lovely are Australia's shores along this Eastern side. Townsville, the port for Charters Towers, with which it is connected by railway, I have reason to remember as I nearly lost my life there. When going out one evening in a small sailing boat with a nautical friend I had met here, we were blown out to sea. The captain of a steamer lying off the port about a mile out had invited us to dinner on board, and taking a small boat, we started to sail out in a gentle breeze, when we found ourselves in one of those gales or squalls that spring up so suddenly in these parts and were driven far out to sea. I on my knees baled out the boat, using my helmet for a bucket, each time we shipped a sea, in addition I was sea-sick, not even the peril of danger warded it off; and not till about 1 a.m. did the gale abate, when we were able to put back. At last we sighted the captain's ship, but it was well on towards morning before we found ourselves on board.

Continuing my voyage to Sydney, I spent a few days there before going on to New Zealand. Its harbour is world renowned, and its inhabitants are justly proud of it. Many delightful trips may be taken about it, but time prevented me from availing myself of them. Leaving Sydney by steamer for Wellington we had a rough few days. The albatrosses, the huge sea gulls of these waters, followed us across, and many hours we passengers watched them sailing gracefully around us. In Wellington I was detained several weeks before I could visit the Northern part of this island, the Thames and Waihi gold fields being the attraction to the mining man.

Wellington is renowned as being perhaps one of the most windy places in the world. I do not think we had more than three days calm the whole six weeks I spent there. From Wellington I went by railway to New Plymouth, passing through fine looking farming settlements *en route*. From this port I found there would be no passenger boat to Auckland for ten days, and I was preparing to go by road, when hearing a small tramp steamer had come in and was going out that evening for Onehunga, I went on board and asked the captain to take me, but he declined as he had no room or accommodation for passengers. Just before she sailed however, I happened to meet him again and he said, "Why not go down below, we are going up empty, and you can have all the ship below hatches to yourself." This was a capital idea I thought, and accordingly I went on board with my baggage. The Captain gave me a lamp and candles and a couple of rugs and pillows, and I descended below. The hatches were closed over me and I thought "A fourteen hour's

trip won't be so bad after all." I lay down intending to go to sleep; but getting outside the harbour the ship began to plunge and heave, and over went my lamp which I had failed to hang up and had put down on the floor alongside of me. I had forgotten matches and there I was in the dark, and very soon the rats began to scamper about and over me. That night of horror I shall ever remember, for it seemed as if there were thousands of them, and as hour after hour went by there I was staggering about on my feet with my coat off and swiping with it at the little beasts which seemed to be all round me. Early in the morning we ran into port, and never could man have been more pleased or relieved than I was to hear the hatches being removed, and once more to see daylight. A night of terror, and one which I hope I may never have to experience again. For days after I felt limp at the thought of what I had gone through.

Auckland is a busy town and at the back of it stands Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, with grass grown banks in its crater, a favourite resort on Sunday afternoons for the inhabitants. From here the Thames is reached by a little steam boat journey of a few hours, and is of interest as being the seat of the gold mining enterprise in the North Island.

Before sailing for home I took a trip from Auckland up to Rotorua, and thence to the sight of the recent eruption of Tarawera. There is a railway now, but in those days we had to go by coach. At Rotorua were the Government baths, built on the site of the hot springs, and where are found perhaps a larger variety of hot bubbling springs in a given area than anywhere else in the world. Even the National Park, United States, so renowned for its springs, does not come up to them in its variety of waters. The doctor who was in charge of them, strangely, turned out to be the doctor to the colliery in England where I had begun my mining life. So I stayed here a few days. There was one spring called "Rachel." The effect of a bath in its waters was very curious, for on issuing from it one's flesh felt soft and velvety, like that of a baby.

We used to see the Maoris, of whom there were a great many about, bathing in these hot spring waters, and they would remain soaking in them for hours at a time. In the Lake here in certain spots the water is almost boiling hot, caused by hot springs bubbling up below its surface.

About twenty miles to the South East is situated the volcano of Tarawera, the scene of the recent eruption. It forms a conspicuous object and can be seen many miles away. Hither I was

bent on going, but could neither hire a horse nor a conveyance of any sort. At last I was lucky enough to obtain an old coach horse, but after riding out and back I don't think I then thought I had been lucky. I have ridden a good many thousand miles in my life, and with one exception never came on a horse with such legs as that one had, they were like wooden props, with the result that I was as stiff as they had seemed to be. The journey though was worth the effort. After the first rush to the rescue of survivors no one had been over from Rotorua. It was a very hot, sunny day when I arrived at the base of the mountain, but such a scene of desolation met the eye, it was difficult to believe that in a few hours the dense vegetation that formerly covered this valley and surrounding volcanic mountain had all perished. The leafless dead trees still stood upright, while the fine white volcanic ash which lay spread like a carpet over the whole country, now glistening in the sun, gave the appearance of a wintry snowy landscape. The beautiful pink and white terraces, so world renowned, and which many a tourist had come from far distant parts of the world to see, had all been blown up and had vanished. Little miniature ones, but on a microscopic scale as compared with the original ones, had begun to form again, and small as they were they were marvellously beautiful, and helped one to imagine how magnificently fine must have been the former vista of those great terraces.

It was on June 10th, 1886, when the earthquake shocks ended in the great shock, an hour or two after midnight, that blew up the top of the mountain and when volumes of great black smoke and red molten fire balls were belched forth into the surrounding atmosphere. A new crater was formed around and beyond the old site of the former terraces, and filling with water it now forms a new lake, taking the place of the old one which was destroyed. About 130 Maoris lost their lives, and a few white people. In a Maori-wharri partly destroyed, I dug up under the ash a child's doll, and a testament. Another Maori-wharri near by, which was strong enough to withstand the weight of the falling ash, mud and stones, was the means of saving the lives of all who crowded into it. The sight of this stupendous outburst of nature must have been a magnificent and terrifying one, though in a sense very local as compared with the area of this island, yet accounts of it were wired throughout the world. Returning to Rotorua for a day or two, I think the old name was Ohinemutu, I went back by coach to Auckland.

The evening of my arrival, being very tired, I turned in early,

but before doing so, sent a cable home, giving it to the porter in my bedroom, and not ten minutes afterwards I was asleep, but was as I thought waked up immediately, and I asked him what was wrong with the telegram; but night had passed, and it was 8 a.m., and the cable he handed me was a reply to mine of the previous evening. Never before had I realised how the electric forces of nature have annihilated both time and distance.

On a New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer I took a passage for home. As we steamed out of the harbour I realised perhaps more than I had from the shore what a really beautiful harbour Auckland possesses; for beauty of scenery, with its many islands, its vegetation, I think it takes third place in my estimation, of the many great harbours of the world I have had the privilege of seeing. I rank Rio Janeiro first, Hong Kong second, and Auckland third. From the utilitarian point of view I suppose Sydney and the Golden Gate, Frisco, would rank before either of the above.

As we were about leaving a lady passenger was carried on board on a stretcher looking in the last stages of consumption, while another passenger who showed no signs of this dread disease, informed us in the smoke saloon that night he was taking the voyage hoping to effect a cure; the latter died on the voyage, a case of galloping consumption, the former walked off the ship at Plymouth apparently quite recovered.

As we approached the Horn the weather was fine, and the sea calm, so our good captain took us close in along the inhospitable shores of Tierra del Fuego, and a very fine view of it we obtained. On the Eastern side soon after rounding the Cape, as we came up from dinner one evening on to the deck, we all almost simultaneously exclaimed "Why look! there is Noah's ark." What we were looking at was a magnificent iceberg within half a mile of us, the exact form of Noah's ark as depicted in children's picture books or their toy arks. Shortly afterwards we passed a second one, from which fell into the sea a huge mass of ice sending a resounding thud across the waters. Off the River Plate one of those sudden "Pampeiros" for which this region is so noted struck us, the first bad weather we had experienced, and the last before reaching home. Putting into Rio for coal we were disappointed to find ourselves prisoners on board, as yellow fever being prevalent on shore we were not allowed to land. The entrance into the harbour is narrow like Sydney, and not really visible until close in shore. The Corcovado on our left rising as a great sugar loaf mass overlooking the entrance, gives to it a very imposing aspect. Once

inside, the harbour opens out rapidly into a great sheet of water stretching as far as one can see, with little islands, and on our left there stretches the great city of Rio Janeiro, with its population the greatest in the Southern hemisphere, unless Batavia has a greater one. Finding we could not obtain coal on shore our stay was short. Leaving Rio we were bound for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, where we hoped to find coal, for we had no more than sufficient to take us there. Arriving there about midnight we all went ashore, for I had guaranteed to get the hotel opened. We knocked and knocked at its door but could get no answer. Knowing which was Camacho's bedroom I went round and threw stones at his window until I woke him up. Camacho soon had the servants up and all the larger shops opened along the street. A late supper or early breakfast, whichever one likes to call it, was prepared, to which later we all sat down, quite a big crowd of us. Shopping was resumed afterwards, and not until 8 a.m. did we go off to our ship, all having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves on shore, after having been bottled up on board for five weeks.

Plymouth was reached later, in the early morning, and as one comes in from the sea it is a lovely little harbour. I was going to land here and so were a good many of us, but it was so gloriously fine and calm most of us decided to go on to London by sea, where we arrived after a voyage of just six weeks.

Little did I think as I landed I was to retrace my steps and again find myself in Rio Janeiro, for to South America I was shortly bound for three years, of which more anon.

CHAPTER XVII.

URUGUAY.

After a short stay at home I once again set forth on my mining life but not before I had placed an engagement ring on my future wife's finger, an event momentous in the life of any man unless he is of a callous or of an inconsequent disposition. I had known her for several years from almost before she had entered her teens, and a happy day it proved to us both. As I now write she has been gone from me just upon three years; for twenty-six years she shared with me a part of my foreign life, in all its ups and downs, following my fortunes in South America, South Africa, China and Korea, shut away from the usual congenial associations in places where she was sometimes the only European woman: as I look back I have only pleasant memories of those days, some very anxious ones and full of peril, but notwithstanding she always shone, and was beloved by those around us, whether Europeans, Americans or natives. No matter what the peril, what the hardships, she was ever an angel of light, and always intensely interested in those she came in contact with. However poor or rich, uncultivated, barbaric, or richly endowed with intellectual gifts, she seemed to be instinctively at home with them all. Christmas after Christmas has brought her presents and letters from friends made in the wilds of those countries she had once lived in. Year after year some little piece of work, some embroidery, or trinkets have come to remind us of her former friends, but most of them without a letter or name, and who the senders were we knew not. It was only last Christmas two years after she left us that little parcels arrived from China and Korea addressed to her, and that after fourteen years absence, a proof that the saying in the East, "That a present is only given in order to bring forth a return one" is not always true. To me nothing is so touching and pathetic than for these little parcels to have been received year after year and without even an acknowledgment sent back in return, for though we have sent back the wrappers to friends still living in those respective countries, they have been unable to trace the

senders. I will not say more than that those twenty-six years were genuinely happy ones, we were the best of pals, and understood each other's idiosyncrasies so that scarce a passing jar befel us. As I write my only living daughter is playing with her baby on the floor before me, putting me in the mind of when she and her mother played together so similarly, not in an English house but in a far distant foreign one, which looked out over hills over which roamed herds of cattle with their strange wild gaucho herdsmen.

To Uruguay I was bound in the *Cotopaxi* one of the P.S.N. Company's steamers. A *confrère* of mine had already preceded me; the object of my visit was to carry out certain negotiations with a French Company who held a large gold concession on the Northern boundary of Uruguay, in the province of Tacuarembo, formerly belonging to Brazil. This Company had erected a large power dam and air compressor plant by which it ran its locomotives and mill but had proved unsuccessful. Eventually two of their properties were acquired by the house I represented. The larger one I did not approve of on the terms accepted, the smaller one was taken on an option only, the terms of which were that the old mill was to be renovated or rebuilt and a certain sum spent on the mine. If at the end of three years from my first going out the mine did not prove sufficiently attractive it was to be handed back to them. At the end of the three years the reef, a fairly rich one, was found to be cut off by a powerful dyke, through which we hoped to pick it up again, but as the French Company would not reduce their terms we decided to hand it back to them and take no futher risks. My instructions were also to examine the surrounding country, and the South of Brazil whenever opportunity occurred. I will begin by giving my diary of the voyage. Hitherto I have avoided giving any detailed account of a voyage, as to those who have made one or two they are all rather similar, but for those who have not I will take this voyage which is not so well known as are those of the Eastern routes and give some extracts from old letters.

Arrived at Liverpool—sent off four telegrams. Went on board the SS. *Cotopaxi*—unpacked, got cabin ship shape for voyage. At lunch at the head of my table sat a flabby looking officer—a lady with yellow hair on his right and her husband on his left both rather plain individuals. Near me a fat pompous little man with red hair and beard wearing an enormous emerald ring on one hand, and an equally large diamond one on the other hand, with a massive gold chain thrown in. Opposite, three very interesting looking individuals, one of them fat in the face, red in com-

plexion, with queer blinking little eyes which both look as if laughing at you all the time. On the other side of me a young officer, a gentleman, but who had a very good opinion of himself, too affable to be pleasant.

Whilst sitting in the smoke room afterwards my table companion, the little man with the emerald and diamond rings, I heard say, "If I had been married and save for my rather short legs, I would have been the finest looking man in the world bar none." I wondered what being married might have to do with converting a very plain person into a handsome one.

The following day the sea was rough, and I did not come on deck until 7 p.m. when we found ourselves off Paulliac, thirty miles below Bordeaux, where we anchored.

Next morning I awoke to find we were taking a cargo of potatoes on board, all carefully packed in cases as if they were oranges. Several of the passengers spent the day on shore, and I picked up a few acquaintances from amongst them. Along the road facing the river a fair was being held; booths were erected, with all sorts of fanciful pictures painted outside them, penny peep shows, while every kind of curious barrow and cart were filled with varied descriptions of clothing, sweets, cheap toys, sabots, boots, hats, and at which a brisk trade was being carried on. We went for a walk in the vineyards and fruit gardens where we surfeited ourselves on grapes, pears, figs, and tomatoes.

On the little hill near by there is a small Roman Catholic Church, well worth a visit, where there are some very fine paintings. After our ramble we came off in time for dinner, and sailed about 10 p.m. The following day we were in the bay which was as calm as a mill pond, played quoits and horse billiards and in the evening whist, the usual pastimes on a voyage.

In the morning we were off Coruña where we anchored. Here we went ashore, visited Sir John Moore's tomb, which stands in the centre of pretty flower gardens, surrounded with acacia trees. The tomb itself is a plain sarcophagus enclosed by a low wall with iron railings outside it. Azaleas and cherry blossoms brightened up the garden. In the fruit market I loaded myself up for an expenditure of a franc and a half with bunches of grapes, and a large melon which I took on board for the children.

10 a.m. we sailed for Vigo, 133 miles distant, and arrived at about 7.30 p.m. In the bay here were a great number of fishing boats, this place being a seat of the sardine fishing.

9 p.m. we sailed again. In the smoke room a little man holds forth on every available topic, discovered he is an M.P., which

accounts perhaps for his gift of holding forth. We all wished he would reserve it for the House of Commons.

Coasting along Portugal we sighted the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, and the old Moorish built palace of Cintra was seen perched up on the hills just as we rounded to go into the Tagus. A tower erected to the memory of Vasco da Gama on the right bank of the river as one approaches Lisbon is a very prominent mark, and whence too Christopher Columbus is stated to have started on his great voyage of discovery.

About 2.30 p.m. we dropped anchor in the river with Lisbon on the right bank a little above us. Lisbon with its white houses stretching away up the river bank, and running steeply up the slopes of the hills at its back, is an imposing looking town, and full of historical associations.

On the opposite shore the hills are crowned with well hidden fortresses. A small party of us hailed one of the numerous Portuguese boats, a lateen sail rigged one, and a great pair of glaring eyes painted on either side of its bows, reminding one of Chinese boats, whose people paint eyes on their boats in a similar fashion: they may have derived this curious custom of giving a boat eyes with which to see from the Portuguese at Macao, or it may have been *vice versa*.

First we went along the quays and across the square, which is popularly called "Roly-poly." This square or "plaza" is so curiously paved that if anyone attempts to walk across it with eyes fixed on the ground he immediately begins to roll about as if drunk, for the effect is such, that, the pavement seems to rise and sink until one begins to take false steps and then loses one's balance. The real name of the square is Don Pedro, in the centre there is erected a fine column, and at the far end facing the square is the Don Pedro Theatre. Afterwards we went for a long drive and visited the Cathedral erected to Vasco da Gama, which is built of white marble, and boasts of a wonderfully supported ceiling and sculptures. The cloisters are well worth a visit and are especially gorgeous. A large orphanage is attached to the Cathedral, and in my former visit 500 little orphans were at breakfast. Before returning to our ship we went up to the upper Plaza below the botanical gardens, where we obtained a very fine view of the city and the Tagus. Going on board we found an increase in our passengers, several Chilians and Brazilians with their dirty-looking servants. Finding we were not sailing until next morning we went back and stayed at the Hotel Braganza, a world renowned hotel, both for its historical associations, and its illustrious visitors,

old fashioned, with massive furniture and venerable looking servants. In an old four poster bedstead with feather mattresses into which one sunk out of sight, I slept soundly to be awakened by the valet who brought me a cup of delicious coffee, and carried off my clothes for a brush. One might have been in one of one's own old fashioned hotels. We breakfasted well and returning once more to the *Cotopaxi* were soon at sea again.

Next day our Doctor and some lady passengers played the banjo and guitars on deck during the morning.

The second day out from Lisbon we passed Santa Cruz with its lights just glimmering in the distance, and it seems strange to have been ashore there so recently.

The third out we had athletic sports. Sack race, won first heat, lost second. Chalking deck got nasty bang on head. Tug of war ships officers won. Obstacle race won first heat, lost final. First smothered in flour, second in soot—Cock fighting won until the last heat which proved to be a draw.

Fourth day out. Boat muster.

Fifth day out. In the afternoon we anchored off St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Island used as a cable and coaling station. Off this barren rocky volcanic island several steamers were coaling. Boats full of niggers and diving boys came off to us. The sun very hot and sea lumpy, notwithstanding, we had a race between the ship's officers and passengers, the former winning by a boat's length. All of our crew were half dead after it, as also were the officers. Some good Samaritans treated the crews to a champagne cup, we needed it badly. We then went on shore but it is a desolate, uninteresting place, lifeless, but for the darkie women who with their bright coloured handkerchiefs about their heads seemed happy and contented and lively. Evening we sailed again.

First day out from St. Vincent the passengers were all busy making fancy dresses for a ball, while the ship supplied cheap cottons and paper for them. Evening the ball came off which proved to be a very successful one—the dresses were marvels of ingenuity.

Second, third and fourth days out the sea was disturbed and agitated which had a contrary effect on myself for I subsided.

Fifth day out the sea again calmed down as we approached the coast of Brazil. Passed the island of San Fernando, a Brazilian penal settlement, the majority of whose prisoners are said to be murderers. Seen from the deck it has a pretty green appearance, hilly, with one or two very prominent and curious pinnacle-like rocks. In the centre of its island stands a little town, and sprinkled

about the island are some small cocoanut plantations. At its Western point is a natural bridge stretching from one rocky eminence to another. In the evening we held a concert, Captain Hayes taking part in several songs—he is one of the most popular captains I have travelled with, a thorough sailor but brings his passengers together and tactfully prevents the usual cliques, the fat emerald, diamond bejewelled passenger alone forming one to himself.

Sixth day we were off Pernambuco 1 a.m. Heavy tropical rain and sea so rough that none of the passengers were able to go ashore. Opposite the town is a long reef which makes a natural breakwater inside which the sea is calm, but we were unable to go inside. The town as seen from the ship, looks like an old Portuguese built one, two old forts to the right of it are of Dutch origin, which are crowded with what may be old thirty-two pounder cannon, while to the North of it runs a spit of land on which is built a small suburb. Curious catamarang rafts like boats carrying an immense area of sail sailed past us. All day we rocked to and fro until 7 p.m. when we sailed again.

The next day calm and sports were resumed, while on the following one at 7 a.m. we steamed into Bahia, when a pretty tropical picture disclosed itself. Several ships lay at anchor in the bay while numerous little fishing boats with their double lateen sails of white canvas were flittering about like so many gulls. Canoes out in the early morning were busy fishing. On shore lay the town of Bahia built in two tiers, one known as the lower and the other as the upper town; towards the lighthouse some three miles distant, long rows of cocoanut trees, and various other species of palms were waving their feathery leaves in the breeze. Going ashore in a boat whose beam was nearly that of its length, with two burly jet black negroes rowing, we landed on a sea wall that fronts the town. Here we found a crowd of enormously fat negresses dressed in cottons and with handkerchiefs round their heads of all the colours of the rainbow, who were busy selling many varieties of fruit, fish, shrimps strung on strings, and all kinds of nastinesses, this proved to be one end of an open air market, at the other end all descriptions of birds, paraquets, parrots, macaws, hornbills, monkeys and racoons were for sale. The pestiferous smells arising from this place almost took away our appetite for breakfast. In the lower town we visited some naturalists' shops, and were shown South American curiosities. Finding a really clean little restaurant which contrasted strongly with the filth of its surroundings, we sat down to breakfast, and soon afterwards

were joined by the Captain and the rest of the passengers. Our menu consisted of fish, most appetisingly cooked, a sweet omelette served with rum, and fruit followed by excellent coffee. After ship's fare a meal on shore is always looked forward to. To get to the upper town we were shown into a large tunnel, and at the far end of it entered a cage, not dissimilar to that used in mines, and were hoisted up through a shaft by powerful engines to the upper town. The clank of the loose end of the chain coiling up on the roof of the cage reminded our passengers of stories of the lower regions, and with the negro guards standing over us, not a few of them were glad to escape from the nether to the upper regions. Here quite a different scene met our gaze, better built houses painted all colours: blue and white, red and green were the prevailing ones. Out to sea a lovely view of the bay was obtained, where a large French man of war was anchored near an ancient looking fort, built on a small island, bristling with old guns mounted on brilliantly red painted gun carriages. Quaint carts drawn by mules and driven by darkies were coming in from the country laden with coffee, sugar, mats and waterpots. We explored a good many shops, and some of our passengers bought quite extensively an assortment of mats, some of pretty plaited designs, cane chairs, and tables. Getting into a pair driven mule tram we started off for the lighthouse. Coming to the top of a hill the mules were taken off, and we ran down it at an alarming speed. At the bottom eight mules took us up to the top of the next hill and from there it was a straight run, the road passing between cocoonut palms and typical tropical vegetation always so luxuriant in its growth, and so full of ever changing objects of interest. Off the lighthouse three little nigger boys were fishing with immensely long fishing rods, and were successfully catching what we took to be a large sized species of mullet. I alone attempted to explore the lighthouse built on an old fort. Entering at its base I passed through a long subway which led me through some private apartments, but discovering no one I went on till I reached the ramparts where I came on two old negresses and gave them a bad fright. Arriving at the lighthouse I found the upper door locked, and the old negresses, who I am sure had the key, refused to produce it; after trying vainly to oil their palms with a little silver I had to give it up and beat a retreat. Under the shade of the palms we spent the heat of the day. On our way back we had late lunch in a café, where was an immense kind of aviary in which was a collection of all kinds of birds and animals, one of the happiest families of so mixed an assemblage I have ever come across.

As we returned to the ship I bought for a few shillings two little marmoset monkeys, and these for the amusement of the children on board I let go much to their excitement, and indeed every one's, both passengers and crew, for one of the two went right up the rigging, until it came to the very top and sat on the truck of the mast. As the ship rolled over so the monkey would go, and every one thought it would fall off, but here it sat and balanced itself until one of the sailors went up and caught it easily, for it jumped down, sprang into his arms and cuddled round his neck. The other one proved more sensible, for it made off immediately below decks, and was eventually caught in the bakery where it was having a feed off a newly baked loaf. Bahia was free from yellow fever at the time, but it is subject to severe outbreaks of this terrible scourge. Sailing again, during the next two days there was a calm sea, without a ripple, but a heavy swell.

On the third day it was raining heavily as I went on deck early. Two ships in full sail were coming out of Rio as we passed in. On our starboard side were three small islands, Father, Mother and Child—though heavy dense masses of clouds were hanging over the peaks, nevertheless the view was grand. On the port side was the Corcovado (Sugar Loaf) and a large fort with a heavy battery of guns commanding its entrance.

From this battery last year they fired on one of the French mail boats for not heaving to when it was summoned from the fort to do so, and killing unhappily two poor emigrant passengers on board. Ahead of us lay a small yellow painted fort with four palm trees growing out of it. Off this we came to anchor until the Customs officer had been out and cleared us; then we dropped down until just off the town where we let go anchor. Around us were anchored steamers and sailing vessels of every nationality, while to fro and from the shore, lighters and boats were busily plying. A little way off lay two great Brazilian ironclads.

Landing, we as usual, a party of ladies and gentlemen passengers, went to the Hotel Globo for breakfast, after which we set out for the summit of the Corcovado. On the way we walked up the Rua Ouvador, a small narrow street, the Regent Street of Rio, but filled with many fine shops. Then we entered one of Rio's numerous tramcars; the city has a perfect network of lines running through it and its suburbs and into the country beyond. It has a most perfect organisation and system of working both on its lines, and in its stables and workshops. The driver although armed with a short whip is not allowed to use it except as a guide.

The mules which are used, to the exclusion of the horses, are very fine looking animals and have every sign of being well looked after and well fed. We enjoyed our ride immensely through the pretty suburbs of the city. Gardens around the houses were well kept, redolent with flowers, the flamboyant with its flaming red flower like leaves was very conspicuous. We passed, on our way, through what are said to be the finest palm groves in the world, tall, stately and immensely high. The houses themselves curiously ornamented, and tinted in various colours were, many of them, very elegant, the palms giving them perhaps this character more than their architectural designs merited. The rain had given place to brilliant sunshine with a bright clear blue sky overhead, which with the bright colours of the creepers and flowers beneath, backed by the light greens of the foliage around them, was almost bewildering, affecting our spirits so much that we formed quite a merry party.

After about half an hour's ride we arrived in our open tram car at the base of the Corcovado pinnacle which towered above us some 2,300 feet. Here we found a little station and a train awaiting to take us up a rack railway similar to that on the Rigi, the gradients so steep that in places our train almost seemed to stand on end, and so terrifying to some of our party that at the first opportunity they left the train to await us on our descent.

The station itself was covered with a most gorgeous purple coloured creeper, and from the verandah around it hung baskets filled with orchids. As we puffed and creaked up the mountain sides we passed through dark Brazilian woods, emerging constantly from them into some clearing from which we obtained the most wonderful scenic peeps. Half way up we stopped for our engine to take a rest, and round the little station here we found quantities of wild raspberries growing at about 1000 feet below the summit. Reaching the terminus of the railway, well above the timberline, a walk along a well cut and broad road led us up to the summit on which stood a kind of bandstand built shelter, about fifty feet from it was a low parapet. Here we stood on the summit of the Peak and from either side we looked down a sheer perpendicular precipice 2,200 feet. The view from here was superbly grand, the words of a picture painter who could describe it at its best would utterly fail to convey how magnificent the panorama was, reaching out as far as the eye could scan with all its majestic glory, toning down into one of perfect loveliness and perfect restfulness. I can scarcely recall a greater combination of colour, in sky, sea and vegetation than the view from the top of this lofty pinnacle. Below us lay

Rio with its red-tiled roofs, and as the eyes wandered far over the bay, numberless little islands clothed in verdure, penetrated by snug little inlets and coves, were to be seen scattered about, while a few fleecy clouds lazily floated and hung about some of those strange and curiously wrought peaks as if attracted by some magnet. One of them wafted across came floating below where we stood, and with the sun shining brightly upon it a complete rainbow circle was formed on its upper surface, what none of us had ever seen before. At this height the air was balmy and for long we stood viewing that loveliest of panoramas until the bell rang, bringing us again to earth once more as it announced the train was to start back. On the way down we picked up those of our passengers who had been too frightened to trust themselves to that little frail steel structure with its funny little engine, and how we poured into their ears, from first one and then another the glorious visions they had lost.

On our way back we got out at the Botanical Gardens, and sauntered through its groves and palms, and for the first time I realised why they had been likened to Gothic arches, for planted so regularly with their straight standing stems, they spread out their top foliage so as to meet each other in Gothic arch-like form. We stopped to admire the japonicas out in full bloom and in great abundance together with the flamboyant trees before referred to. Returning to the city we lunched at the Hotel Globo, finishing up with one of their far-famed fruit salads, in which, on any given day every fruit to be bought in the market on that day is represented. The ladies afterwards did some shopping in the curiosity shops of which there are many. In one of them we were shown the head of an Indian with perfect features and its long black hair perfect, reduced in size to that of a good sized William pear, a secret process known to the Indians. The price asked for it was £45. I am told now these heads are so rare that they are almost priceless. Later on in the afternoon we set out for Tjuca, a fashionable summer resort some ten to twelve miles off. For three miles the road was covered by a tram ride. At the terminus we hired a four-muled brake and away we trotted up the hills, arriving a little after dark at Murray's hotel, subsequently known as White's. A good dinner was already awaiting us, and afterwards some of the ladies gave a concert. Up early we went down to a delightful bathroom, where a small mountain stream was tumbling down through the centre of it, and in which we bathed. After a breakfast mostly made on bread and butter and luscious fruits we set out on our return journey in torrents of rain. Down those hills the mules

galloped the whole way. As we descended the steep hills with their matted jungle of bamboo and bush on either side of the road, we occasionally caught surrounding peeps of the distant hills with silvery streaks running down their sides indicative of small waterfalls. Near the base we passed several "quintas" with their prettily laid out gardens. Once more we found ourselves at the Hotel Globo. During the afternoon I bought some of their beautiful flowerwork, and a very pretty fan of flowers and feathers mounted on an ivory carved frame. So we dawdled the afternoon away first in one shop, then in another, and between us all we carried on quite a good trade for the shop people's benefit and amusement. I think passengers from a ship are always good tempered, full of fun and laughter, and an easy prey for the polite shop people to fasten upon. As the rain was coming down, as it only can in the tropics and sub-tropics, we had nothing else to do. A bad form of epidemic small-pox we heard was prevalent in Rio, at which we were not surprised, for however lovely the surroundings of Rio may be, its system of sanitation is so bad that one's olfactory nerves are sorely tried. To-day all this is altered and the town is well drained.

At sunset we went on board having thoroughly enjoyed our two days here. After dinner we sailed, and as the sky had cleared and the stars had come out, we stood on deck to see the last of Rio's wondrous harbour, the circuit of which is said to be 110 miles.

For the next three days we ran South, and the weather got colder, and though the sea was smooth yet a very heavy swell was on, and we rolled heavily, and signs of *mal de mer* again appeared. On the last evening, as we supposed, on board, the Captain gave a champagne dinner, and made a farewell speech to Buenos-Ayres and Montevidean bound passengers. Of the many voyages I have made I think this one was one of the pleasantest, as all the passengers had been so united, so free from the usual cliques, and all had joined in endeavouring to make it so.

Early morning we were off Flores Island, nineteen miles from Montevideo, the quarantine station for Uruguay, or as the Uruguayans called their country "Banda Oriental." As we steamed into Montevideo we dropped anchor about a mile off the town, when one of those River Plate storms known as "Pampeiros" was rapidly rising until it blew a hurricane. A large steamer near us began to drag her anchors, and fouling with another large one left her cable across the latter's bows. As she continued to drift she cut down two sea lighters, and then began to drift broadside on to

us, but fortunately just cleared us. An ironclad near us fired minute guns, which brought two powerful steam tugs to her aid, and after about two hours they loomed up again with the drifted steamer in tow. Her decks had been clean swept so that she looked quite a wreck.

The storm having abated late in the afternoon of the following day we bid goodbye to those who were staying on board, and as it was still rough we were swung on to the deck of a tug boat in baskets, and again had to endure a short spell of *mal de mer* in getting ashore. The customs were shut up and we were obliged to leave all our baggage on the quay, with no shed or tarpaulins to cover it, and we all hoped it would not rain again that night. To the Oriental Hotel we wended our way, which was only a little way off. After dinner I went to say goodbye to two friends and their two boys, who were going to Chili by the next boat, meantime they were going to stay up country with friends. Some months later when returning home by the Transandean railway a terrible tragedy befell them. The line had not then been completed; a gap having still to be traversed in the heart of the Andes by coach. Whilst stopping for lunch and the parents were laying out their repast, the two boys were missed, and afterwards were found at the bottom of a precipice they had fallen over. With those two little bodies they had to make their way to Buenos Ayres where they were buried. The parents afterwards continued their journey to New York where I heard they had eventually arrived broken-hearted at the loss of their only two children. The two boys I think must have been about nine and eleven years old.

Montevideo itself is a fine, clean town, built on a hill overlooking the bay on two sides. It has a very good system of tramways which runs out into the suburbs, where are many fine "Quintas" surrounded with pretty gardens, in which the magnolia tree flourishes. It is a kind of miniature Paris, it boasts a fine Opera House, and many fine buildings. To judge of Uruguay by this city one might think it was in a very advanced state, but at the back the country was devoid of roads, and bridges, and was in a backward state of development.

During my stay here previous to going up country I was introduced to Don Eduardo MacEachern, Minister of War, and he introduced me to the President at his own private house. Maté was brought in soon after my arrival. I had not the slightest idea what maté was. A great big negro handed me on a silver salver, an artistic looking little carved gourd mounted on a silver stand, in which was a long silver pipe with a flattened mouth piece pro-

truding from out of the little bowl. Taking the stand in my hand which was quite cold to the touch, and putting the mouthpiece to my mouth, which was also cold, I proceeded to suck up what I divined to be some sort of iced drink, instead it was boiling hot "Yerba," a kind of tea, and the contents of which I promptly spluttered out of my mouth. I was not going to scald my throat for the President or anyone else, and made use of the silver tray for the purpose. Maté is a national institution, no matter in whose house you enter rich or poor, Maté is always brought and offered to the guest. The drink itself is made from Yerba, a Paraguayan shrub the leaves of which have the same constituents as tea, though in different proportions, and tastes not unlike a very rough one. So accustomed are these people and the Argentines to drinking Maté, that they literally can drink it boiling hot. The drink is usually called Maté, but the gourd with its contents and the "bombilla" together really form "Maté," while the drink itself is "Yerba."

I became very fond of Maté, but did not take it in public, always saying I did not drink it, for after partaking of the Maté by sucking it up through the "bombilla," boiling water is again poured into the gourd, when it is passed on to the next guest, and so on and so on, a most dangerous custom, and one apt to propagate disease, hence my reason for refusing it. To be known to drink it, and to refuse it when offered would be a mortal insult. Later on, when meeting the President again after having travelled along the Northern frontier and across into Brazil, H.E. asked me if I could tell him what boundary marks there were, if any, delimiting the frontier line between Uruguay and Brazil. My answer was "matches," which puzzling reply brought forth its explanation. So far as I knew there was only one monument erected, and when I wanted to know if I was in Brazil or Uruguay I would go to the nearest "pulperia" or a poor little sort of wayside inn and buy a box of matches. If I got wooden ones I was in Brazil, if wax in Uruguay; the reason being that Uruguay being a dry country wax matches were imported, and Brazil being a humid one wooden ones. They were always a certain guide on which side of the line one was on. If I asked a native, nine times out of ten he would say Brazil, as the northern province of Tacuarembó having formerly been a Brazilian one, and still being largely populated by Brazilians, they looked upon it as part of that country. The President was much amused at my observations, and told me I was throwing a new "light" on the boundary question, a proof too that the Custom officers who patrolled the frontier were keeping a smart

look out against smuggling, and it was perfectly true they did. Don Eduardo MacEachern was the grandson of an English Admiral of that name who had settled in Uruguay as a ranchoero, and who proved to be a most interesting man, a thorough Uruguayan, a patriot to the backbone, and the owner of very large estates in the country.

Talking to him one day on the question of education he gave an account of his views on the education of the child, supported by careful records that his grandfather had instituted, and which both his father and himself had kept up. Don Eduardo must have been well over his fiftieth year when I knew him. These records kept thus on their several estates during their lives comprised properly kept ledgers of the lives of the children as they grew up into manhood and womanhood. On their estates they had early instituted schools. His deductions as given me and based on these records as I have said, were of extreme interest, and I doubt if anywhere else in the world such records have been kept over so long a period. Briefly he said:—

“Education has little effect on the moral side of the individual in after life, on the contrary, it is in many ways detrimental, as if an individual is inclined to go to the bad it helps him to hide his delinquencies, while on the other hand, if his moral character is on the right side, he is fitted by it to become more intelligent in carrying out his duties in life, and more able to occupy better positions. The crux of the whole matter lies in the mother, if she is a good woman, her influence seems to be unbounded, much more so than with the father. This we can prove over and over again, education for some reason or other has little effect on the moral side of the child’s character.” I often had further conversations with Don Eduardo on the subject when he was always interesting. He was no faddist one way or the other, but simply relied on facts. His grandfather, father, and himself had gone in for education greatly in advance of the times, believing education was the ideal to be aimed at in raising the moral tone of the people, but he had, he said, reluctantly come to the conclusion the effect in this respect if any, was a very secondary one.

Another very interesting Uruguayan I saw a good deal of was Dr. Vasquez Acevado, the rector of the University of Montevideo. He used to tell me he believed the Uruguayan code of laws were the finest in the world. They had been drawn up after years of study of the various codes of different nations, and had been compiled by the ablest and best men, regardless of expense, Europe and America could offer. “But,” he added, “the best laws badly administered

are in my opinion the worst in the world," and went on to give me examples of proofs of this being true in Uruguay. The hospital in Montevideo was a very fine one, much in advance of anything I had seen at home. Every ward was lined with glazed white tiles, the cubic space allowed per bed was very large. There were wide well-tiled passages or corridors outside the wards, and every kind of bath and appliance was installed. The whole is kept up by means of State lottery tickets, which are sold at every street corner and place, and which are very popular. The drawings for the winning prizes are made in public, and the numbers on little lotto-like pieces of wood are revolved in a large drum, and as each one slides out it is read aloud, and the corresponding number ticked off on the printed lists hung up. Coloured red numbers, if I recollect rightly, meant prizes.

As the nature of my business involved legal matters, I was kept in Montevideo and had several times during the year to return to it. Whilst here I came across the most gorgeously decorated funeral I ever saw. The horses were each one draped in a mass of black and gold plumes, heavy drapery covering them, heavily gold brocaded, the hearse itself in keeping. Each horse was led by a man dressed in black velvet knee-breeches with black stockings and shoes with silver buckles, with white waistcoats, swallow-tail black coats, and black-cocked hats, many similarly dressed walking alongside the *cortège*. In front were priests and banner bearers all in magnificent vestments. In the evening a military band played in the Upper Plaza; one piece, they played, the "Echo," was a great favourite, and by placing one or two cornet players on the tops of the surrounding Government buildings, the effect of the echo was admirably carried out.

One evening, when sitting in the club, an English estancero told us a very curious story of a gaucho he had once working for him. His story was this. A gaucho who had been some time in his employ approached him one day and asked him in English "if he would grant him leave to go to Buenos Ayres for a few days." Hearing himself thus addressed in English by a man whom he thought was a typical gaucho and nothing else, nearly took his breath away. The supposed gaucho showed him at the same time a Buenos Ayres newspaper with an advertisement in it, asking if the son of an English admiral, who was known to have jumped overboard from an English gunboat off the Uruguayan coast in the year —, was still alive and if so, if he would appeal to the under-mentioned lawyers, he would hear of something greatly to his advantage. The gaucho then said he was the man, and after a talk with him my friend was fully convinced of the truth of his story. As

a middy he had jumped overboard ; swam ashore, and attaching himself to some gauchos he had grown up with them, and was to all appearances and purposes a " gaucho." " No one," the Estancero said, " would have dreamt that he was anything else."

The gaucho went over to Buenos Ayres, saw his lawyers, and they were so convinced of his identity that they revealed to him that he had come into half his father's property, the other half going to his twin brother, an officer in an Indian crack cavalry regiment. Advancing him some money, they told him to get his beard shaved and his hair cropped short, to buy some decent clothes, and as he had been brought up as a gentleman—to return to that status again. A few days afterwards he turned up at their office, no longer the gaucho, but a gentleman. The lawyers did not recognise him, and believed that the gaucho had gone out and told someone he had picked up, his story, that he was an impostor, who had probably paid the gaucho a few hundred dollars after packing him off, and was then impersonating him. The gaucho gentleman wrote to T—— and the latter went over to Buenos Ayres and identified him, though the change he described in the man's whole appearance and get-up was remarkable, he was transformed into " the gentleman," as he put it. The gentleman gaucho went home, and obtaining his inheritance, joined his brother, a well-known racing man in India, and after a few years returned having gone through his fortune, again became a gaucho, and was subsequently killed in a fight. A remarkable story, which our Vice-Consul vouched for and confirmed, he having known the man during his long residence in Uruguay.

During this time Mr. Palgrave, our Minister here, the brother of the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, often used to come in and lunch with me. He, like Sir Richard Burton, was supposed to be a perfect Arab scholar, and was the first to penetrate the then unknown centres of Syria. He, too, like Sir Richard Burton was eccentric, with certain idiosyncrasies in his character, but was a most interesting man to talk to. He had at one time been our Minister in Siam, and his studies of Siamese architecture are well known, and a discourse from him on the subject was most instructive. In ideas, he was peculiar, a fatalist, and half an Oriental, I should say. He had greatly offended the President by one day appearing in a hired carriage, and jumping out of it with his levee clothes across his arm, had walked into Government House, and asked for a room to change in. He afterwards appeared at the levee, paid his visit of etiquette and then disappearing rechanged, and stood on the steps while he called a hired carriage, threw his clothes

in, and sent them home. After such a proceeding he was looked upon both by Uruguayans and English with wrathful eyes, and I suppose was about as unpopular as any Minister could be. He certainly lacked polish, but his conversation was so tempting to listen to, that I brooked his unpopularity, and he was always a welcome guest, for as he lived some way out of town, he was always glad to accept a lunch before returning. Both the above two men were as unlike as could be in disposition, features, and physically, but both were similar in their wonderful knowledge of languages, their poetic temperament, yet so strangely rough in their ways, but both with decided unfavourable kinks, if we may so describe them, in their characters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

URUGUAY CONTINUED.

Leaving Montevideo for up country, I left by the Central Uruguayan line, an English owned one, at 6.30 one morning, and travelled by it to the terminus, Paso los Toros on the Rio Negro, arriving there late in the afternoon.

As we left the city, for about thirty miles out we were in an agricultural treeless district, succeeded by a very rich looking one with huge aloe hedges and clumps of trees here and there spread over it. But we soon passed on to the Uruguayan-pampas; unlike the flat Argentine pampas these are undulated great green carpeted plains, with huge herds of cattle and horses, and droves of sheep feeding over them. Here and there we passed some little adobe (sun dried brick) houses, with a few gauchos standing about outside. The gaucho is the cattleman or cowboy of these South American plains. His dress is composed of a flannel shirt, with a pair of very baggy or Zouave-like trousers, known as "bombachos," a pair of top boots with huge spurs, into the tops of which the legs of his bombachos are tucked, and covering the upper half of his body is the "poncho," so familiar to all dwellers in Spanish America. This is a big shawl, in the centre of which is a hole cut, bound round with braid, and into which the owner of it thrusting his head, the shawl drops down over his shoulders and arms and so hanging down covers him up. In winter it is warm and in summer cool. A soft hat, a silk or cotton handkerchief round the neck tied in a knot, usually red, and a silver handled knife, with a long sharp blade, either stuck in his side, or kept in his boot completes his personal outfit. No gaucho is without his horse or horses, usually many. The bridle, reins, stirrup leathers, and the usual South American or Mexican saddle are all highly ornamented, or inlaid with silver, and with a short whip this completes his outfit, with the exception of a heavy leathern lasso, which is about thirty feet in length and tied in a coil at the back of his saddle. The gaucho, unlike the Mexican, does not use the pommel of his saddle

to tie one end of the lasso to, but ties it to a ring in the hinder part of his saddle, and instead of pulling back his horse after throwing his lasso over a beast he rides off at a sharp angle pulling the lasso taut. Of all the riders I have seen whether North American cowboys, Indians, Moors, Khirgese, or Cossacks, I think the gaucho as a rider beats them. He rides loose, more as if by balance, and no matter how sharply a beast may turn he and his horse are round with it, as if by one united intelligence. If his horse falls by any chance, he comes down on his feet ahead of it. To come down with a horse is a great disgrace. This acrobatic performance seems peculiar to him. The Moors and Cossacks, though splendid horsemen, err rather on the side of trick riding. The gaucho seems so part and parcel of his horse, that he never appears to make any effort in what he does, whether in throwing his lasso or changing off from one horse to another when in full gallop.

Arriving at the end of my railway journey I was met by my *confrère* who had come down to meet me, and who had been examining the old French mines up country. Starting out two days later we were up at 3 a.m. waiting for the coach which did not come until 7 a.m., and when it did arrive the whole turn-out looked so ramshackle that it was impossible to believe it could make the long journey that lay before us. In appearance it looked more like an old two horse baker's covered in cart with three seats in front, the horses a wild looking set of twelve, afterwards sometimes increased to fourteen in parts of the journey. The twelve were in two rows of six abreast. The driver held a pair of reins which controlled the two pole horses only. From the bits of the foremost row hung down raw hide loops, which were all gathered up into one bunch and tied to the end of a lasso. The horses themselves had no blinkers nor collars, and were all hitched up to the coach by raw hide ropes, and attached to one another by a series of belts and knots made of the same material. When all were ready to start we took our seat alongside the driver, I wondering what was going to happen, when a small boy about ten or twelve years old rode up, picked up the other end of the lasso which he tied to the back of his saddle, and with a flourish of his whip and a wild call, led the way, the other horses all following at a mad gallop, he looking with the long lasso behind him as if he were towing us all along. Away we went over the soft turf of the pampas like so many demons, but almost at the first start four of the horses went down and rolled over each other, and becoming entangled in the traces it took some time to get them out. One of them on which the coach had piled and been brought up, was all bleeding and torn,

whom they cut adrift and left behind, when again we galloped on. The morning was fresh, crisp, and exhilarating, and as we tore on Buffalo Bill's Deadwood coach turn-out was not in it compared with ours. Soon after starting again we passed a soldier with carbine in hand driving a band of horses at a mad gallop before him, and one began to think the whole animal world in these parts had gone crazy.

At about three leagues out we pulled up at a corral, the horses looking as if they were some sort of cream mixture as they stood lathered in foam. Two mounted boys had gone ahead of us and driven in a troop of fresh horses into the corral. Our boy quickly cast off our eleven horses, which went careering across the pampas. Inside the corral, which is made up of a circular stone wall enclosing a large space, was a mob of the wildest looking horses, many of them quite so. The three boys then began to lasso them, one at a time, and dragged each one out toward the coach, where he was tied up to some posts stuck in the ground for this purpose outside. Some of the horses put up a big fight before they would give in. One horse in particular I remember turned a complete somersault backwards, without any preliminary rearing up, and came down a tremendous whop on the ground, as he struck his head and flank against it simultaneously.

Fourteen horses having thus been secured the outriders rode away to go on ahead, and drive in another set of horses for us at the next corral. Our little boy and driver now went to work to harness up the fourteen horses, once they got the traces on to them they might kick and plunge for all they were worth, as those raw hide traces were unbreakable. It was perfectly wonderful how these two horsemen of the pampas got those fourteen kicking horses all linked up without getting kicked themselves. After about two to two-and-a-half hours spent in catching and harnessing up our fourteen in hand, away we went again, up hill and down dale, rocking first to one side and then to the other, bumping and jolting until we came to the next station, when the same process of casting off, lassoing and harnessing was repeated. It was quite a common occurrence for some of the horses to go down, when there used to be a mix up, and usually one or two or more horses were hurt by the kicks of the others. Outside on the box seats it was very exhilarating, but for our passengers inside a trying journey, which I have often since experienced, as, being shut in, one has nothing to take one's mind off the bumping and jolting of the coach; and as it sways to and fro the feeling that it is going to topple over is much more intensified. Inside we had two Frenchmen, two

Italians, and two Brazilians. At one of the corrals we found a small adobe house where we partook of a very dirty breakfast. Resuming our journey until after dark, going all the time at a breakneck gallop, we arrived at another of these small mud built houses round which were a lot of savage looking dogs. To the owner, who was inside, the driver called out the usual salutation "Ave Maria" and when it was immediately returned the dogs ceased their growls and threatening attack and allowed us to descend. A low door stood open revealing a lighted tallow candle stuck in an empty bottle placed on a small deal table, and four camp beds on which the owner's fowls were roosting, the only furniture being the beds and table. Into this hovel we tumbled. Taking possession, the rest of the party shook down in a shed outside. I turned in, dressed as I was without eating, for the supper prepared was too indescribably filthy to face. After a few hours' rest we were off again. As the sun rose it opened up in front of us a much more undulating country, almost a hilly one, over which were grazing large herds of cattle or droves of sheep. All day we kept up our gallop between one corral and another, and at each we had the same experience, and we were never tired of watching the capture of these wild looking horses, their struggles to elude the lasso, or when caught, to free themselves from it. Out of twelve to fourteen horses, only about half may have been in harness before, who pulling and tugging against going on, are gradually forced by the others to go forward. The strong, raw hide harness prevents any from breaking away, and it was surprising to see how quickly they fell in and went forward with the others. Subsequently whenever I wanted a horse broken in, I used to get the driver of one of these coaches to do so for me by harnessing him in with his team. A more effective and quicker method of breaking in a horse I do not know. Soon after dark we entered the town of Tacuarembó, with a population of about 2,000 inhabitants, the capital of the Province of this name. Here we stopped for the night in a nice clean hotel, kept by a Frenchman and his wife, who prepared for us quite a *recherché* dinner, which after practically a fast of two days was a godsend. At daybreak we continued our journey, and at mid-day stopped for breakfast where a mulatto woman got us a very good and cleanly cooked meal. Continuing on, at sunset we came to the Cuñapiru river into which we plunged, so deep that the water came up to our knees and wetted all our baggage while the horses swam it. On the opposite side we found the French Company's works with their well-built dam standing just above them. On these works and mines the French have spent over £800,000. As

it was getting dark we continued on to St. Ernestina, a small village three or four miles distant. Here we stopped to wait for the moon to rise before finishing the last stage of our journey, another seven to eight miles.

There we found living an English doctor and his wife, much to my surprise ; during the course of the next three years I was in almost daily intercourse with them. The doctor himself was half English and half Argentine, with a certain amount of Indian blood in his veins, which he often amusingly referred to as giving him taste rather for a nomadic life than for that of a professional man. He was an M.D. of Edinburgh, and had been at one time House Surgeon to that Infirmary. He had also been to China and the West Coast of Africa as a ship's surgeon. His wife had been the matron at one time, I think, of the Children's Hospital in Liverpool, and was more of the medico than himself. It was strange to find this couple living in a little village so far removed from civilisation, but they enjoyed their life and were quite happy. Both had a large practice which extended over a wide radius of many miles, and as they both loved a saddle they were in their element. A little later they removed to C—— where I was engaged opening up some of the French mines, so that we became close friends and are so to this day. Homelike we found her busy at work on fancy shell work, of which more anon : he was engrossed in a novel.

They were not long in preparing us a good English supper after which we bid them goodnight, and continuing our journey finished it at the house of a Frenchman, M. A.—, who had a large country store on the Company's property of Corrales, the red tiles of which he had imported from France—a long way to have brought such breakable and costly material. Notwithstanding our recent supper he insisted on our having an omelette prepared by himself, and it was late into the night before we retired. Thus ended my first and most interesting journey to the Northern boundaries of Uruguay.

Over the road we had come from Tacuarembó it has not been safe to travel alone until quite lately, formerly travellers going from one village to another had to travel in well armed parties on account of bandits. About two years previously, a Colonel Latorre was sent up with full powers to rid the country of these pests. First one and then another began to disappear until he had collected some forty odd of them, when they were ordered to march to Montevideo but never arrived there, for on the road down, some twenty miles distant from here, they were all shot and buried in one pit by their escort.

The Brazilian Government hearing of this, as amongst the prisoners were many Brazilians, sent a commission over the border to enquire into the tragedy. The pit was dug up, and where they had fully expected to find the evidences of the murders, they found the remains of horses but recently slaughtered. Hearing of the contemplated visit of the commission, the soldiers had been ordered to remove the bodies and to replace them by those of horses.

Of the bandits many proved to have been well-known individuals living in the country, and who were never even suspected of their crimes, but from that date all brigandage has ceased, and the country has now become quite safe to travel in.

For a fortnight my *confrère* and myself were busy examining the old works and visiting the neighbouring mines, after which I saw him off for Montevideo where there was a good deal of work to do in unravelling some of the old titles; these having originally been given by the Brazilian Government, made matters very intricate.

By the old Brazilian laws each member of a family inherited his proportion or share in any property, so that the ultimate ownership after a few generations becomes very involved. At first sight it might appear impossible to trace them, but really not so much so as it looks, since each head of a family keeps a wonderful record of its members. Again these people continue to live in their own Province, few, if any, emigrating to another.

The Doctor and his wife came over and took up their quarters here, and he assisted me greatly. My work was fairly well cut out as I had to re-start the old French mill at Cuñapiru, the one here being no use for my purpose. One of my first purchases was to be a horse or two, and when the horse dealer arrived, imagine my surprise to find he had about forty, and I was expected to buy all or none.

On learning the price—for up to this time I was quite ignorant of their value—I was still more surprised to hear the whole lot only averaged \$5.50 per head, or 10s. 6d. each. I was not sure if I understood correctly, but so it was and I bought the whole lot. They were all grass fed and as we had the whole country round for pasture, there was no difficulty in feeding them. From these I selected a few, and got three very good riding animals out of them, the balance I traded off later on to another horse dealer at an average price of \$5.00, so in horse flesh I made the best deal I had ever made or ever dreamt of doing in my life. I had brought out my own saddle, but had to adopt the native bridle and bit, for these horses are so hard in the mouth that an English bit was of little

use. The native bit is a cruel one, with a long tongue running from its centre which rests on the tongue of the animal, and which if violently used can almost break its jaw. Ordinarily, the reins are only used to guide the animal by throwing them against one side or the other of the neck, and a very light pull will bring him up, as he instinctively knows what will happen to him if he doesn't; but if a horse really gets fractious it is simply amazing what torture he will endure in having his jaws extended almost to the breaking point without giving in. One of the most difficult things is to train a horse to take oats, very few of them can be so trained, in fact, few of them even will eat grass touched by the hand. Again, he will fret to death if ridden regularly, say only a short distance, over the same trail every day. You may ride him, for two or three days consecutively, or, what would be to most horses, to death, after which you must let him feed out for two or three days before riding him again. It is inborn in these creatures to be after cattle, and they love a good hard ride. Racing is a great pastime with the gauchos, like all men brought up with horses they form no exception, but one of their race meetings is to my mind a most monotonous and tiring affair.

Sundays are generally spent racing; going over to one of these meetings with the Doctor we found about 200 to 250 mounted men, dark swarthy men with black beards and dressed as before described. The jockeys were showing off the paces of their horses, dressed in a white cotton shirt, a short pair of white drawers, a white band of the same material around their heads and mounted on their horses without saddle or bit. The course is only 400 yards in length. The starters stand behind the starting posts, but the horses are drawn up at about seventy yards back, and at a signal all trot forward gathering momentum as they go, and as they reach the real starting-post they must all be in line, or if one horse is out of it back they have to go. This sometimes happens as many as a dozen or more times until they finally get off, hence the patience required to watch one of these races. The reason they give for this queer way of starting, is that it finds out the horse with the greatest staying power, and it is only the best stayer, which is really the best horse, that wins.

They gamble tremendously and all are in debt, and in consequence for ever borrowing. The Doctor, though well off, was like them, always borrowing. On asking him one day why he borrowed when I knew he had no need to, he said "Ah! I may not always be so well off, and if I happened not to have been in the habit of borrowing, no one would lend me, and besides as I am always a good payer

back, there is no fear of my ever lacking money, and my reputation thus established always gives me friends." "But," I added, "you have to pay interest." "Yes," he said, "that is true, but I loan out money as well." In fact I think he did quite a big banking business, but on horse racing I never saw him place any money. After a few of these races the meeting broke up early, but some remained to tilt at a ring, a favourite gaucho amusement. A small ring is suspended by a thread from a projecting arm of wood nailed across a post, and at full gallop the horseman with lance or sometimes with knife in hand, tries to carry it off by thrusting its point through it.

They fight among themselves to establish who is to be the leader of a group of them. If there is any question about the man chosen not being the best fighter, the standard of leadership, and another thinks he is a better man, the latter challenges him. With a shawl wound round the left arm and a knife in the right hand they face each other, and at a mutual signal between them, begin a hand to hand fight in order to establish who is best man. Some of these encounters are desperate affairs, but usually not so. If one is killed and the other survives, the latter has to support the widow and children if any, until she marries again.

Again they eat nothing but meat, no bread nor even a biscuit, of late some of the younger ones are beginning to eat a biscocho (biscuit sent out from Spain), but so hard they have first to soften it in water before they can bite it. Nothing will tempt the older men to eat any other food than meat. They drink large quantities of maté, and are a sober set; they like a drink or two of rum or caña, but I don't remember seeing any whom one might call drunk. Their dark skins are clear and smooth, and no signs of blotchiness as one might have expected in a race who live wholly on a meat diet. A gaucho, too, knows how to cook meat to perfection; their favourite way is to put two forked sticks upright in the ground, and in the crutches of them lay the ends of a stick that has been spitted through a lump of meat; below they make a fire from which all the black or charred pieces of wood have been removed, leaving only live red embers, and over which they roast the meat by turning the spit. At the same time they baste the meat by sprinkling salt water over it every few seconds or minutes. With their long and very sharp knives they, as soon as it is well cooked, and never underdone, cut off long narrow strips when holding one of these up at one end like an Italian does his macaroni, he drops it into his mouth, quickly the other end descends, and all disappears down his throat. Meat thus cooked is full of flavour and really delicious, but not if

eaten in the same fashion. The saying is a gaucho never steals, except his neighbour's wife I should add, but anything in the way of silver I could not tempt him with, as his love for silver ornaments both for knife handle, sheaths, and horse trappings is great. Near our house, the Frenchman's, with whom I stayed, was the "quartel" or barracks where were quartered about 500 soldiers; the Colonel of the regiment also lived near by, and he, as this particular regiment had the right, the only one in the army, to recruit its numbers from the prisons, was allowed to select any prisoner as a soldier, and once in it he remained until age or sickness made him unfit, and only then could he get his discharge; consequently it was mostly made up of murderers and criminals of the worst sort. When drawn up they looked a motley crowd, composed as they were of mulattoes, Indians, Brazilians, and Uruguayans, and a bad looking crowd of men they appeared. The Colonel was of German extraction, his father and mother were both Germans who had settled in the country where he was born. He had a fine ranch, with the best bred herds of cattle in the Province, and which was popularly believed to have been made up out of the pay of his men. He had a dreadful name for cruelty, as we shall see proved against him later on, but his men he undoubtedly kept in control, for no case of robbery nor crime occurred in the country that I heard of during my sojourn in it.

Down by the river that ran through the property lived a Frenchman and his wife, she had evidently been in her youth a very handsome woman, and boasted of having been a Communist and Petrolist in the Paris commune after the Franco-German War. Her husband she got out of Paris by hiding him up under a very voluminous dress. They had about the only piece of ground that would grow vegetables, and very few of these, for some reason or other the soil was unsuited for growing them, and we therefore always felt the want of them. Orange groves grew not far from us and the fruit sold at half a dollar, or one shilling for about one hundred.

Another celebrity was the Chief of Police who lived about 700 yards away in quite a decent house, and about whom I shall have more to say later on.

Across the river the whole country for a day's ride belonged to an old Brazilian, Bentos-y-Mello, who owned a vast number of cattle. The inhabitants in the little village here were mostly Brazilians, the few shop people Uruguayans. Later on, as we increased our works, both Basque and Italian miners settled here. The former were both French and Spanish Basques, the latter only

Savoyards and Piedmontese. These allowed no Southern Italians to remain here. Once a party of the latter people came up for work, but were allowed to stay the night only, and had to clear out at daybreak. Only one man "Girelli," a Neapolitan, was allowed to live here on sufferance. He had a strange history; marrying when about thirty he left home a week after his baby was born, a girl, and emigrated to Uruguay leaving his wife and baby in Italy. For this baby he had worked all these years, never having seen her since he left home eighteen years ago. He never bought a thing more than absolutely obliged. Every month I used to send part of his wages home for him to his wife. Some four years afterwards I received a letter written by someone for him from Naples telling me he had arrived home for his daughter's marriage, and had safely brought with him her dowry. He always hid his savings somewhere in the "Monte," and I used to tell him that sooner or later someone would murder him for it, for everyone knew he hid his money. Surprising it was to hear of his safe home-coming, for I never thought he would get out of the country alive with it. He was very tough, for he lived on a pittance, never bought tobacco but smoked some weed he cured. Once I filled his pipe with charcoal dust, which not noticing, he smoked it out, never turning a hair or complaining of a headache even, a man who could do that could stand anything I should think. He always spoke of his wife in affectionate terms, and told me they had both agreed to his going forth to make a dowry for the baby when she grew up. Girelli was always a favourite with me, with his hard old face, for his privations had made him prematurely old.

A few miles off, the other English mine started operations, and there was soon quite a small colony of Englishmen there. The manager and myself occasionally exchanged formal visits, but I was too busy to find time to go over often, and neither had we much in common.

Later on, my *confrère* returned previous to his going home, and before doing so, we made a trip together into Brazil, into the Province of Rio Grande do Sul. We started off Uruguayan fashion, each riding our own horse, but driving a small mob of spare ones before us to be used as change horses. We started about 3 p.m. one day and rode all through the night till 8 a.m. next day, changing horses about every two to three hours. Riding thus with a drove of horses in front they will keep steadily on in a straight line, by riding a little to the right or left of their flank as they may diverge from it, and it is astonishing how quickly the time passes with such an object to occupy the mind. A gaucho acted as our guide and steered

us by the stars after dark, bringing us out at the place we wanted to go to. The distance thus travelled was over 120 miles and we arrived quite fresh. After breakfast and a siesta, we rode another twenty miles, but on fresh horses, to some mines we wished to look at. The general features of the country were very similar to those we had come from ; some little way beyond, a wooded hilly country was reported where were several saw mills run by Germans. There were a great number of German settlers in that neighbourhood, and they were said to be coming into the country with every fresh ship's arrival.

On this journey one morning we came on a Brazilian ranch where a negress, a slave, for slavery still existed then, was milking a cow. On asking her to give me a drink she promptly handed me a gourd full. On handing her back the gourd I put a quarter into it, or about sixpence. Holding it up before her eyes she exclaimed " It was the first piece of money she had ever possessed, and would sew it up in a corner of her dress and keep it as a curiosity." About a year later, the Emperor, Don Pedro, with a stroke of his pen abolished slavery. Previous to this slavery had been largely abolished, as for several years past a process of gradual emancipation had been going on in the country, and another few years yet to run would have completed it. The final and sudden emancipation of those who remained cost the Emperor his throne. It was this act that caused the old Conservative slave owners to join with the Republican party against him. Don Pedro was a loss to the country, as under his wise statesmanship he had gradually developed it and brought it to the prosperity it had then reached. When one looks backwards and contemplates how it grew in those days, it compares well with how President Porfirio Diaz developed Mexico. My father used to tell us as children about capturing a slaver off Rio, and how, when they brought it into the harbour, and they opened the hatches, how the awful stench that arose therefrom made many of them sick, and how they sorted out the half living creatures from the dead—the trade, carried on he used to say, by Liverpool merchants. The evening they brought her into Rio, the officers of the fleet attended a dinner given them by these men, and at that dinner they frankly told them that they had arranged for the captured slaver to have been run in that evening, but the Navy had been too sharp for them. They told them, too, it was the third one captured, and had they only got it through, the profits would have been on the whole transaction between 200 and 300 per cent. Think how since those days Brazil has advanced. Two years later the country was again in revolution. The fleet it will be

remembered rose against the Government under the command of Admiral Saldana. Eventually, he was driven into this Province and beaten, near where we had been, amidst much slaughter.

A letter of one of our men, a man I knew and liked well—I had afterwards sent to me, and in it he described very vividly one of those battles, how too he went round himself, cutting the throats of the wounded, how he only saw red, how he described himself as only a wild beast, how, when he afterwards got back to his own home, he sat down and cried and cried when he thought of his own brutality.

During this visit—a very instructive one—we did some hard riding, but neither of us were the least stiff or tired after it. The air was chilly but bracing, it being winter-time. The day after we got back to the village of St. Ernestina we rode out one evening a few miles to inspect the interesting sandstone escarpment that forms so prominent a landscape feature near here. The horse I rode seemed to have wooden props for legs, and I got back both tired and fearfully stiff and bruised, a ride similar to my Tarewera ride in New Zealand already described, two of the most tiring rides I have ever made.

The following day, I rode out on a horse lent to me, and as near as possible came a good cropper, only just managing to keep my seat, and it happened in this way. The native horse never jumps, it is not taught to, and riding briskly up to a rather wide ditch, I was just about to pull up when my horse bounded forward and cleared it well. The sequel as it proved afterwards was that formerly this horse belonged to the Doctor's wife who had trained it to jump.

Whilst staying in this village, I was amused to see how a gaucho would sling himself into his saddle and be out of it again, if it was only to go a few steps up the street. I was shown by one of these men a curio in the way of a smooth looking ball, about the size of a golf ball, found in the stomach of a cow, and said to be formed of the hair from horses' tails. My informant told me it was very lucky to possess one. Another thing he told me, which I found to be the general belief in the country, was, that a certain kind of snake would, when a mother was suckling a child, put its tail in the child's mouth and steal the milk itself—a very hard story to believe, but all the gauchos I have questioned about it implicitly believe it to be true. Against the entry of a snake into the house they sprinkle garlic over the threshold of the door, as they declared no snake will come near where any garlic is.

Having to take some old Brazilian title deeds to Montevideo,

we put them, with a large amount of correspondence connected with them, in a locked box, and set out. After having passed Tacuarembó at eight o'clock one morning a wheel of our coach broke. The driver and boy set out for a blacksmith's said to be twelve miles away, and my friend and myself, the only passengers since leaving Tacuarembó were left to look after our deed box. We had no food with us nor drinkables. The sun in the day was scorchingly hot, all day went by and no wheel, the night a very cold one passed and no wheel. Our position was getting serious for we had been thirty-six hours without food, except for some water we had found some two miles away. We had decided we must endeavour to reach the blacksmith's and abandon our precious box. We were a little anxious whether it was not some plot put up to obtain the deeds.

At 2 p.m. we, much to our relief, espied the returning culprits, who happily brought us back a piece of meat. They made no excuse for not having sent us any food, I don't suppose it occurred to them to do so. All they said was that the wheel was mended and had been a long job.

That night we arrived at Paso los Toros and found everybody in bed, and nothing to be got in the way of food. At 6 a.m. the station master woke me up saying the train ought to start, quickly dressing we got away, but with no breakfast, only two pounds of grapes could we manage to secure between us, and not until noon did we get a breakfast at Florida, where we stopped for it. Arriving in Montevideo I was detained there some weeks before I could get back again, awaiting certain instructions from England. Here I made a good many friends and several on board H.M.S. *Ruby* and *Swallow*, which were in port. Captain Kennedy of the *Ruby*, was a remarkably fine shot. During this time I went up the coast in a cable ship with several officers from these ships, who landed us at Maldonado, a small sea coast town.

Here we took a small empty house and camped in it with two blue-jackets as cook and servant, and with the provisions we had brought with us we had a capital time picnicking out. Hiring a few horses we used to ride out a few miles where we had some very good partridge shooting. One morning, we went goose shooting; there were hundreds of geese, but as there was no cover and the ganders too good sentinels, it was impossible to get near them, but by dint of great patience in stalking them, I got a shot and was lucky enough to be the only one to bag one. The weather was all that could be desired, bright, though the sun was hot, yet out of it, the air was crisp and bucked us all up after the heat of the late summer. Previously to leaving Montevideo I had sent my baggage back to the

mine. After ten most delightful days I bade all good-bye, and started on my overland journey. With a small "swag," rifle and bandolier, with a pair of top boots, trousers and flannel shirt, I set out on my long journey of about 240 miles looking, I fear, rather like a ruffian. I rode some ten miles, sending back my horse when I met the up-country coach. My fellow passengers were two Brazilian ladies and their husbands, and an old knocked-kneed German tramp as he turned out to be. The ladies as the old books would say, were persons of quality, dressed in black silk dresses, and with much embroidery and gold chains; just think of it, how suitably dressed for a dusty journey of two days and two nights, for they were going to Tacuarembó. They addressed me in Spanish, I said "no intiendo," or "don't understand." Nothing is more tiring than to have to carry on a conversation in a language one is not too well versed in, when travelling in a jolting conveyance. My friend the knocked-kneed German, for so he proved himself, was perhaps the wittiest man I ever came across. I never laughed so continuously for two days as I did on that journey, he kept me for the whole time amused and in fits of laughter, with a never ending account of his experiences as a tramp through Europe, the States, and of late in Brazil, and when I left him, I told him when again in Europe to get someone to write down his story as he gave it me, and his fortune would be made, Mark Twain was not in the running with him. A keen observer of humanity, a perfect mimic in repeating his conversations, which were full of wit and drollery, nothing coarse or vulgar as one might have expected from such a man, self-taught, educated by contact with all sorts of people, and yet retaining his main characteristics, a tramp, with no other ambition than to go on and end his days tramping. His hobby if one may so call it, was "The Study of Humanity," and mostly on the humorous side. Our travelling companions he sized up exactly as one could picture them in their ordinary daily life. He told me he made up his mind as a boy of twelve years old, to travel the world over, and that it should cost him nothing, neither did he intend to work, but mainly live on his wits, and this he could easily do, for after my two days entertainment, I was only too glad to add something fairly substantial to his purse. Whoever the man, he was born a genius, but had missed his vocation. He seemed to have travelled Europe thoroughly, and the States he knew equally well.

Brazil he described as the meanest country he had ever set foot in, the first country he had been in where he had to do manual work to save up enough money to get out of it.

He was then before going home, taking a flying visit through Uruguay, and also intended visiting Buenos Ayres, and returning to Montevideo, to study its people. I was greatly amused by my Brazilian companions, I heard them discuss myself and the German. They said, "although we had got into the coach separately, it had been prearranged, we were robbers and they were in a very dangerous position—at night we should rob them." The two men arranged at night each to keep watch in turns, and so they did, for in the "Pulperia" with our camp beds arranged around the room, every now and again a match was struck as one or the other whose turn it might be, would sit up and cast his eye around the room.

At Tacuarembó the coach stopped, and I bid goodbye to my friend. Some months afterwards when again in Montevideo I had an appointment with Don Vasquez Acevado and in his waiting room were my four former coach companions. I saw they recognised me, and as I was at once ushered into the doctor's room, they betrayed still greater surprise. I told Don Vasquez my story over which he laughed immoderately and said he should ask them if they still thought I was a robber.

The gauchos were always an enigma to me, for they seemed to think only in horses and cattle; and their minds were apparently so absorbed in them that the outside world had no interest for them. Cattle and horses, horses and cattle they discussed amongst themselves all day long. The youths alone seemed to have a third subject to add to those, *viz.*, "Muchachas" (girls).

As an example of how these people think as above described, it has often happened in my experience that on asking one of them "Have you seen a foreigner go by?" they would answer "No, they hadn't noticed any stranger on the road," but only describe the horse he was mounted on, and they would answer immediately in the affirmative. A horse belonging to some other herd than the one he may be looking after, no matter how large a troop, is at once spotted. For horses they have over 130 words expressing different shades of colour, and natural markings, and for cattle these are greatly exceeded in number, and with an entirely different name for the same colour as in those of horses, indeed, they form a language in themselves. Each owner has a registered mark with which his horses and cattle are branded. The number of these brands is almost infinite, yet no two are alike, and the ordinary gaucho knows them for a hundred miles around, a task greater almost than learning Chinese characters, for some of these marks are equally intricate.

The forging by a slight alteration, or addition to a brand was

quite an art at one time, and was practised with considerable skill, and very extensively until the Government brought in very severe penalties against this species of forgery. No one now is allowed to sell a horse without giving the buyer a bill of sale with the marks with which it has been branded upon it, and if the horse has been bought before, a description of the last owner. In this way the stealing of cattle and horses from each other, which led to constant blood feuds, has, as a practice been put an end to, though sporadic cases still occur.

Our driver of yesterday, a broad-shouldered and well set up young man, but deeply pitted with small-pox marks, turned up quite a pompous swell. I hardly recognised him, and let me describe his get up. His hat was of a soft black felt, and around his neck was a pale blue silk handkerchief tied in a rough sailor's knot, below which was a flowing wide collar with another tie of the same colour tied in a huge bow, and which set off his very loud striped cotton shirt, and over all a cut away jacket of a fine black cloth, and from the breast pocket of which hung a massive gold chain. His wide bombachos were of the same fine material as his jacket, and round his waist a silk sash was wound several times, of a rich deep purple colour, from which protruded the massive silver handle of his knife, itself hidden in its folds. His small feet were encased in a pair of Basque slippers with a striped pattern worked upon them, above which showed the tops of a pair of socks of a striped pattern to match the slippers, of a rather gaudy blue and red colour. The transformation was complete, for yesterday he had been dressed in a striking contrast with what he appeared in to-day. He wore an old much weather-worn felt hat, a shawl not unlike a North Country factory girl's headgear, tied in a loose knot round his neck and worn ragged, a torn shirt, a pair of mud plastered bombachos, tied round the ankles with strips of dirty calico, and on his dirty bare feet an old worn out pair of carpet slippers. These he managed to keep on his feet in quite a miraculous fashion, as he jumped up to or down from his box seat, and pulled his horses into their places. He was a typical son of the plains. Later on in the day he appeared with his slippers replaced by a pair of top boots, silver spurred, and as he passed me on his horse there was a look on his face as if to say, "I the beggar of yesterday, am to-day a Prince," and with his carriage he looked it. The women will talk naturally of their children, of their husbands, but largely of dress. Strange as it may seem, dress among these cattle people is perhaps the one topic of the women. You may go into a dirty looking hovel and see the women dressed in bedraggled

clothes, but hidden away in boxes round the room, which also serve as seats, are the treasures of dresses and finery belonging to the women, and with pride they show you also a collection of loud patterned shirts belonging to their husbands. One seldom comes across them dressed up in gala costume, and it seemed to me that it was not the wearing of the dress that had any special charm for them, but the unpacking and bringing out of these hidden treasures, and showing them to their visitors.

A type of a rich wealthy Brazilian gaucho was that of my neighbour across the river, Bentos-y-Melo. He lived in an adobe house little better than those of his own "peons"—cowhides spread on the floor for beds, and yet he owned vast herds of cattle. The only outward semblance to anything approaching to owning more than his cattlemen, was in the fine silver trappings of his horse and in the large retinue of his immediate attendants.

Owing to the distance from the coast, and many ferries over the intervening rivers, whose charges were exorbitant, the cattle were only killed for their skins and tallow, hence there was little or no inducement to breed other than a coarse, strong type, which giving thicker hides was more profitable. The only herd I came across of better strain in this province was that of the Colonel's before referred to.

The French company owed Bentos-y-Melo a considerable sum of money, which I was deputed to pay over to him, when he arrived one night after dark with a large retinue to receive it. In Uruguay every cheque or receipt has not only to have a person's signature, but a "rubrica" or a flourish under it, which must always be the same. Bentos-y-Melo's rubrica was as intricate as a Chinese character. He could barely sign his name, and whilst drawing it, which took him fully ten minutes to do, he shaded it over with his hand and prevented us, who were sitting in front of him, from seeing how he did it. When finished he looked behind him, and seeing a bitter enemy of his standing there exclaimed: "To think of it, for forty years no one has even seen me sign my rubrica, and now my enemy has seen me make it." The old man was greatly disturbed, and said he would sooner have foregone the money.

One of the first things I had to do on my return to the mine was to establish a brick yard, as bricks were needed to build quarters for the men. To knead the clay we used horses, with a few boys to drive them, a rough and ready method, yet a very effective one, and a very uncommon sight it was to see these unbroken horses being made by a few little boys to trample and knead the clay, into which they struggled knee deep as they wildly tried to free

themselves clear, but these little urchins were too clever for them, and made them go round and round until they used to fall from sheer exhaustion, and were then let out.

I must not forget the wild flowers, for like all prairies, whether those of North America, the Steppes of Siberia, or of the Uruguayan pampas they were very beautiful and varied, especially a white and varied species of verbena, and a very delicate lavender coloured ground orchid that grew around very plentifully.

Of bird life the French partridges were fairly plentiful, and a large partridge half as big again, whose strange weird whistle would always betray its presence, and quite the best game bird I ever tasted; so far as I know, it is only known in these parts. Duck too, at certain seasons were to be had for the shooting, and also snipe. Of the common birds a black and white bird was especially noticeable and known as the "Viuda," or Widow Bird, about the size of a chaffinch. Of eagles and hawks there were many kinds. The South American ostrich used to come almost up to our houses; coming to a fence they would just hop over it without any effort, and many a time have I seen them quietly feeding amidst our horses, and prodigious quantities of grass they consumed. Only once, being anxious to secure a specimen, did I ever shoot at them; when wounding one I tried to run him down, and as my horse began to give out a little gaucho boy, quite a small one, came up with a lasso, threw it over its neck when a struggle began between the two. The bird was too strong, the iron ring at the end of the lasso prevented the bird from being throttled as the loop could not run down close enough to do so. Gradually the ostrich pulled horse and rider into a swamp, when to save his horse the boy had to let go his lasso, and off went the bird with it, and without difficulty crossed the swamp. Before I could get a clear sight of the bird—for the boy had got between me and it—he was well on his way, running at top speed with a slight limp, a parting shot missed him. Flocks of spur winged plover were so common that they were a regular nuisance to us, as with their cries they always gave the partridge the alarm of our approach when out shooting.

In a small lake near by, we used to have good fun with a kind of river hog, a species peculiar to South America, who, like the hippotamus is amphibious. The doctor had a retriever who would hunt these animals, and getting one by the ears it would, if the hog got to the water, go down with him right under it, but would have to let go as the hog could keep under for a greater length of time. The dog would wait and wait, for the hog would generally come up in the same spot, when he would again seize him and both go down

together. I doubt if a finer water dog ever existed. The flesh of these animals was rank and quite uneatable, but we used to get much amusement out of them and the dog.

After getting things fairly going I received a cable from my firm telling me to return home, and put in hand what plant and stores we needed, but to be prepared to return at the earliest possible date; yet a few weeks intervened before I finally got off. Meanwhile I had cabled to my *fiancée* to be prepared for our wedding and to return here with me. Arriving in Montevideo, on going to the Club it happened as I entered, a young English waiter was stabbed badly in two places by an Irish waiter who had long been in the country, and so had absorbed its ways. I got the wounded man into the English hospital and he was not expected to live, but on my return from England, I was glad to hear he had recovered and gone home. The Irishman got away into Argentina.

On my way home I was to go to Santos, and from there to a small place beyond San Paolo. Whilst waiting in Montevideo for a steamer I used to sit at meals at the same table with a young Englishman traveller who had just arrived from Brazil. At breakfast one morning, I missed him, and on the following day after dinner I asked if he had gone away, when I was told he had died yesterday from yellow fever, and had been buried that day. He represented a large Birmingham saddlery firm, and had quite a fine collection of Brazilian saddles and saddlery, some of it superbly mounted and ornamented in silver, but made in Birmingham.

Leaving Montevideo by steamer for Santos I arrived there to find yellow fever raging. Twelve ships were in the river without their crews, fever having swept them off. For two ships, volunteer crews had been sent out from home to man them, but most of these were dead and the remainder in hospital. Santos has well earned its sobriquet "The City of the Dead." I stayed here no longer than my business forced me to, and left for San Paolo, the second largest city in Brazil, situated on the high plateau behind Santos, and only a few hours by rail from it.

The ascent to it is made by a long incline, up which the train is drawn by a series of powerful stationary engines located at fixed intervals. The ascent from the low country up to the high country is not dissimilar to that from the low country in the North-East of the Transvaal to the high, only there one goes by coach, and not by rail as here. The journey up is an interesting one, and as in South Africa, one changes in a short time from a hot, steamy climate into a temperate one.

San Paolo I was disappointed in, one of the richest towns in

Brazil, mainly supported by the export coffee trade. The coffee export through it and by way of Santos is the largest in the world. The railway to Santos, with that across the Isthmus of Panama, are the two richest lines in the world for their mileage.

San Paolo itself was so dominated by Germans it gave me the impression that the rumoured intention of Germany to occupy the South of Brazil had some basis. From here I went to a place whose name I have forgotten, and afterwards by rail to Rio. The first half of the journey is through a desert country, and a very unpleasant one it was, for notwithstanding that all the windows were kept shut, the fine impalpable powder pervaded everything, and covered even the food one was eating. The latter half of it was very fine as we passed through a rich coffee planted country, while the hill scenery as we drew near Rio, was indescribably lovely.

CHAPTER XIX.

URUGUAY CONTINUED.

AFTER an uneventful voyage home, I was married, and we spent a month at home. Then we set out together, my bride and I, for Uruguay. We took with us a young English servant who had been three years in my father-in-law's house. One of my firm had approached me about a nephew of his, a man about thirty-four years of age, married and with two children, an accountant, but given to drink. Would I give him one last chance, perhaps away in so lonely a spot he would be out of temptation. I argued I thought not, that he would, being cut off from all society, drink the more. As a matter of policy I gave in and took him.

My bride was an only daughter, and her father, an old veteran of Sikh campaigns and of the Crimean War, with her mother came to see us off at Southampton, and I verily believe had it been to India instead of Uruguay, they would have been quite content. But Uruguay was so unknown, and if known at all, connected with revolutions, that had it not been that I had known the family for so many years, they would never have let their daughter marry a man going to Uruguay.

On going on board our steamer I found my friend drunk, and had to inveigle him off and get him out of sight before my parents-in-law could twig he formed one of my party. He, I am sorry, continued to imbibe most of the way, but as he was a second-class passenger we saw little of him. Before arriving at Montevideo he straightened up and kept sober for about three or four months after we went up country. At last I had to give him the sack. I paid his journey down to Buenos Ayres, and gave him a letter to the Manager of one of the Argentine railways telling him his whole history, and asking him to give him a final chance. This he very kindly did, and gave him a time keeper's billet on the line. For several months he kept straight, when he broke out again and got sacked from his job. The last that was ever seen of him was lying drunk on a grave in a cemetery outside Buenos Ayres, and from that day to this nothing has ever been seen or heard of him. Personally, when sober,

he was a nice man, but his malady was an incurable disease with him. I did all I could to save him, but all attempts were in vain :— one of life's tragedies !

At Lisbon, we went to the Hotel Braganza where we received a telegram telling us of the death of a very old friend Col. C—— who had been killed in the Black Mountain Expedition.

I took my bride for a drive to see the Convent and Church at Belem, in which she was so interested that it took up most of the time we had to spare on shore—and thus she wrote home describing her drive :—“ On the road we passed men and women jogging through the town on horses or mules, with immense sized panniers on either side of them filled with merchandise of one sort and another ; also women walking along carrying baskets of fish on their heads, others with coal. Their dress is much more picturesque than that of our poor who put on an old gown anyhow, with their full short coloured petticoats, loose blouse bodices with full sleeves, a gay-coloured handkerchief thrown over their head and dropping down corner wise on to their backs, and some with low round black felt hats. The strangest part of their dress, the use of which I could not perceive, was a shawl tightly wound round and tied a little lower than the waist. We passed several gardens with flowering shrubs and huge palms, one of which of smaller size would be a treasure in an English conservatory. Many acacia trees were out in flower, but mostly red instead of white. Chrysanthemums were very plentiful, and in great variety. Arriving in Belem we first visited the Church, a building with a mass of carving spread in great profusion throughout it—said to be 300 years old, in those times they certainly knew how to build solidly, yet gracefully and magnificently. Inside it was very large and lofty. Two immense richly carved pillars attracted my attention with their numerous niches filled with saints all the way up them, there were smaller ones also, these supported the roofs which sprung out and up from them in radiating like pattern. On either side of the high altar were three great figures most gorgeously dressed with quantities of waxen flowers around their feet. I wonder what these martyred saints would do with them if they came to life. But enough of my faint description of architecture at which C—— will laugh. From the Church we went to the convent school which is supported by voluntary contributions, about 450 to 500 little orphans are clothed and fed here. We were shown the long clean dormitories, each with twenty beds on either side of it, forty little tiny beds with blue cotton coverlets reaching to the ground, and with a little smock neatly folded up at the foot of each bed. In the great dining hall on long plain deal

tables we saw their breakfast things laid out, a napkin with its ring for every child being provided, in addition to the usual cup and saucer and plate. The walls were studded with tile pictures, which were scenes from the life of Joseph, and Christ blessing the little children. In the middle of the building was a large courtyard laid out with poinsettia trees, which looked lovely to eyes only accustomed to see one or two blooms on top of a low plant in a hot house. The corridor around the yard where we walked was most beautifully carved. From these we passed into a small chapel all of white marble, with a sarcophagus in the centre. Over the altar was a large picture of the Crucifixion. As we left the church at a little distance along the sea-shore, we saw the monument erected to 'Vasco da Gama.' Such were the impressions of a young girl of her first footsteps on a foreign shore. The day had passed so quickly, and our ship being due to sail at 5 p.m., we had only time to take a tram trip round the town and up the hill, before going on board.

We called in at Pernambuco, Macio and Bahia, but did not go on shore, save at the latter place, and again I quote part of what she wrote about her visit there:—"As we came into Bahia we had a magnificent view of it, passing first the light house and then country villas between it and the town, as we gradually steamed along we got a full view of the harbour and town made up of queer old houses, with no verandahs but running straight up and packed close together, painted yellow and white, but principally blue and white, also other colours. To the landing steps it was a long pull, and when we arrived they were so rickety and old I was afraid to trust myself upon them, but as we stepped off at the top of them one felt as if suddenly transported into Arabian night scenes or the city where Aladdin lived. The gay cottons of the negresses, the flapping hats of some of the negroes, or else their woolly heads, the queer narrow streets, the mules, the pineapples strewn about the ground in the market struck my English eyes, and a thousand and one new impressions were jumbling so fast upon me, I scarce could take them all in. The sights were better than the smells of the place which were to say the least very strong. The negresses were most amusing, some hugely fat with their dark skins shining like satin. They put on all sorts of combinations of coloured dresses in what we would call bad taste, but their very gaudiness and brilliancy in the bright sunlight gave to them a charm one could not but help admiring. A few, dressed very smartly, proudly strutted about self-conscious, and very pleased with themselves.

"After visiting the markets we went for a tram ride out to the lighthouse where T—— had been before and told us about. The

scenery along the road was wonderful to me, the flowers and trees, also wotan growing as large shrubs, stephanotis growing over trellises as jasmine does at home. Cocoonut palms, bananas, zapote trees, breadnut, jack fruit trees, tube roses, roses, poinsettias, caladiums, oleanders, and heaps of others I did not know the names of were growing in rich profusion.

“The country villas were so pretty, white or blue tiled were the fashion, with their verandahs ornamented with strange coloured glass balls, and standing in their most lovely gardens. There was no particular style or form about them, each one different from the other, but all looked cool and pleasing. I saw my first humming-bird, a green one darting in and out of red flowers. On the way back we paid another visit to the markets, in the live stock one, there was a puma in a cage, in another a great snake, the horror! and all kinds of beautiful birds and monkeys. T—— bought me the sweetest little marmosette in a cage, and so tame. We bought a basketful of fruit, pineapples for sixpence each, and such beauties, and zapotes, these were quite a new fruit to me. It looks something like a small potato but rounder, and in taste between a melon and a pear, and divided into segments like an orange. I most thoroughly enjoyed our day at Bahia, every minute of it, it was all such a new experience to me, so like a New World, as indeed it was.”

“On the third morning after we reached Bahia we arrived in the harbour of Rio Janeiro. I cannot imagine a more beautiful one, it quite beats description, and needs someone more eloquent than myself to depict its glories, so that my pen is of little use, and I shall not try to picture it as a whole, but give you glimpses of how it impressed me. As we steamed along we passed the tall sugar loaf shaped mountain that guards its entrance. On the Emperor's return from France lately, the ladies in Rio made an enormous flag with the word “Salve” on it, each letter being three metres long, and this some school boys let down over the top of the Peak, so the first thing the Emperor saw was his welcome, and this is said to have greatly pleased him. Rio is one maze of beautiful hills with its peaks surrounding this great harbour, dotted about with its beautiful islands, and the vegetation so different to all one has seen at home, only known to one by pictures. It is a revelation to me that such beauty really exists. The town itself is made up of all kinds of architecture with vivid colouring. The negroes, negresses, the Brazilians with their dark brown skins, the markets with their extraordinary variety of fruits, not only tropical and sub-tropical ones, but our own, strawberries for instance were plentiful, helped to make a wonderful scene.

But I was so bewildered with the luxuriant growth of nature around, the rows and rows of stately palms, even in the town itself that its very profusion makes, as I said, description impossible, one does not know where to begin and where to end; one's thoughts about it all are like itself a mass of entanglements, so I have to come down to the more mundane aspects of life. After lunch, as it was raining, we went out on the balcony and watched the people in the street, and most entertaining it was. In the middle of the pavement below us was a long row of arm-chairs, each with a huge umbrella fastened on at the back of it, and with newspapers hanging on their sides. These were boot black's chairs in which their customers sat and read the papers sheltered from the sun or rain, a most luxurious way of having your boots blackened. Then we did a little shopping and afterwards drove to Tjuca, a few miles out but up in the hills. Unfortunately, the rain came down in a tropical downpour, we could see nothing and only felt the jolting, for our four mules tore at such a frantic pace, it was difficult to keep our seats. At last White's Hotel was reached, picturesquely situated in the midst of all that was lovely, which we fully realised, for we spent the next day there. Again it rained, but cleared for short intervals, when we made the most of them, and just simply revelled amongst flowers and flowering trees. The magnolias were especially noticeable, and a Paraguay vine whose branches were entirely covered with a violet and white blossom. The heavy clouds as they floated across the tops of the trees below us, and the steam arising from out of the latter was a sight so unlike anything one sees in England that I shall ever remember it. Early next morning we awoke to find the rain coming down worse than ever, and I was disappointed not to have had a clear view of the harbour which is said to be exceptionally fine as seen from here. I had so thoroughly enjoyed my visit here that I was sorry to leave its paradise. We arrived safely back in Rio after a race for life it almost seemed as we tore down those hills, and once more rejoined our ship.

On the second day out from Rio, we came in sight of Santos about six o'clock in the morning. It was such a pretty entry, with what looked like big shrubs growing right down to the water's edge, and high hills at the back of the town. The tide was in and what I mistook for shrubs afterwards proved to be mangrove trees. The place is very unhealthy so we didn't go ashore—the houses look light and pretty. Paddling about were lots of little canoes, some of whose black occupants were busy fishing. Few people were about on shore and those we did see appeared to be looking about and

doing nothing, some leaning against their doors looked as if part of them, for they never seemed to move, and on the foreshore were little black children playing about.

Leaving Santos on the third day out, we arrived off Montevideo, glad to be on shore again, and away from all the smells of a ship, chief among which was that horrid chloride of lime that seemed to pervade everywhere, even to the food, and the feeling of there only being a plank between us and eternity."

We were joined soon afterwards by our mine-captain, whom I had engaged in England, and who remained with us to the end of our years spent in Uruguay, and whom I occasionally see now when we again go back over those days spent together, which have left many happy remembrances. As I used to tell my future wife, "If you can stand the journey up, which will be a rough one, and I can once get you to the mines, you will be perfectly happy there, though it may be a lonely life for you," and so it all happened. The journey up was a rough one, for rain having fallen, the country was heavy, and we took four days to make it from the terminus of the railway. Starting out early one morning she and I on the box seats, O——, the accountant, and the maid inside, we had barely gone twenty miles out, when in getting through a bog hole, the whole coach was turned over, and we were thrown out into the mud. Plastered in it we looked a sorry sight. The driver picked my wife up and carried her across to a piece of dry ground. Going round to the back of the coach, completely over-turned, there was only to be seen a mass of struggling legs in the air, each one in his endeavours to get out was pulling down the other. On opening the door they were soon out, the maid had the marmosette in her hand, which she had bravely stuck to. Finding no one hurt we all sat on some sacks thrown on the ground, and formed one of the merriest parties you could imagine, for our plight struck us all as so comical that we nearly died of laughing. The fore wheel was found to be broken. Just then, a country cart coming up took us all up, and two other passengers, and we drove back six miles to a small house we had passed on the way. As we all had to stand up in it, we must have looked as if going to our execution, for in appearance it was like one of those tumbrils we see pictured in the French revolution. It was raining and everything combined to depress us, for we had no idea we were going to be detained in the little mud hut ahead of us, yet we were all in the best of spirits, the maid alone asking her mistress "where could master be taking us to." On our arrival, we found a woman, her husband, their six boys and two girls all living in this two-

roomed tiny hut, and how we were all going to fit in was the question, but somehow we did it. We had a big luncheon basket with us, a really good asado (roast meat) and we made a very good mid-day meal. The washing-up process was very funny, the woman took what was left in the glasses and got about half a glass full of water from them, into this she dipped the corner of her apron and wiped the plates, and so on the cups and saucers, while she gave the baby on her lap the spout of the teapot to suck. I saw my wife and the maid exchanging glances ; this was indeed a new experience to them, but I assured them we would get some boiling water later on and rewash them. During the afternoon, the woman turned out her boxes and showed us their contents, amongst them her wedding dress of apple-green satin with quantities of lace let in it, her husband's shirts, new ones of very remarkable patterns. This took up the afternoon. As promised we had collected some wood around and got a good fire on which we boiled a pot of water and all set to work to rewash the crockery, knives and forks, much to the good woman's chagrin, who explained they had been washed and were "very clean." Just after dark the coach turned up, greatly to my relief, for I was beginning to get alarmed lest we should have to put in a night here. The fire-flies were in great abundance, and the small hill near by is known as the "Hill of Ghosts," in connection probably with them. To my wife and the maid who had never seen so many, and such bright ones, they were another new experience.

Once again we were on our way and continued on to midnight, when we stopped for four hours at a "pulperia." Here the only place I could find for my wife and maid to sleep on was an old dis-used billiard table in an outhouse. So nothing daunted, they slept as best they could on the hard table, I on a narrow form alongside them. About 3 a.m. two men came in and roused up a pig in the corner of the shed whose presence we had been unaware of, and proceeded to cut its throat. This was too much for my wife, and she was off that table and out of the door and into the dark before I could look round. As daylight broke, the doctor from the mine, in bombachos, a poncho and with a wide brimmed soft felt hat and top boots, arrived with a native servant, and driving eight horses before them. He had had a terrible journey down, and prognosticated the same for us, even if we could get through at all. The rivers were in flood, difficult to pass, and the roads heavy. A rather black look-out ! The doctor, a tall man with a pair of kindly brown eyes, looked save for these an out and out ruffian, unshaven, dirty and tired, and I had some difficulty in making my wife believe that when dressed and properly groomed he looked the gentleman he was.

The second day we started again leaving the doctor to go on to Paso los Toros, whither he was bound. The first river we came to we stuck in the middle of ; inside the coach all were up to their knees while we fared little better outside. Across the river we met our bullock carts which were taking our heavy baggage and stores up to the mine, and which I had sent on several days ahead of us. My wife, wet as she was about the feet was quite fascinated with them. " the prettiest sight " she wrote of them, " one sees on the road, the oxen bending their heads so patiently to the yokes, and going along so softly and steadily. There were eight to ten pairs to a waggon, and by their side rode their drivers wrapped up in their big ponchos ; one of the riders was a little atom of a child, his tiny legs just reaching across the saddle, he was mounted on a big horse, and quite at home on it. As we came up he galloped ahead, and showed off his horsemanship. On the way up, I used to amuse myself with noticing the patterns of the gaucho ponchos, all either of a light or dark brown shade with different patterns on them, and of great variety, for I don't believe I saw two alike."

Seven leagues beyond we came to another river and here we had to remove the baggage into a boat and cross ourselves in it. The horses attached to the coach were loosened, but still attached to it by long raw hide traces, and swam across the river, the coach being dragged along by them with the water almost up to the top of it. With the outriders swimming their horses and lashing the fourteen coach horses, it looked a mad turn-out, but it came through all right. As all this took some time my wife and maid were able to change their stockings and footgear, and to get into dry ones again. A few leagues further on we came to another river, but here a new sort of way of crossing was experienced—on a " balso," or raft made out of empty barrels, on which some stringers are lashed and plank nailed across them, with a railing on either side. It is worked across the river by a rope attached to it, and at the other end attached to a barrel or a " whim " turned by horses running round it harnessed to long arms projecting from it. We had lost so much time in crossing these rivers that instead of only being two hours from Tacuarembó as darkness set in, we were several hours late. The night proved to be exceptionally dark and rainy, and several times the trail was lost, but our outriders soon picked it up again. Many times we had all to get out and walk where the road was very bad. In one place on a steep slant they threw lassoes over the top of the coach, and the men had to get up the side of the hill and hang on to them to prevent the coach from turning over.

About 4 a.m. we heard the cocks crowing, and half-an-hour after-

wards we were at Don Julio's hotel. No one wanted any food, and all very quickly disappeared to their bedrooms, and we were soon fast asleep. By 8 a.m. we were up and sitting down to a splendid breakfast, Don Julio and his wife called it Tacuarembó's wedding breakfast to my bride and self. First we had soup followed by pickled-partridges, rissoles, brain fritters, and then, when we had well breakfasted, a stuffed turkey with all sorts of herbs, and garnished with little rolls of bacon appeared, and looking so appetising we practically restarted breakfast, winding up with a custard pudding served with burnt sugar sauce.

Thus fortified, we started out again on the third day of our trip. At Tres Cruces, or Three Crosses, we came to another balso. This had been the scene of three murders a little while ago, and three crosses had been put up to mark the place. At sunset we came on another river with no balso, into this we plunged and in the middle the coach sank into a hole, luckily a ledge of rocks alongside enabled us to scramble on to them, but the passengers inside the coach had to scramble through the windows, and work their way alongside the coach to the box seat, from which they could spring on to the rocks, and on the back of a horse we one by one made our way ashore. Here we found a house the owner of which, with his two daughters, took us in for the night. As Don Julio had refilled our lunch basket, we made a good supper, and soon afterwards turned in to make-up shifts instead of beds. Before doing so, I went out to see how the coach was faring, and had the satisfaction of seeing it dragged out of the river. The driver and boys were very tired and exhausted, but a night's rest put them all right, so used are they to the road.

As our fourth day's journey was to be only a short one we did not get up until late, and notwithstanding my wife's and maid's hard make-up sort of bed, they had both slept well. The maid, though, showed signs of giving in and was very done. My wife, to the surprise of all, was quite fresh and cheery. Never had she had such an experience, or anything to resemble it. I had been very anxious about the journey up, especially as we had been so unlucky in getting such bad weather, and I was myself feeling really tired. It was a lovely bright sunny morning, the clouds all having cleared away, and once more we set out.

At Cuñapiru, we came to our last balso, but though strong enough for us to cross by, as it was out of repair the coach had to cross through the river, which it successfully did, but they forgot to take out the mail bag, and it was sodden when we recovered it.

The driver forthwith opened the bag, turned it out on to the grass,

and as the wind was blowing, away went the least sodden of the letters, and we all scrambling after them. Then with stones to weight them down, the coach waited for a couple of hours to dry them in the sun and wind, while we walked on and went over the French Company's works here, meeting M. G—— a very nice old French gentleman, who lived close by them, and was looking after the Company's interests. We met here also the old Irishman who had been twenty-five years in the country, and who had almost forgotten his mother tongue, though not his brogue. He had given me a small nugget "for my missus" as a wedding present. The man had a history. Later on, he joined me at the mines, and was always a favourite of my wife's.

Leaving Cuiñapiru, we found the doctor's house empty, him we had left on his way to Paso los Toros to meet his wife, who had been home on a visit after many years absence, and who had arrived in Montevideo the day we left it. We stayed a short time with Don Ignatius, the one storekeeper here, who with his wife and baby, grandfather and grandmother, were a very happy family. As we were starting a native girl ran out of a house, picked some flowers and threw them into my wife's lap, a pretty little action which was like a welcome to her on her arrival almost at our destination, for within a few miles her new home was awaiting her.

And thus she wrote home of it: "And at last after five days of the most trying journey we reached and saw our future home. There are three houses altogether with their outside kitchen and outhouses, all are vividly painted and whitewashed outside, but our own immediate one is painted a pale blue and it is very nice," and she goes on to describe it in detail, "and again from our large sitting room we have a magnificent view of the hills opposite and below it there runs, at the base of the steep hill on the edge of which our house is built, a rapid flowing river, fringed with trees and bushes, the only trees around us." "I was agreeably surprised with the house after all T—— had told me about it." Now as I had left the inside of the house to be done up after her own ideas rather than risk my own, and have the house ready for us to go in, I had made arrangements with M. A—— to take us in and put us up for a couple of weeks or so. By the time we had had a look round it was almost dark before we reached his house, and oh! what a horror met me, for there was the houseboy sweeping out our bedroom, and he had five dead scorpions in the dust he was sweeping out; fortunately my wife did not notice them, and I managed to stand on them and crush them to pieces to prevent any risk of recognition. I congratulated myself on having so success-

fully hidden away their traces, but that very evening M. A—— quietly told us, as the doors of our rooms opened out on to the yard, and on a level with the ground, the scorpions were always getting in from a pile of dead wood he had stacked in the yard and which swarmed with them, that they never crawled up into the beds and were quite harmless as long as we had our boots on. He further went on to tell us the boy swept all the rooms out twice or thrice a day, seldom without finding some about. This sounded very terrifying to a young girl just out from home, and to the maid even more so. She was certainly much alarmed, and on going to bed converted the top of her bed into a dressing room. Annie the maid was less philosophical and lived in terror of them. It was fortunate he gave us an explanation for their abundance, but ever after my wife would not have fire-wood stacked anywhere near our house. I never in my life saw so many scorpions as in the few days we spent there. I wanted to have the pile of wood removed, but my good wife begged me not to upset M. A—— who was so hospitable and kind to us. I hinted to him however we might do so, and some of my men could be engaged, but he was afraid it would be stolen if put outside the yard, and firewood in these treeless regions was both expensive and difficult to obtain. It sounds more dreadful perhaps than was really the case, as the floors were all cemented and kept bare of mats it was easy to see them, and "familiarity which breeds contempt" soon made us accustomed to them, but we never sat down to a meal without first scanning the floor to find any lurking enemy.

As my wife during these few days was busy superintending things at our own house, it was only in getting up and in the evening we had to be careful about them. M. A—— in his top boots which he always wore was perfectly safe, and both my wife and maid temporised leather gaiters to put on above their boots and looped up their dresses so they should not fall on the floor. The house had such a number of rooms opening out into the various other rooms it was simply impossible to keep all shut or blocked up. The heat too, made us keep some open, and through them these wretched little scorpions or "alacrans" got in. There was one creature my wife really dreaded and that was a snake. Scorpions were as nothing to snakes to her. It was a few weeks after we had been here, when walking together one evening, I suddenly missed her from my side, turning round I saw her like Lot's wife, looking as if turned into a pillar of salt. She was ashy white, motionless, speechless, with her eyes fixed on the ground a little ahead of us, and there was a snake, a good large one, slowly uncoiling

itself. Having a small stock whip in my hand, I struck it across the nape of the neck and killed it instantly. Even dead she could not look at it. The little adventure had made her positively sick. But again, "familiarity breeds contempt," for as the months rolled by, and she had become accustomed to seeing them now and again, I had often to warn her about picking flowers in the thick grass, and scrub by the river side, which she loved to do.

Months rolled on and our first baby was born, a girl, and the doctor's wife became her "comadre" or godmother. In this country the godfather and godmother have great rights over the godchild, as they have a legal right to take the child from the parents if they ill-treat it. However there was no fear of any such event on our part, as the little mite was the darling of our camp. The Brazilians, who had never seen so fair a child, used to come in miles to see her. A half Spanish, half Brazilian girl was engaged as her nurse. Pepa we called her, a very pretty dark creature she was, with long black hair, and with the baby in her arms the contrast was great. Pepa had been told she was never to go with the baby beyond the gate of our compound, but one day she did and a great fright she gave us all. It was Christmas day, and all the staff were at our house sitting down to a Christmas dinner, when Annie the maid, came rushing in saying Pepa and the baby were nowhere to be seen. We all got up and searched the country round, and the village, but no Pepa, and no baby could be found; when at our wit's end to know what to do she was discovered in the back room of the village "pulperia" (inn) sitting on the floor and showing the baby off to an admiring group of gauchos who had crowded in to see the little goddess. After that my wife was always a little nervous, and of an evening the child used to lie on the sofa where she slept soundly, and often in a room filled with men smoking and talking.

As I now sit writing these records of the past, there again sits that same baby, grown up, with her own babe who is not unlike her, playing together with the same cornelian bead necklace she, as a babe, often was adorned with by her mother. And as I sit I think how the mother would have loved to have seen this little picture I am looking at, how she would have adored that little grandchild, whom she never saw.

I will relate a few further little incidents of our life here, without going into the detail of it. One day my wife and myself were out riding, about four miles from our camp, in what we called the monte, a stretch of bush-covered country, with a few trees scattered through it, the only piece of woodland near us. Suddenly, as we turned

a sharp bend in the trail running through it, we came on a small clearing and a party of soldiers roasting an asado cut from a bull lying close by. I said to my wife, "Gallop for all you are worth, don't ask questions, gallop hard, and I will explain presently," and so we did. In that bull I recognised the pedigree bull the Colonel of the regiment had just imported from England, and for which he paid £1,600, the price at home. These devils had evidently driven it off into the monte and for sheer devilment had killed it, and were now feasting on it to see what pedigree bull meat might be like. It meant if they could catch us they would kill us, for if we told on them it would be certain death to them. We surprised them so that they had no time to intercept us, or I am quite certain we should have been no more. Not a soul did we tell for fear it might get about. Those soldiers must have buried what was left of the bull, and been very loyal to each other; the country was searched for many a league to find that bull, and eventually it was concluded some enterprising thieves had carried it off into the interior of Brazil.

During our stay here the real story never came out, but sooner or later I should say one of the participants in it will let it out. This regiment, recruited from the prison criminals, was ruled by the Colonel with a brutal cruel hand, we used to hear of terrible deeds that went on in the barracks. At last one day came when the Colonel himself was arrested and put on his trial "For unnecessary cruelty to his men," drawn up on three counts:—

- (1) For putting men at different times in ant hills alive buried up to their necks in it and left to die.
- (2) For racking men to death at different times by tying them to stakes driven in the ground with raw hides. Each hand and foot was tied to a separate stake at the full stretch of the body and with legs and arms thus extended they were left suspended in the sun, when the raw hides drying up, their limbs were racked until they succumbed to their torture.
- (3) For putting men to death at different times by bringing them into a room with a coffin and candles burning round it, throwing them stripped face downwards, and held down while the drummer boys beat the tattoo on their bare backs until death ensued.

Three most awful counts, to which the Colonel pleaded guilty, but denied that it was with unnecessary cruelty, his defence being that his whole regiment being composed of murderers and the worst kind of criminals, they were only wild beasts, and as such he had to rule them, and unless he put the greatest fear into them by an occasional

execution conducted with torture, they would have broken out and murdered everyone. It was only the fear of being caught and treated similarly to those he was cited for having cruelly executed, that made them what they were, an efficient regiment. The Court passed judgment that his treatment had been excessively harsh, and he was dis-rated there and then from Colonel to Captain. Another episode of his *régime* occurred while we were living here :

The Non-Coms. of the regiment had requested the Colonel to be allowed to give a dance, but he refused. Again and again they approached him to permit it ; at last he gave in. But as soon as the dancers began to tire he walked in upon them and insisted they should keep it up, and for twenty-four hours he made them dance under threats of severe punishment. He told them that as they had not accepted his refusal, but had insisted on having their dance, he had only granted it on his own terms which he was there to see carried out, and that they would now dance, dance, until they fell down. The poor mothers with their babies at home dependent upon them he kept there, even locking the doors and allowing no one out on any pretence whatever. Many of them our Doctor told us afterwards he was attending upon, who were in some cases more dead than alive. After his sentence he quietly went home, tendered his resignation and settled down to the life of an Estanceiro, on his Estancia or cattle ranch. In appearance he was a tall soldier-like man with no expression leading anyone to think he had such latent forces of cruelty contained within that rather well-shaped head of his, but under those very German immobile features of his, there they lurked ; and if opportunity occurred I have little doubt he would put them into full play again.

With our neighbours we had a very serious law suit. The manager of these mines had discovered some very old title deeds on which he based his claims, and which, if established would have annulled the whole of the large concession held by the French. Although the mines were financed under the auspices of the same firm yet one of them chose to instigate a law-suit to establish their claims, while we, the other Company, had to defend them by our contract with the French Company. In the Appeal Court we lost our case, when we carried it to the Supreme Court. The case went on for months, during this time a Government telephone line was being constructed between the mines and the railway terminus at Paso Los Toros, but instead of commencing at the railway end, and carrying it up country, they had begun it from our end. My neighbours had given a building for the operator's office on their property, and it soon became

evident that all my telephone messages forwarded from Paso los Toros were known to the manager. I had again to go down to Montevideo in connection with the law suit a little while before the verdict was given. To pay my neighbour out for so unscrupulously obtaining copies of my messages, I arranged a little plot with our lawyer to send me a telegram the moment the verdict was given, stating that if we had lost the case, we had won it, or if we had won the case, *vice versa*. At Paso los Toros where there was still a gap of thirty miles of unconnected telephone line, I arranged with the station master to keep a horse and rider at hand, and the moment the expected telegram came, to send him across the gap with it. I counted on my neighbour not arranging for his telegram to be thus forwarded. There was always a long delay in this land of Mañanas (bye and bye) in the delivery of telegrams to the telephone office. So I felt fairly confident I should get my telegram at least two hours ahead of his. As things happened it turned out even better than this, as mine arrived at four p.m. one day, and his not until the following morning. With the arrival of my telegram came a letter of invitation from the manager, for myself and wife and all my staff to a grand baile (dance) to be given by him that evening, but in no way referring to the cause. I knew then my trap for him had been a success, he had seen my telegram that we had lost our case, and had it been true we should have had to shut down, and hand our property back to the French Company, under whom we only held it on option, and they in their turn would have had to hand it over to the English Company. I sent my excuses for myself and wife, but accepted for my staff and let most of them go over. There were great rejoicings on that night, whole beasts were killed and roasted in the open for the peons (workmen), bottled beer was given them *ad libitum*, a very costly drink here, and a dinner for the English at which champagne flowed freely, followed by a dance and at midnight a fine display of fireworks were sent up. Next day he got his own telegram informing him he had lost, with the whole of the costs given against him, a considerable sum.

A few days afterwards I happened to meet him, when I asked him what was the cause of the festivities on that night, but he skilfully avoided the matter without attempting to reply. There was only one thing to be said in his favour, he took his defeat well, and made no attempt to retaliate in any way afterwards.

Our lawyer hearing how the trap had succeeded told the President about it as a good story when dining with him one night. Soon afterwards the telephone office was removed from my neighbour's property, though one had no proof, I think it must have been due to

the President's interference. It was remarkable that at the very time we were speaking over this long distance telephone, and hearing every word distinctly, those at home were only experimenting on the question of long distance telephone lines. The absence of induction, and the calmness of the atmosphere were of course factors that simplified matters. But in many ways it is wonderful how in some respects these backward countries are far ahead of us. For example at this very time doctors at home were allowed to vaccinate babies by taking the vaccine from one, and vaccinating another with it and so on. Now, when I wanted to have my baby vaccinated we applied to the authorities for a tube of vaccine, and for a quarter or sixpence extra I had sent me the pedigree of the calf from which it was taken, that is to say the Government kept pedigree cattle for the purpose of supplying vaccine of the best quality and guaranteed. Small pox was very prevalent in Uruguay, and any house with small pox was compelled to hang out a yellow flag, under penalty of a heavy fine. In Montevideo again all night soil was collected where they have a system of dry closets. These were emptied by being connected by means of a rubber hose with a tank on a waggon from which the air had been exhausted, so that by opening a valve the night soil was sucked up into it and carted away. Again no slaughter houses were allowed in any town, proper abattoirs were built outside, and in almost every country I have been in this has been the case, even to the villages on the Siberian Steppes. Yet in the town where I now live in England, there are no less than four slaughter houses in the midst of it, though England flatters herself in being so advanced in sanitary science, she allows her laws in this respect to remain neither more nor less than mediæval.

Veterinary surgeons are appointed in most countries now to examine the beasts before killing, and the meat afterwards in specially constructed abattoirs. In London one sees the dust carts going round collecting refuse after the streets have been flushed with chloride of lime, anything more incongruous one can scarcely imagine. But in Uruguay in the midst of sound sanitary arrangements indicative of great progress in the towns, the back country is still very behind in many respects. " Balsos " or ferries which are Government property, are put up for bids to the ferry men, and the one who offers the highest bid obtains the position, with the natural result that the ferry fees are enormous. Thus trade is retarded with the interior, and many other tiresome restrictions occur which tend to hamper anything like free commerce. But the Uruguayan country is nevertheless a very progressive one, and for its size very

rich. Uruguay and the Transvaal prior to the outbreak of the Boer War, two little republics, were per capita the richest countries in the world, and that without taking into account the capitalisation of the land ; for if the value of the cattle alone be taken and divided by the number of population, the amount per head is greater than in any other country.

We had one day quite a sensation in camp, a widow and her children arrived and took a small vacant house when she began calling on all the *élite*. This lady had just been sentenced to several years imprisonment, but being a woman of property had I suppose, bribed the head of police to let her out. She had strangled her husband, and with her lover had gone off on the night of the murder with her children, but was caught and convicted. So little do people think of this sort of thing that she was received as quite a great personage, her magnificent silk dresses in which she strutted about taking the village by storm. My wife naturally refused to receive her visit. It is the custom here for the stranger to call first, and we English were thought to be very haughty, for was she not a belle and rich, and yet we ignored her.

Soon after our title had been, as I thought, established beyond dispute, some other disputants arose and claimed it, but instead of going to law a number of armed men came to take forcible possession. Hearing of it in time I lined our hill with our own staff, and some of our employees armed with rifles, and hidden in little trenches. The party arrived and took up a position against us. This was in the morning. I gave them notice if they fired a single shot we should attack them, and if by 3 p.m. they had not withdrawn from our property, we should fire on them ; 2.30 p.m. came and they showed no sign of giving way, then 2.45 p.m. and still no sign, but happily at 2.50 p.m. they gave in and decamped. Still it was an anxious time. I had telegraphed the day before to Montevideo about the threatened attack, and the Chief of the Police issued a notice to these people that he would use the soldiers if they did not clear away altogether. I presume he had received some orders to this effect in reply to my request for protection, as he had refused to interfere up to this time. This man lived in a house not far from us in full view of our house, and was a blackguard of a very bad type. I ultimately helped to get him removed by a personal appeal to one of the Ministers. Two little episodes will give some idea of the man. The Fray Bentos people (Liebigs) had recently turned their attention to this district and were buying up cattle for this establishment of theirs on the Uruguay river. One of their buyers arrived with his servant one afternoon and put up at the

house of this man, the Chief of the Police, to whom he accused his servant of having robbed him on the way of 2,000 pesos they had carried in their saddle bags between them. The servant stoutly denied all knowledge of the same, whereupon he was ordered to be flogged, when, in his agony, he confessed it was hidden under a tree two days away. Next day they sent some police with him to bring back the money, but on their return with the servant now a prisoner, they reported the money had not been found, and again the poor wretch was flogged but stuck to it this time he was innocent. The Chief of Police then tied a lasso to his feet and mounting his horse dragged him three times through a horse pond in front of his house. The man by this time had become unconscious, when the Chief jumped off his horse and finally finished him off by going down on his knees and beating his brains out with the butt end of a heavy revolver.

Later on it was proved the buyer himself had gambled the whole of the money away in the town of Tacuarembó, and in order to hide his guilt had got up this story against this peon, and had even stood by and seen him thus treated.

Another time I was standing talking to my wife at the gate of our compound watching the sun setting, when sounds of shots fired in quick succession were coming from a hedge surrounding our friends', the Communists' house, which stood below us at the base of the hills. Three men I could make out taking cover behind the hedge, the Chief of Police and his two sons, and all three were firing into the house. Next the little Frenchman ran out of the house and dropping on one knee in the open, began firing, when he was hit and crawled back into the house, the others still firing. I left my wife and ran down the hill, and the Doctor, whom my wife had gone for, soon followed. The three men meantime were unhurt and were going back to their house all laughing. On my arrival I found the Frenchman lying on the floor of his kitchen, his wife busily trying to get his clothes off to see where he had been wounded, for he was bleeding profusely. By the time we had got them off, the Doctor arrived, and we carried him into the front bedroom, where were two little beds one in each corner of the room facing the window—on one of these we laid him. The doctor found two bullets had passed through the upper portion of his leg above the knee, nasty wounds, but had escaped the arteries and bone; still he had lost an immense quantity of blood. It must have been about 9 p.m. when we left him, but before doing so we moved him over on to the other bed. That night the miscreants returned, for next morning we found the window riddled with

bullet holes, and his bed also, and just above the head of it were several holes in the wall. Knowing this was the bed he slept in, they were evidently determined to kill him, but luckily he was in the other, the one his wife usually slept in. We could not find out what the feud was about, and when the little man got better he would not say a word, and to this day the origin of it remains a mystery.

About two months after this event our Chief of Police found his house surrounded by soldiers, and was ordered to come out. For two days and two nights he, his sons, and servants kept them at bay, and refused to surrender. But as they had drawn off to a distance and made a cordon round the house, intending to starve him out, he, seeing the game was up, surrendered. He was taken off, and imprisoned for some months, when he was released, but never returned here again.

One of the events of the year was the keeping of our doctor's anniversary of his battle. He had then only just been married in Buenos Ayres where his *fiancée* had met him, having come out from home for the wedding, when on his return with his bride to San Ernestina a revolution broke out. Without saying a word he left her in the care of his friends there, and rode off to join the revolutionary party at a given rendezvous. Before they were properly organised they were surprised by the Government cavalry, who were seen coming over the top of a hill in the distance, and charging straight down on them. The doctor's horse was tethered a long way back, and he was without one. Seeing a man with a spare horse he offered him an Argentine gold sovereign, and as he pulled it out of his pocket he dropped a small silver coin into the grass, the owner of the horse insisted on having it too, every second was precious, and for several seconds he could not find it. Giving it to the man he sprang on his horse and fled for his life, the cavalry in hot pursuit. As they began to gain on him, he managed to get rid of his heavy top boots and his coat, as every ounce of weight counted. His legs being bare below the knees they got cut to pieces by the long sword grass through which he had to make his way. At last his horse began to show signs of giving out, when springing from it, he ran for dear life up a hill behind a lot of big boulders, where horses could not follow. Some fugitives were already there hiding, he managed to get to the top of one and there lay flat, while the cavalry men now on foot were searching for fugitives, whose shrieks as they were cut down by the soldiers' swords resounded in his ears to this day, he used to declare.

Somehow to his great surprise they missed him, for the trail of his

blood should have shown them where he was hiding. After dark he succeeded in reaching an old woman's house he happened to know a few miles away, and for three months lay hidden in her roof, until an amnesty having been declared, he was free to go home. Thither he returned finding his bride in a great state of mind about him for all thought he had been killed, though she had never given up hope. Not a single breath of news had they heard of him all this time. As his wife used to say "think of leaving your bride with strangers, and she hardly able to put together half a dozen words of Spanish, the only language her friends spoke." They were a very devoted couple but one would have thought for any man to have gone off under these circumstances, never giving her a hint even that he was going, would have been enough to have killed a woman's love for ever.

All knew the day of the anniversary of his first and his last battle and we all of us drank his health. As he recounted his story, and so against himself, he described every symptom of fear as he fled on that horse, and how he scrambled up that hill which only fear gave him wings to do, and then how he lay there quaking and shivering, listening to the screams of those being slaughtered, expecting every moment to see one of the enemy appearing to cut him down. We used to sit convulsed with laughter, "his battle" was always a joke against him, and nothing we liked better when any new visitor turned up than to ask him to repeat his story.

Speaking of the doctor, his wife, who was a great favourite with us, went on a visit to Montevideo, and the doctor disappeared without saying a word. I wondered if there was another revolution, and whether he had summoned up enough pluck for a second battle. No one knew what had become of him, after a few days I heard he was about twelve miles off, where there was a small alluvial gold washing. So, riding over with my wife we found him, à la native, shoeless, with a pair of bombachos, shirt, and great big sombrero, sitting quite happily reading a book on the doorstep of a wretched little mud hut. He looked very surprised and very sheepish at being found out, and at having given us so long a ride, "But there," he said, "you have a good object lesson, and can judge for yourself how the Indian blood in me will come out."

Near by was a little ravine up which he was cradling out a little gravel, which, though poor, occasionally yielded a find of a few shillingworth of gold. We arranged for the doctor to give up the Indian life and return once more to civilisation. He was a most abstemious man, never drank anything in the way of alcohol, so there was no thought or idea of his having disappeared as some

men do to get on a "boose." But my wife was smitten with gold fever, and as she had learned at the mine to pan, and was quite good in panning and judging my samples for their value, she was bent on our camping here and living an "Indian life." So later on we came over and spent a short time there, she indefatigable in washing for gold. None of us got anything worth having, but at the very end of our stay she washed out two little nuggets which charmed her immensely. I used afterwards to tell her and chaff her, she and the doctor would be running away one day to go and live an Indian life. I can look back now and see on one of these excursions the gauchos cooking an asado for her and giving her nicely cut little slices as if instinct told them how she liked it cut, and how she, who never cared for meat, least of all beef, thoroughly enjoyed their way of cooking it. The doctor and his wife, together with the mine captain and his wife, who had joined him out here, and ourselves, used to make a small picnic party, when we always got an asado cooked by some of our gaucho friends.

The climate, very hot in summer and like that of the Riviera in winter, is a very healthy one, and the days mostly very bright and pleasant, so that we could always count on fine weather. Another treat my wife used to enjoy was getting up early and riding over with me before breakfast to a small mine we were prospecting a few miles out. On one of these rides she was sitting on her horse waiting for me, while I said I would only be a few minutes going down a shaft, of which I wanted to see the bottom works. It was down about eighty feet with a short tunnel drive out from it, and was being worked by a windlass and bucket. I sat dangling my legs on the brace of the shaft, and shouted down to send up the bucket quickly, as I wanted to come down. The full bucket came up and was emptied, swung back for me to get in, but I said let it go down again, why, I could not tell you, I was in a hurry, for I had not thought it worth while for my wife to dismount, and it meant the bucket had to be refilled again making an unnecessary delay. The men at the windlass wondered why I didn't go down. As they began to lower it, snap went the rope and away went the bucket, luckily, I had given it a kick with my foot which had set it swinging, and which, causing it to hit the side of the shaft, gave warning to the two men below to bob back into the tunnel, and bang it fell at the bottom. Had I carried out my intention of going down by it I should have been killed. On the windlass was a new manilla rope the day before, why it didn't break with the full bucket-load that had just come up was inexplicable, but so it was. When I heard the shout of a few curse words coming up the shaft never was I so glad

to hear a bit of swearing as I was then. It is not customary to stand right under a bucket when going up or down, and if there is a tunnel, just to stand at the mouth covered by it, but men are careless, and I was really glad to hear all was right below. My wife twigged what had taken place, so I did not stay for the rope to be replaced nor did I go down that day.

A very sad accident had occurred about a fortnight before this happened, at this very shaft. One evening, I was looking in that direction from our house, when I saw the little house built over the shaft on fire. Getting on my horse I rode over and found that an Italian miner had been badly hurt and was still lying at the bottom. What had happened was that this man had been on a bit of a spree, and after a round of holes were charged with dynamite and ready for blasting, he insisted one was not properly charged and his companion, who was the man to light the fuses, could not stop him from getting a hammer and drill to take out the filling, a thing always forbidden. The companion, thereupon left him, and was wound up in the bucket. As he stepped on to the brace the whole charge went off and blew up the shaft. Some men were already down and said he was still alive, so sending down a blanket, he was put in this and drawn up, the four corners being tied well to the windlass rope. Lifting him out I found his eyes gone and the forehead bashed in. Strange to say he had no other injuries, save his hands which were badly cut but not seriously so. His wounds proved fatal, for about seven days afterwards he died. He was conscious throughout and hoped he would not recover, for as he said if he got well again, he could only picture himself a blind beggar being led at the end of a string by a little dog. He asked me to read to him some hymns from an Italian hymn book he had. Now as I did not know a word of Italian it was not an easy task, but he understood what I read to him, and it seemed to comfort the poor fellow. I was well repaid for my trouble and from him I got my first and last Italian lesson in pronunciation.

As a warning to young engineers, I will relate a mishap to myself. I had to build a reservoir for water on the side of the hill, and as cement which had to be carted up country over 200 miles was very costly, and I was very short of it, I built it on the usual formula, but cut down the factor allowed for safety by seventy-five per cent. allowing only 25 per cent. for it. The water was pumped up into it and it stood for a couple of days without showing any sign of giving way. I and another young Englishman were examining the outer wall, which was a deep one, when looking up I saw it beginning to bulge. We had only just time by running,

to clear away, when the whole gave way and out rushed the contents of the reservoir in one big volume of water, and as it rushed down the hill it cut a gully deep into its side, an example of the latent force that was contained in the reservoir and how powerful a one it was when let free. It was a lesson for me not to depart from established practice. It was quite two months before my cement carts arrived and we could satisfactorily rebuild it.

Speaking of carts they are unlike any ever seen in England, and though primitive in construction are well suited to the country. They are two wheeled ones drawn by a pair of oxen, with a small pole-shaft. The load is so balanced over the cart that one can, with one hand, lift the pole and balance the body of the cart into a horizontal position. The loads are always shifted about until this nicety of balance is obtained, when the oxen are then attached to it; but the wheels are the peculiarity of the cart, for they are each made out of one piece of wood, and are about 5ft. to 6ft. in diameter, the axles too are of wood, and the more the wheels as they revolve squeak, the more highly prized is the cart, for it is well known the oxen like the sound of the creaking, and will travel better in a noisy cart, than in a noiseless one.

My English neighbours had some light steel wheels made to replace these heavy native wooden ones, but they were found to clog up too much with the heavy clays of the country; with the wooden ones the clay peeled off by its own weight. These carts usually carry about a ton in weight, and at a push, a ton and a half. My neighbours had ordered a three ton heavy crusher for their mill, and in the terms of the specification it was stated it was to be transportable by cart. In due course the crusher was landed, but was found not to have been sectionalised, and so they refused to accept delivery. The manufacturers claimed it was transportable and a law suit between the two companies was threatened. The manufacturers wrote to me offering the crusher free of cost if I would undertake to transport it up country, but if I failed to do so I was to return it to the port. I undertook on these conditions to accept their offer. I took an ordinary native cart but had to build for it a strong iron axle and otherwise strengthen it. On this the big crusher was placed and covered the whole distance to within three miles of the camp safely and without mishap; but at this point it had to round the foot of a hill at the base of which was a nasty swamp bounding the road which ran along it. Here the cart skidded off the road into the swamp and sank up to the axle in heavy mud. Word was brought me of the accident. No time was to be lost, and though torrential rain was falling I got two carts loaded up

with baulks of timber, and we set out to attempt to get the crusher up. On my arrival it looked a hopeless task, for the axle was already deep in the mud. However we made a kind of raft alongside the off wheel and weighted it down with boulders on its outer edge, a baulk of timber was bolted across the top of the wheel and between this and the raft we placed two hydraulic jacks. As we attempted to raise the wheel so the raft tipped, but by increasing the number of boulders on it, we at last got a balance, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, we got the wheel up. More carts had arrived with further baulks, then we got a heavy baulk of timber under the hub of the wheel. Next we repeated the same on the inner wheel but the bottom being on solid ground this was an easy job. Then came the tug of war with twelve pair of oxen, when we succeeded in running the cart back on to the road, the hubs never slipping off the liners as I feared they would until the wheels touched terra firma. My crusher was saved. We were all drenched through to the skin and covered in black mud from head to foot. Leaving the crusher for the night we came back a merry but tired party. Next day the crusher was brought into camp in triumph, and a beast was given to the men, who had so well stuck to their job, to make merry over and enjoy their feast.

I despatched a cable home announcing its safe arrival. As I afterwards heard a law suit had already been begun, my cable arriving in opportune time won the manufacturers' case for them. Personally I reaped no pecuniary benefit from it. I think my firm thought it an everyday occurrence, and I don't think I got as much as a "thank you" from them. The crusher alone was a saving of some hundreds of pounds, but knowing how little non-technical men can and do enter into the difficulties their engineers have to go through, I quite understood and knew it was due to a lack of practical knowledge of the conditions under which, in these out of the way places, we have to work and improvise.

The hydraulic jacks which were on this occasion used for the first time, had made a great sensation. They were quite small ones and with a jug or two of water were set going. The Brazilians would not believe that it was with water only we had lifted the cart and its load, "No," they said I was a magician and put some spirit medicine into them. They were the talk of the country round for quite a long time.

Our surface labourers and carters were mostly Brazilians, our miners, timbermen, and mechanics chiefly Piedmontese, Savoyards and Basques. Both the Italians and Basques proved to be splendid men, hard workers and contented. The Basques are very clannish,

but as they always elect a headman on any given job it makes it easier to deal with them, as they abide by his decision.

On a mining contract I have seen the Basques work from four o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night. The Italians, while not so keen on a contract were nevertheless splendid. The first thing a colony of Basques set about doing is to build a "Pelota" court (racquet court) even before they start building their own houses. It is astonishing to see how keen they are on the game. After a hard day's work in the mines you will see them at play. "Pelota" is quite a national game, and annually crack teams come out from Spain to play in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. It is very similar to racquets, but played with a scoop shaped basket fastened against the palm of the hand in place of a racket, and played against a front and back wall, with another on the left, but that on the right is left open. The game is a very fast one as the scoop shape of the basket appears to give a greater pace to the ball than when it is hit by a racket. In Montevideo on one of these gala pelota days I have seen thousands of people watching the game, and the whole road to the pelota court looked as if people were going to the Derby.

CHAPTER XX.

URUGUAY CONTINUED.

OF runaway sailors I had an exceptional case of a man who several months after he had left us wrote my wife a long letter telling us how he had eventually reached home and thanking us for all we had done for him. It was again at the gate of our compound, where my wife and myself often used to saunter out to watch the setting sun, when looking up I saw a man approaching, clad only in a shirt, a short pair of drawers and sandals. I said to her, "You had better get indoors while I see who he is." Coming up he said in a right down North-Eastern Yankee dialect, "Well I guess you see a man dead broke!" I asked him where he came from, and he told me Western Australia, and that he was bound for New York. He had run away from his ship at Buenos Ayres and had tried to ship on another direct for New York, but had failed, and then had set out to tramp to Rio Janeiro, where he hoped to get a ship. For some reason or other he would not attempt going by Liverpool, and I wondered if he was wanted there, as to have shipped via Liverpool would have been by far the casier plan. He abused the people of the country, for he had had to sell his clothes until they had left him nearly naked, and so it appeared, and he was half dead for want of nourishment. Such was the gist of his story. He went on to say he was a miner, and asked for a job and not charity. The only favour he asked was to be given some clothes, and to have food supplied to him for a week; then he would prove he was a good miner and timberman, and if I gave him a position in the mine after he felt fit again he would show his worth. Only he laid down a condition that his pay was to be on a level with any man doing similar work, and then he would stop a year before going on to Rio. I was amused to hear a man in his broken down condition laying down terms, and thought there must be something above the average of such men in him.

So I took him into my office and got some old clothes for him, and fitted him out, then gave him a "chit" for the boarding house keeper to board him for a week. At the end of the week he turned

up again. I had not seen him in the interval, but I was astonished to see the improvement in him, as he was now looking fit and strong. I had arranged with O—to try him in the mine and sent him on there. Later on O—gave me an excellent report of him. My wife became interested in him, found he was a great reader, and used to lend him books of all descriptions, which he not only devoured greedily but retained a good knowledge of them. Yet he was both in speech and manners, very rough, and was always chewing tobacco, a great trial to her, but somehow she succeeded in making him understand she objected to his constant expectoration, and whenever they met afterwards he was most careful to avoid it. They both talked books and my wife was surprised to find out how much he had read and what he knew, for as I have said his language and whole bearing was so different to what one would have expected from a man with a general knowledge of literature.

After a time I put him in charge of a prospecting shaft we were sinking on the opposite side of the river. As we had no dwelling houses for the men there they were brought across it every morning and evening by a Basque. This Basque was the only man who could ferry across the river in a strong flood, having been used to the swift rivers of his own country. This he used to do, and very skillfully, by towing the boat up along the river bank and then shooting off at a slant down to the opposite side, using a long pole only. He was therefore almost a necessity to us, for our river was often in a flood, and was then a rushing torrent.

Somehow or other my American runaway sailor friend did not get on with the Basque, and one night after the latter had shipped the other miners on the boat, while the sailor was still coming up to it, he slipped off and crossed the river, leaving him out in the rain, and with no food, neither would he go back for him. I did not hear of this until my sailor friend turned up next morning, when he began, "When I came here I told you if you treated me as a man I would stay here a year. Now there is a man whom you employ on this property who is vermin, and as I have no use for vermin, he has to get out or I have to. Now I guess you will tell me which of us it is to be."

I had not heard of the episode, so wanted to know what it was all about, when he told me with a good many oaths interlarded against the Basque, and laid down the law to me. I told him he had better "get," six months here was a long time for any man keen to get home. An hour afterwards with his swag over his shoulder he came up to say goodbye to my wife and self, but I

had to go down and see that the Basque poled him across the river and to go over myself in the boat for fear of a *melée* between them if I didn't.

This man went off with the saving of six months' pay, and one has often been amazed to see how this class of men go through these countries, where life is not reckoned of much value, and even with quite a good deal of money about them, get through safely.

Rio was quite 700 miles from us, the whole of which distance he walked, and from there got a ship to New York and reached his home, some little town away up in New England State.

Another very curious character I came across one day in one of my Brazilian trips. I was dismounted, with our horses standing by, when what I took for a native came walking up to us. He had long hair almost down to his shoulders, and was walking with what might have been an old English oak stick, a thing I had never seen any native with, and it was most unusual too to see anyone unmounted. When he reached us he did not at first speak, nor even offer the usual salutation. Sitting down on a bank he pulled out some cigarette papers, and filling one with tobacco rolled it up and in English asked me if I would accept it. I was thunderstruck, as in this particular district of Brazil where I then was there was not to my knowledge a single Englishman. On asking him where he lived he pointed to a house about a mile or so away. Little by little I extracted his story from him, but not before he had made me begin to wonder if he was not a bit gone in the head, for he asked me whereabouts he was in the world, for outside being somewhere in South America he said he had no idea where he was. His story was this. For fourteen years he had been fireman on the London and North-Western Railway, when he took a notion into his head to go out and see a bit of the world. He and his sister "Sal" lived together, she keeping house for him. So he said to Sal, "'Sal, I am going to see a bit of the world, and I am going to ship as a fireman to a place they call South America.' She says to me 'You don't say so, ain't I been a good sister to you and made you comfortable as any man could be,' and then she started to cry. But I was not to be put off, I had made up my mind and I says to her the next morning I was a going, and so I went. Well I shipped in a liner going to South America to some place they called Rio. I was that sick that when I got there I said to myself no worse thing could happen to a man than to stay aboard, so I slips off and starts walking straight out into the country and never stopped going for three days, not knowing

a bit where I was going and how I was going to fare. So I just goes on walking and walking and generally got a bit of food and some sort of place to sleep in, the people as I met gave me. Then I came to a place where they was growing of potatoes and stayed there for about a year and helped them, for my board, and what clothes they were pleased to give me. Then when I could sort of talk to them, I starts off again one day and comes on here, where I now live and grows potatoes for some of the shop-people in the town about two leagues off." I asked him if he had written to his sister. "No," he said, "she will think I am dead now, and not bother more about me." Altogether he had been seven years in the country. I asked him if he really did not know where he was, as he was in the South of Brazil, but he replied, "That was no sort of information for I have never heard of the place. I suppose I am however still in South America." The man had no knowledge of geography and it was useless to try and teach him. I asked him next how it was he was not riding as other people did. "Well," he said, "I tried it once," and he pointed to a village he had ridden to and back from in one day, a distance of roughly ten miles perhaps. "Well," he said, "It give me rheumatism that bad that I went to bed for two days, so I says to myself, you won't see the back of a horse no more, I have said it." I explained to him that in learning to ride everyone had to go through a bit of stiffness, but he argued with me it was not stiffness, he knew what it was to be stiff after a good day's digging, but it was not stiffness, it was rheumatism. I found he had met our doctor, but he didn't think much of him, for he had treated him all the same as if he was one of the people round. I asked him what had chiefly struck him of interest when he first came to the country. At once he replied, "To see meat hanging out to dry on clothes lines, same as if it was washing day at home, only meat." Later on in the year he came over to see us, a long journey which he did on foot. I offered him a job in the engine house, but after a few days he gave it up and went back again. My wife gave him a few English books, with which he seemed greatly pleased. What became of him I never heard, but I think he liked the lazy life he led, with no ambition save to eat and sleep so far as I could make out of this queer individual.

Living near us we had a Basque who had a small ranch, and who used to go home to Spain every other year. He took a violent fancy to our maid and used to bring her wild flowers every morning. So one day I said to her, "Well Annie, I see you always accept his flowers, so I suppose you are going to accept him." "Law, Master, you never thought I was going to marry any of these foreigners I

hope!" Afterwards she told my wife she felt much hurt, for she thought I had a better opinion of her than to think she would dream of marrying a foreigner. Eventually she returned to England with nearly one hundred pounds saved up, and left us to join a sister in the dressmaking business. She sent our little daughter a silver spoon soon afterwards as a present, and when my wife wrote to thank her for it, the letter was returned. She had left the address given us without notifying another. We always had our suspicions that another runaway sailor, a New Zealander I had employed in the mine, and who had paid her a good deal of attention, which she had not reciprocated, had followed her home and had persuaded her to marry him, and that she had gone off with him. Though we tried to trace her we failed to do so, and were both sorry to have lost touch with her, for she had proved a very valuable and trustworthy little person. My wife was really fond of her and very concerned to lose sight of her. The New Zealander was a "rolling stone," and not good enough for her in our estimation, more likely to be after her money than herself.

Pepa, the Brazilian girl stayed with us to the last, she was a very amusing girl and made a very good nurse. Why we should want so many dishes, plates, knives and forks, was always a mystery to her. Once she and Annie fell out when she threw a carving knife at Annie, and we had to send her away for a few days as a punishment. Poor girl, she afterwards ran away with a bad character, and came to a sad end. Annie's great adventure in her own estimation was with a snake; when sitting in her kitchen she espied one between her and the door, and sat in terror, for a long time, afraid to move until the idea struck her to climb out through the window; this she successfully accomplished and came flying over to my office to tell me about it. Taking a stick I went across to the kitchen and there was a very long grass snake on the floor, a harmless one. I shut the door and window and shut myself in with it, and never before did I realise with what lightning rapidity a snake could move about. I must have been a good twenty minutes swiping at it with my stick before I finally got in a blow and disabled it. Annie would have it though, that a snake that length, about three to three and a half feet long, must be a terribly poisonous one, and was firmly convinced she had had a wonderful escape.

We had during our sojourn here two very strange pets, one an armadillo, but which was uninteresting and finally escaped, or it was stolen and eaten, for it is much prized for its flesh; the other a young ostrich, or rhea, which was very tame, but finally we had to get rid of him, for he was a great thief and would come poking

his long neck and head through the window to pick up anything he could find, especially thimbles, spoons or anything glittering. These he swallowed and then made off, for he was quite conscious he was thieving.

My wife and I often used to have hard gallops after these birds, of which there were many in our district. No matter how hard we pressed our horses, they always seemed to waddle along and keep just ahead of us, apparently without any effort, and would look back over their shoulders at us as much as to say, "Catch us if you can."

At last the day came when we were all busy, my wife packing up and sending our things away in advance, I busy making inventories ready to hand back the property to the French Company. We had spent so many happy days in this isolated spot, far removed from the busy world, we were really sorry to say goodbye to it, with its delightful climate, and to its inhabitants both native born and imported. The only drawback to it was the fearful thunderstorms we experienced. The mouth of the River Plate is noted for these, and being near that area we used to get them in full violence. Twice in the prospecting shaft I sunk across the river, was the windlass struck by lightning and sent to the bottom. On another occasion we had a most frightful hailstorm, which went through the country like a narrow ribbon, for nowhere did it spread beyond the width of a mile. It began in the early morning while still dark. Our house was a thatched roofed one, but instead of renewing it as it had commenced to let the rain through, I built a corrugated iron one over it. We were awakened by hearing thud, thud on top of it, then a roar so loud I could not make my wife hear a word I said. I covered her and the baby up with a mattress, and ran into the maids' room but found they were already under the bed. My impression was that a volcano had broken out somewhere in our vicinity, and the noise was due to falling stones from it. Cautiously, I opened the door ajar to look out, and under the porch great hailstones were splashing and flying in from all directions. Three of the larger ones which I could just hold in one hand, were more like jagged pieces of ice than rounded hailstones. These I brought in to show my wife who could scarcely believe they had fallen from above, so large were they.

The storm passed off as suddenly as it came, fortunately no one was out in it that I heard of. On going out I expected to find all the cattle dead. Not so however. They were quietly feeding and browsing as if nothing had happened; but the next day many hundreds died, it was supposed from effusion of blood

caused by bruising beneath the skin. Both the corrugated iron over our house and over the whole of the mill was as if it had been stabbed in hundreds and hundreds of places, and in many, clean holes were made through it. This is no traveller's story, it is a simple fact.

Knowing that Monsieur A——'s house was a tiled one and his ceilings made up of stretched calico, I had fears for him, and went up to see what had happened. When I arrived I found him still under the bed, where he had hidden himself for safety afraid to come out as pieces of tiles kept falling. His beautiful French imported tiled roof was practically destroyed, hundreds were smashed and his store in a dreadful state.

When in Kimberley, South Africa, later on, I heard of a similar storm that had taken place there, and was shown photographs of the perforated corrugated iron.

My wife had during her stay here learnt drawnwork from the Brazilians who were very expert at it. She learnt thirty-five different stitches from them, and when we arrived home the work was much admired, for it was just when drawn threadwork had been introduced into England, and shortly afterwards became the rage. The home work was very crude and coarse as compared with the Brazilian. She had learnt, too, a kind of work peculiar to the Uruguayans, and very effective for decorative purposes, made from scales of a placoid fish peculiar to the Uruguay River and with a very white pearly lustre. These they cut into the shapes of fern leaves, or petals of flowers, and veining them with very fine gold threads, make them up to resemble maiden-hair ferns and small flowers. They use them to ornament the backs of books, or for dress ornaments, and to adorn the hair. The work is very unique and delicate and was much admired at home. Outside these and a few maté gourds and bombillas there was little to bring home in the way of curios. I secured a lasso and bolas; the latter are rare and difficult to get, they were used before the days of the lasso, and consist of three thongs united together at one end. At the other end of each thong is a leaden or stone ball about two inches in diameter, covered with raw hide. To use it a man swings the bolas round and round above his head and then lets go in the direction of the animal, when the balls flying apart, wrap themselves round its legs, bringing it to the ground. The lasso now has entirely taken their place, as they so often broke the legs of the horses or cattle.

A Brazilian bit, spurs, and stirrups, with a silver mounted bridle I also brought home, and have to this day, but have never yet solved whether it was made in the country or in Birmingham.

After numerous farewells we started homewards, no easy task now we had a baby to take with us. Monsieur Etcheverry, the owner of the coach line, had kindly come up himself to escort us down country. The weather was beautifully fine, and we made the trip down to Tacuarembó in one day, where our friends Don Julio and his wife gave us a warm reception. Unfortunately my wife was taken quite ill on her arrival, but recovered sufficiently to go on next day, the coach having been detained for us until about 9 a.m. instead of starting at 3 a.m.

Arriving late that evening at a wayside house where we intended spending the night, an old woman came out and held out her arms for the baby to enable my wife to get down. Meanwhile I had jumped down and ran round the coach to find the old woman handing the baby to some little children to kiss. Noticing some of them with ophthalmia, I seized the baby and rushed into the house and bathed the child's eyes in water with my handkerchief. I wanted to go on and not stay here, but Etcheverry said it was impossible to go on as the night was going to be a dark one. Making the best of things we kept the children away and had an onslaught on the flies, but our efforts all turned out to no purpose, for the baby developed ophthalmia soon afterwards.

Next night we reached the terminus of the railway, and the following evening we were once more in Montevideo, where we had to stay for nearly three weeks on account of the child's eyes. It was arranged for us to sail on one of the Pacific South Navigation boats, our tickets were taken, but when she came in she had the quarantine flag up, and on enquiring we found she had small-pox on board. I refused to go on board, we left a few days afterwards in a Royal Mail Steam Company's boat but I had some difficulty in getting my passage money back from the agent of the former line, only succeeding after paying him several visits, as he contended we could have gone on board.

It was very rough in going off in a tug boat to our ship. First I noted that Annie handed the baby to my wife, a little later she handed it on to me. Getting very uncomfortable myself I singled out a sailor-looking man and plunged the baby into his lap without asking his permission. We had to be swung up in baskets on to the decks of the liner. My wife had preceded me, and on getting on board she at once asked me what I had done with the babe. We scanned everyone on the tug and no sign of her, and the very last to come out was my friend and the babe, who turned out to be the purser, and who got most unmercifully chaffed about her. At Santos we went on shore and took a walk through the town,

but my wife complained of her eyes, when we had to return to the ship, where she developed acute iritis of the eyes, and from that day to the day we arrived in Lisbon her eyes were bandaged up, and she remained in her cabin with every ray of light excluded, which meant stopping off the ventilation. In the heat of the tropics and the pain of the eyeballs she had a most terrible experience. Annie had *mal de mer* the whole of the voyage and really very badly so. The babe I had to nurse with the help of the stewardess, who with all her other work was simply splendid in her attention, but the babe refused food, was listless, and lost flesh rapidly. Only by giving her a teaspoonful at a time of condensed milk with a few drops of brandy in it did we keep her alive. The doctor said she was suffering from a bad form of sea sickness, I thought it must be some dreadful wasting disease as day after day I watched her getting thinner. At last we reached Lisbon, for the first time the bandages were removed from my wife's eyes, and she was horrified when she saw her child gone from a fine plump little mite, as she had last seen her, to the fallen away little shadow she now was. It was arranged my wife would go on to England as her eyes still needed careful attention, which prevented her from going out into the sunshine; and that Annie, the babe and myself would remain in Lisbon and come on overland. We were, however, put into quarantine, and that meant our having to go into quarantine on shore if we landed. The doctor advised us to do so, the Captain advised the contrary, as during the day in the calm water the child had rallied considerably. Finally I decided to risk it and go on in the steamer, and arrived at Southampton with the child. From the moment we got on shore she began to rally, and rapidly picked up again, a clear proof that the doctor's diagnosis of her ailment had been a correct one; as the child was not once sick I could hardly believe it was so. Thus ended the most trying voyage I ever experienced, and that the two invalids survived it, was only by a hair's breadth.

The home coming and welcome, like all homecomings, made up for the horribleness of that voyage. The babe to whom we used to speak in baby Spanish had begun to talk a little in that tongue, but whether it was due to her illness, or to the confusion of hearing English spoken one cannot say, as for about a year, she refused to speak a word, and we were all greatly concerned about her.

I had scarcely arrived home when I found I was booked to go out to South Africa on an examination visit, and once more I was off,

and had to bid my wife goodbye, the first of many subsequent separations, though later on she spent nearly six years with me abroad divided between South Africa and China and Korea, with only one very short visit home between our South African and Chinese journeys.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE LOW COUNTRY, SOUTH AFRICA.

Leaving in the ill-fated *Norham Castle*, which was afterwards lost off Cape Ushant, I found myself once more spending a few hours in Madeira, where I looked up my old friends, the Reids. Thence to the Cape we had a fine weather run with its usual accompaniments of life on board, in the way of cricket, deck sports, dances, and concerts, not forgetting the lottery tickets on the day's run.

Arriving off Cape Town I was met by an old servant who had been in my wife's family, and who had married a fellow-servant, and who was living here now and very well to do, with whom I spent a very pleasant day before going up-country. Table Mountain was towering above us, and is, as everyone knows the great landscape feature of the place. I don't know which interested me most, this great escarpment or the silky, silvery pine-cone leaves of the trees found covering its lower slopes, a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous almost, as these silvery leaves, though well-known really, and sold with little miniature paintings of Table Mountain or of natives upon them in all the curio shops, are at home known to very few people, unacquainted with Cape Town itself, and so I mention them.

During the few days spent here I made the usual tourist's visits to the surrounding suburbs, and places of interest, and very delightful drives they proved to be. From Cape Town I went up to Kimberley, where I had a special mission to fill, and had a most interesting visit from the professional point of view. The mining and washing of diamonds with their deposits was all new to me, and so especially instructive.

Kimberley itself is a hot, dry, arid looking place, the town with its corrugated iron shanties anything but interesting, though in the outskirts there are some fine well-built houses.

From Kimberley I went up the line as far as Fourteen Streams by railway, but was held up for hours by a flight of locusts, which falling on the lines so greased them that the engine wheels could not grip them; a second one was put on but with no better results for

the engine wheels only spun round. At Fourteen Streams we went up to Johannesburg by coach, a long dusty drive across the Veldt.

Johannesburg was then only in its early days of existence, several large mills had been built and were already running, but even then no one realised what a great future was before it. I spent some time here visiting the principal mines and mills before starting up-country. I paid a visit to Pretoria, a town of beauty compared with Johannesburg, the latter, like most mining towns, uninteresting, and looking too much like a tin pot one with its numerous corrugated houses, a very different town to what it is now, then treeless, and dust blowing in the streets as in the Sahara desert. All the world knows now that this is the richest gold mining camp in the world, but then it was only beginning to give indications of its future greatness.

Leaving Pretoria by coach bound for Haenertsburg, we spent two days and two nights I think it was, in reaching that place, a very interesting ride, as one travels through so many different kinds of scenery. On the way we passed a little fort where, it was pointed out to me, a small garrison of our soldiers held out through the whole of the first Boer war. The only place of importance on the way up was the small town of Smitsdorp where the Standard Bank of South Africa had a branch. A fellow passenger proved to be "Pretorius," a Boer General well known in those days. Though not rude he still openly showed his dislike to the English passengers on the coach. He had come without any food, and when offered some, preferred apparently to go without all day rather than accept a favour from any of us. At Haenertsburg the coach stopped, and here we changed to another going to New Agatha, and thence down into the Low Country. We were now at the top of the extension of the Dragonsburg which skirts all the Low Country, and as we began to descend the vista of that country spread out before us as one great enchanting bush-covered plain. In the bright, clear sunlight, it looked like the promised land and no one could have thought as one looked down on it that from four to five months of the year it is a veritable death trap, not only for white men but for the black.

At New Agatha, then only a collection of tents, we stayed over a day, the Boer commissioner here kindly putting me up in his tent. New Agatha takes its name from Old Agatha, a small town built near the foot of this long descent from the high tableland above. Here every white soul died last season, with the exception of the Postmaster, a young German. Later on he came

to me for a billet which I found for him, and he went off alone to get some papers he had left behind in the deserted town. As three days went by and he did not return I sent some Kaffir boys over to see what had become of him, and they found him dead, whether from fever or what no one could say, for he had not even a Kaffir boy with him. Thus every white soul was dead who formerly lived in the place. In a neighbouring valley, the Klein Letaba, during last season fever was so bad that the Dutch Government sent in an expedition with waggons to succour the white population there. Not a white man returned from it, all died. A second expedition was sent down and almost all were lost, only two or three returned and reported that the whole white population, a small community of prospectors, were dead. My objective was the Murchison-crown mines in the Leysdorp district, where the health had been much better, but still was very bad. At Leysdorp itself the Government had erected a small hospital which was the means of saving many lives.

Resuming our journey in our primitive looking coach with its eight horses, our driver a Basuto boy, an expert whip, and as good a driver as any I have ever seen. Full pelt we drove down that steep descent, round curves, alongside precipices, as if we had been on a macadamised straight road. The Letaba river which we had to cross was partly in flood, and through it we went at the ford, and barely escaped being swept away, for our eight mules lost their footing, and had to swim a short part of it. On the opposite bank we found a small country hotel, whose owner had been at one time with Dr. Livingstone. He looked sallow and saturated with fever, but like this type of man he enjoyed the life, was a good sportsman, and with plenty of big game around was in his element. Travelling on we passed by Old Agatha, a small brick built town with not a soul living in it, and that evening we reached my destination about a mile from the town of Leysdorp. On my arrival I found the manager in a very serious state of health. The doctor happened to be there, and taking me aside he assured me if the manager did not go home at once to be operated on he would soon be a dead man. The man himself was unwilling to go as there was no one to take his place. Finally, after I had made an exhaustive examination of the mine and sent off my report, I agreed to stay and take his place until relief came out from home. After a good deal of reluctance on his part, as he felt he was in honour bound not to vacate his post until his relief could be sent out, he gave in and went home. I did not look forward to the prospect of staying on, as the

fever season was approaching and the mine, though a rich one, near surface, had in my opinion been bottomed, but I felt there was nothing else to be done if I wished to save the man's life. It was several months before my relief came, but not before telling the Company at home that I was leaving the mine if my substitute did not arrive before a certain date.

A near neighbour on an adjoining mine who was the manager, I found had been a fellow student with me at the Royal School of Mines, and many a long visit did we pay each other and go over old times.

Our main difficulty was drinking water, both for the natives and our white employees. No drinkable water could be found for fifteen miles distant, and we each kept a large drove of donkeys which were employed in packing water over to our respective camps. Each man had a certain allowance per day given him out of the iron tanks we kept as reservoirs; but again and again the Kaffirs used to come at night and steal the water out of them. Padlocks were no bar for, however strong, they always succeeded in breaking them. Kaffir watchmen, too, proved a failure, but the difficulty was got over in a most unexpected way; and thus it came about. The whole country round us was infested with lions, and one day the troop of donkeys which were grazing out came tearing and rushing into my brother manager's camp, but without the little Kaffir boy who was herding them. One of the donkeys was badly mauled in its flanks, looking as if a lion had sprung upon him from behind, and digging his forepaw claws on either side, which were deeply torn and lacerated, had slipped off and let the donkey get away. Darkness was coming on, and the Kaffirs who had been sent out to look for the boy beating tin pots, kettles and drums, refused to go further and returned without him. At daybreak the manager tracked up the spoor of the lion, and caught sight of him with half the body of the little Kaffir boy devoured. Climbing up into a tree he got in a good shot and wounded the lion, who was evidently paralysed in his hind quarters as he could only drag himself forward by his forepaws, snarling and growling. The manager seeing what had happened jumped down out of the tree, tore back to camp to get his camera, and placing it right in front of the lion got two photos of him. Having no developers he packed these up carefully to be posted to Pretoria. The post office people at Haenertsburg to where it was sent for postage, having heard the story, opened the package to have a look at the plates, and thus exposed they were spoilt. I doubt if ever such a photo had been taken. But to return to my story. The

remains of the boy were buried in an ant hill. A few weeks afterwards the manager found the skull of the boy quite clean, every atom of flesh having been eaten, and picking it up brought it back to camp. This he carelessly put in one of the tanks, and when the time came to give out the daily portions of the water not a Kaffir would venture to remove the skull. Skulls afterwards proved to be the best keys for our tanks.

Speaking of lions, wherever game abounds there the lions are found. Almost every night I used to hear them with their curious sort of purr as if talking to themselves, and then breaking out into a roar. If we left a donkey out at night by accident—for we always had to corral them—it would be gone in the morning. With our oxen this was not always so, but the donkey to the lion is a delicacy. On their account we had to build strong stockades or corrals in which to herd at night both donkeys and oxen. One night the oxen broke through and stampeded. Only a few Kaffirs could I induce to come out and help follow them up. For seven miles we tracked them, beating all the old tin pots and cans we could find, to scare off any lions lurking about.

Again and again have I, accompanied with good hunters, been out lion hunting, but never as in the case of tigers did I have the luck to get a shot at one. The grass was high when the game was plentiful and made hunting difficult. The Koodoo in herds would go rushing through the long tall grass and bush, and the very ground seemed to tremble with their tramping, and more often than not we would not even get a sight of one. Giraffes were also seen near here several times during my stay, but I never myself saw one. A Boer in my camp had a brute of a dog, a bull mastiff, where he got it from was always a mystery, for I never met another like it in South Africa. This brute, who always sprung at anyone going near him, he had tied up with a long piece of trek chain outside his hut. I had told the man several times to take it away out of camp, but he kept on putting off doing so with various excuses. A lion solved the riddle for me. One night a lion came, as its spoor afterwards showed, with leaps and bounds through our camp and carried off the dog. Neither his master nor anyone else heard a sound from him, not even a yelp; but the extraordinary thing was that the trek chain had been snapped in two. Now these trek chains are so strong that forty-eight oxen will bring to bear their full strength on one, and not break it, yet the lion did so. The only explanation I can offer is that the chain was in some way kinked, and the sudden bound snapped it. It was

broken in two and the dog gone. There were, too, the imprints of the lion's great paws left on the ground.

On another occasion one Sunday afternoon while talking to some of the men they yelled out "A race, a race." Looking up I saw two of our men apparently racing each other as they came into camp almost a dead heat; but it was no race. As soon as one had recovered sufficient breath to speak, he told us that as they were sauntering along, they had both come face to face with a lion as they turned a corner in the road, when both turned and fled each thinking the lion was after him, and neither wishing to be the hindermost, they had tried to outstrip each other.

Getting our guns we cautiously went along the road, and when we came to the spot where they had faced the lion, there true enough were their footmarks, and the lion's only a few yards off; but the lion had been as badly scared as they had been, for he had gone off in great bounds into the jungle.

Our camp for the white employees was formed of two rows of huts, through the centre of which the road ran up to the manager's house facing it at the end. The back of the house I had converted into the front, and had built a small verandah facing the jungle. I had carried the road round the house in a wide circular sweep to what used to be the back of it, leaving a large clump of tall grass as an ornamental adornment in the centre. In that verandah I used to read in the evenings with my chair tilted up against my window with a lamp burning just inside of it. Night after night I used to sit there reading and looking out into the starry heavens above listening to the strange sounds coming out of the jungle.

One day a most terrible stench came from that clump of grass. Some Kaffirs were sent in to find out the cause, and they brought out the carcass of a very young lion cub. The little creature had died of disease, but there also had been the lair of a lioness. No one used to walk up that road, as we went through what had been the front of the house to reach the verandah, or its spoor would have been discovered; needless to say I did not sit out at night on that verandah again.

Some of the old Boers, old hunters, told me they had never heard of a similar case of a lioness making its lair so close to a camp. More astonishing was the fact that the mine lay along the camp, where blasting was going on night and day.

The only time I ever had the chance of getting in a shot at a lion was once when going over to Leysdorp. Two lions were bounding away on my left through the grass, but as it so happened

I had not my rifle with me, a thing I was seldom without if away from the camp.

At last the fever struck us. My blacksmith was at death's door. The doctor who lived far away, only paid us two visits a week, and coming in one morning found him sinking. He opened a bottle of champagne, a remedy we kept for medicinal purposes, for there is nothing like it as a pick up after fever, and gave the man a teaspoonful at a time, and left me to go on with it. I handed the bottle to his friend the carpenter and told him to carry on as I had been doing, and ran out to speak with the doctor who was just leaving for another camp. On going back, about ten minutes or so afterwards I found the bottle empty, and for the moment thought the carpenter had polished it off, but as he saw me scanning the empty bottle he said, "It's no use to give him homœopathic doses, so I just takes the bottles and gurgles it down his throat, and look, see he is better for it already," and sure enough the blacksmith had regained consciousness. Slowly he recovered, and when sufficiently strong I started early one morning to take him out of the Low Country up to New Agatha. We travelled all day, he in an ox cart and I riding. That afternoon when near the base of the hills the cart got bogged, and I had to put him on my horse and walk myself. At sundown heavy torrents of rain set in, and as it got dark I had to lead his horse, as he was not up to holding its head up. As we climbed the steep ascent my man was fast giving in and wanted to get off and lie down for he said he could go no further. I kept urging him to stick it out and was myself getting fairly exhausted, for the road was very slippery, steep and dark, and the horse kept slipping and stumbling.

About 9 p.m. the Kaffir boys ahead came back with the pleasing news there was a hut and a waggon a little further on, to which we pushed on with renewed energy. Arriving there I found a young German who was trading with the Kaffirs mostly for gin and other goods, in order to hide his nefarious traffic. He kindly gave up the hut to us, a hastily built one made with mud walls and thatched, while he retired to his waggon. He had no change of clothes or blankets, all he had to offer us was a pair of camp beds. So we stripped, for our clothes were sodden, and lay in Adam's garb. The night was so hot we felt no chill. Some time towards morning, as I slept on my back I felt something drop from the roof on to my chest, a snake I thought and could feel it there. I was fully awake and the perspiration falling off my forehead, afraid to speak for fear of moving my chest, and breathing as lightly as any man

could to keep life in him, until at last in a sepulchral kind of voice, trying to speak without moving my chest I said, "Are you awake, are you awake?" until I woke up my companion. On asking me what was the matter, still in that sepulchral voice I replied "snake." He then jumped up, lit a candle, and came over to me, but could see no snake. Never was a man relieved from greater suspense than myself. I could not account for it. I had distinctly felt it strike my chest, and never a sensation whatever of it leaving me. My companion of course put it down to nightmare. We searched the hut and only found a cat, which we put out of doors and lay down again. I could not sleep, but soon afterwards felt something again strike my chest, and this time perceiving it lightly jump off, knew that it was the cat. But the cat gave me one of the most awful experiences of my life, worse than those cats I described when in West Africa. What happened was, the cat had jumped up to the top of the wall of the hut, got in again between the rafters of the roof, and the wall, and had dropped first on to my chest and then on to the floor. On the first occasion not having felt it spring off me, the impression of its impact was left on me.

Next day I was glad to find my companion had no signs of the return of fever as I had expected, and we continued our journey up to New Agatha. Here I made arrangements to put up a small camp, and let our men during the fever season take it in turns to come in and out here. On my return I had the misfortune to lose my horse. I found the Letaba river in a flood, and impossible to cross by the ford, but there was a footbridge across it that had recently been constructed by the Government, quite a strong one, but built in a peak like fashion, the ascent on the one side and the descent on the other being very steep. I set out to lead my horse over it. It was narrow but just wide enough to let the horse pass. I gained the peak with the animal, holding its bridle close to the bit, and just as I was congratulating myself we had safely crossed it, the forelegs of the horse being almost on terra firma he slipped on his hind quarters, one leg going over one side and the other leg over the other side. He could not rise and for some three hours remained there until a party of Kaffirs coming along, we got some ropes hitched on round him and dragged him off on to the bank; but alas! the poor beast in some way or other was paralysed. I stayed with him during the night, but in the morning as he still could not use his hind legs, there was only one thing left to do, and that was to shoot him. He was the second horse in my life I have had to put a bullet into.

The horse was a salted one, and so very valuable, worth about £120, and our only horse too. Now for those who do not know what a "salted horse" is let me explain. Horse sickness, of which there are two or three kinds, is very rampant in the country, the most common form "Diccops" comes on without giving any warning. The first symptoms are sudden sweating, followed by foaming at the nostrils, which sometimes mount up and stand right up over the head; in two or three hours it will probably be dead, or if by any chance it recovers then the horse is supposed to be immune from it, and if before the sickness it is worth £10, it becomes afterwards worth £80 to £100, showing what a heavy percentage die from this disease. If a carcass is cut open its lungs are found to look like a black spongy mass. Veterinary surgeons have now come to the opinion it is some very rapid form of nerve disease. The Boers never allow their horses to feed when the dew is on the grass, but even stabled horses are not free from it, though perhaps less so.

I had now to come down in the world and to take to donkey riding. Copying South American methods I always drove a few in front of me and changed off from one to the other at intervals. In this way one can cover a greater distance than by always riding the same animal.

Ten miles beyond us we had the tsetse fly, and into this belt I never dared take my former horse, nor was it wise to take donkeys. A horse quickly succumbs to their bite, a donkey may last a long time before doing so, so long as it does not rain nor crosses a river, when the disease, previously contracted, immediately develops. Returning somewhat crestfallen to the mine with my horse gone I found all well, but in Leysdorp most of the inhabitants were down with fever. After losing my horse I usually travelled by night as it was cooler than by day, especially if there was bright moonlight. With two or three trusty Kaffir boys beating empty tins I often thus journeyed, as the lion is easily scared by noise, though it is difficult to get Kaffirs to accompany you.

On one of these night journeys I came across four Boer trekkers who were sleeping on the ground. These were freighting in mealies for our camp. I woke them up and strongly advised them to get into their waggons, and not sleep on the ground. They came into camp next day, delivered their loads and started back, but before they could reach Haenertsburg they were all four dead from fever. A bad bilious form of malarial fever is the prevalent one in the Low Country, and very similar to the Chargres fever

of the Panama Isthmus; to the casual observer it is very similar in its symptoms to those of yellow fever, but by the medical profession said to be entirely different. Going over to Leysdorp, from the usual rough drinking crowd found there, only a few individuals were about. I met the principal storekeeper, a man who had the reputation of being immune to fever, though some two years after he died from it. He amused me greatly as he had a turn out of donkeys which he drove eight in hand, with new harness and a small carriage built specially for the purpose. They looked very smart and he had trained them very well, for on going a drive with him in it they covered the ground at a fast trot and he kept them all well in hand.

During this season the natives living near the High Country emigrate up into the hills. The local Kaffir workboys are therefore very difficult to obtain, but they come back as soon as the healthy weather sets in. Most of our boys were Shangans from Portuguese territory. Before going to work in the morning one would see groups of these boys sitting round two little holes cut in the ground with a pipe stem protruding from one. They were engaged in smoking hemp and drawing the smoke through water contained in one of the holes, while from the other which held the hemp itself, they inhale deeply. The effect is comical, for they jump to their feet and begin talking as fast as they can speak, and haranguing each other. After about three to four minutes of this elation, they commence to cough violently, and look more like sheep coughing than human beings. This passes off after about five minutes when they return to their normal state and seem to suffer from no after effects.

At last my relief arrived, and I set out for home with my baggage in a Boer waggon, as no coach was running up to Agatha. After crossing the Letaba and just before reaching the foothills, with only another mile or two to go, the oxen gave out and by no power on earth could we move them. That night rain fell in torrents and we found ourselves surrounded by a bog. There was no going on or going back, and for three weeks we were held up here. The canvas covering of the waggon was rotten and full of holes, letting the water through them, or wherever the canvas sagged, and there was scarce a dry place inside.

Day after day the rain fell. I had no books with me and the position was one of endurance. At last the weather broke, and after three days drying up, we were once more under weigh. The sight of New Agatha as we crawled in was as if one had reached the Promised Land. From here I got the coach down country after

a few days' detention. On the way back we passed through numerous Kaffir villages so skilfully hidden that often the sounds of voices alone revealed their presence. We passed many of the curious candelabra trees or Euphorbias as they are locally called, but the world of vegetation after Central America was tame.

In Johannesburg I spent a few days, as I had to inspect two mines and confer with their Local Committees before going home. At last I was off and travelled by coach to the Natal border. Near here I was pointed out the farm house in which Rider Haggard had lived. The village in his book "She" where the Indunas used to go in and consult once a year the late Queen, and who kept up the fiction she was still alive, had been in full view of our camp in the Low Country on clear days. Between us and it lay what the natives call "Death Valley," and they maintain it was death to go through it. The story as told by Rider Haggard about the Indunas consulting the Queen, was repeated to me by Kaffirs from the village, who still believe the old Queen lives in the cave.

Majuba hill which we passed was of special interest, and as one looked up and saw the skyline showing up vividly along those bluffs near its summit, one wondered how Colley could have let his men lie there, for anyone accustomed to hunting knows what an advantage the Boers coming up the hill dodging from boulder to boulder must have had, shooting upwards too, instead of downwards, with those figures showing up as they must have, a finer target could not have been set up.

My experience of the Boers as good shots never led me to believe the commonly accepted reports of their great skill in this respect. In shooting from horse-back at running game they were undoubtedly good shots, a kind of snap shot shooting; but on the steady aim, with the exception of some of the older men, I would place them as inferior shots.

At Charlestown, named after Sir Charles Mitchell, the present Governor of Natal, we came to the end of our coaching, as here we met the Natal railway. Over this line, one of very steep gradients, I travelled to Petermaritzburg, where I stopped to see the Governor, an old friend of my father's, but both he and Lady Mitchell I found to be away; but I was fortunate enough to meet them subsequently when he was Governor of the Straits Settlements, Singapore.

Petermaritzburg is a pretty, well laid out town, standing in the midst of sub-tropical vegetation. Travelling on to Durban we arrived to find my boat had just left, and I had to stay nearly a week waiting for the next one. The better class

houses are built up on the Beria whence I had a fine view of the harbour.

The hotel servants were all Indians and with punkahs going the environment was more that of India than of South Africa. Outside it all was very African with the exception of the rickshaws, an importation from the East, but drawn by Kaffirs with fantastic ornaments about their heads, such as a pair of ox horns, very typical of the humorous side of their character, suggesting as it did they had been turned into draught animals.

At last my steamer came off the port and we were taken out to her and hoisted on board in baskets, for it was rough, and a rough voyage we had to the Cape. Here we spent two days and again I looked up my two old friends. A very interesting personality of those days was a Mr. Solomon, a hunchback, but a politician well known, a man of great force of character, and much respected. I had an invitation to visit him and very interesting it proved. Our voyage home was like most of them without incident.

A call of a few hours at Funchal enabled me to buy a few Madeira curios in the way of embroideries.

In a few more days I was once again at home, welcomed by my wife and little daughter, and by a small boy who had been born during my absence. My return ends the incidents of my first eighteen years of life as a mining engineer. Since then twenty-six years have passed away, and I have seen and experienced much in many other different parts of the world, but as I think impressions are much more vivid in early life than in later life, I bring my olla podrida to a close.



